Nov. 18, 1974

THE NEW YORKER

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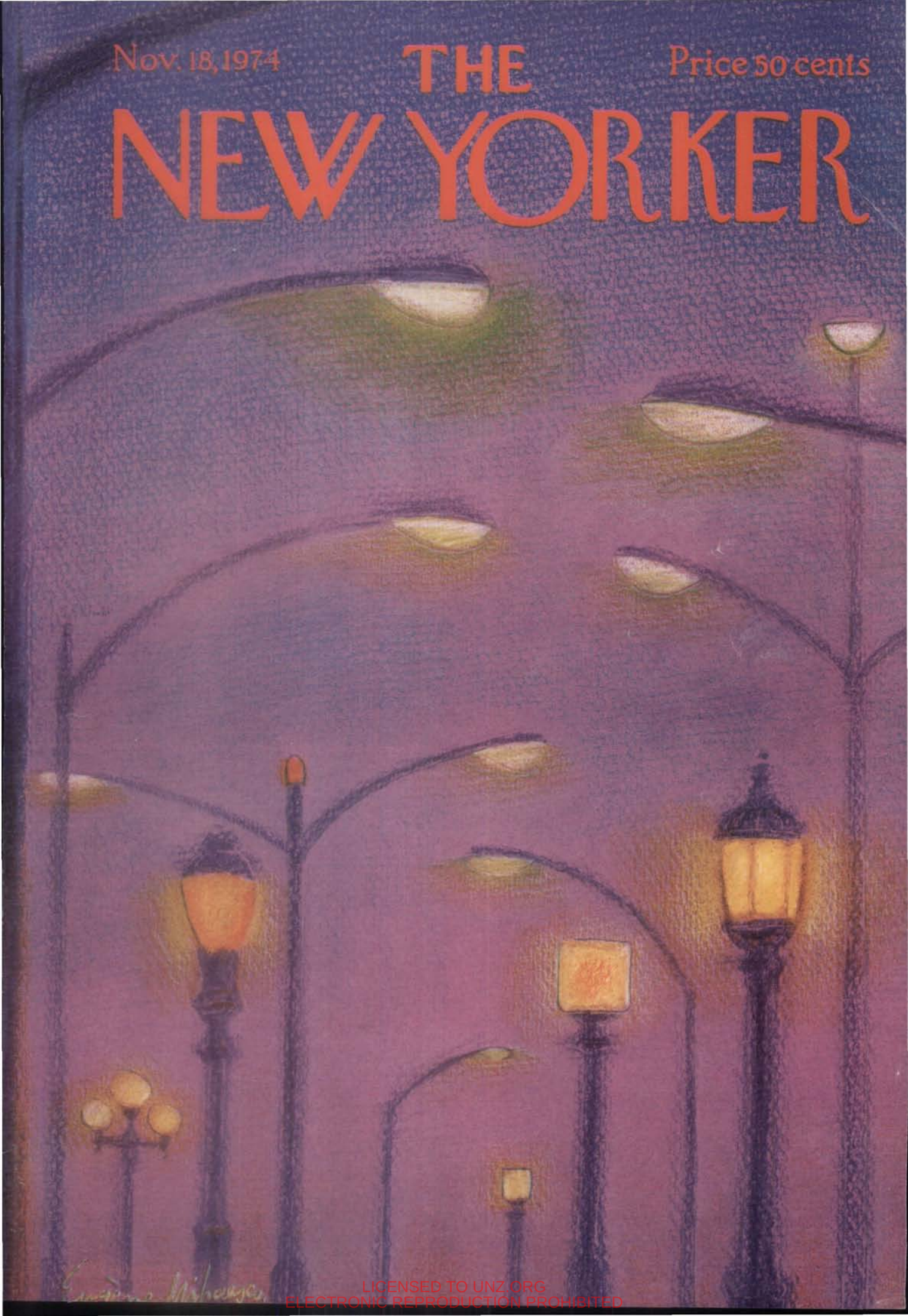

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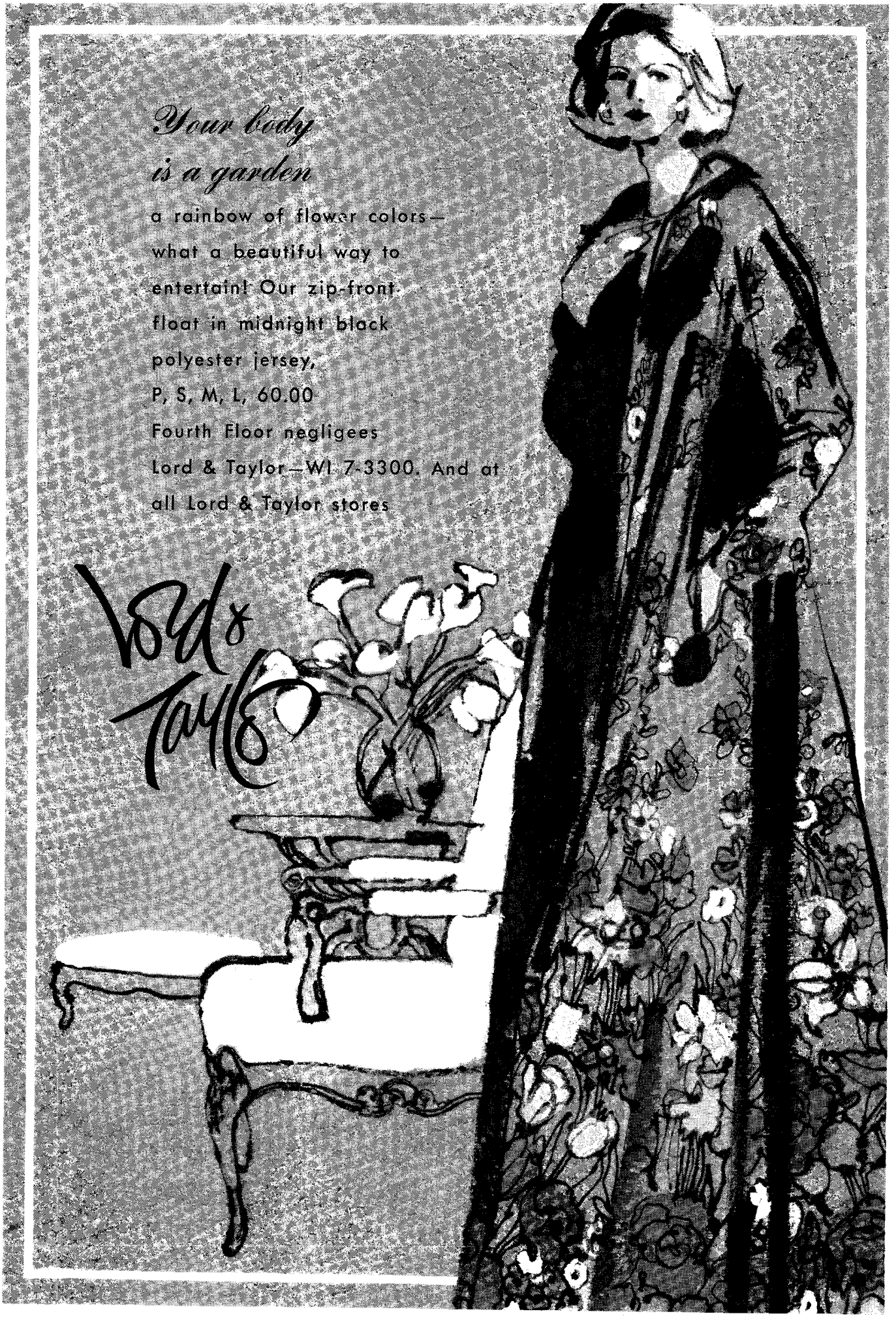

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Absurd Person Singular—Three neatly linked and extremely funny comedies by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn. With Larry Blyden, Carole Shelley, Richard Kiley, Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, and Tony Roberts. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

All My Sons—Beatrice Straight and Hugh Marlowe in a revival of the Arthur Miller play. Gene Feist is the director. (Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 17.)

Battle of Angels—Tennessee Williams' first produced play, which subsequently became "Orpheus Descending" and the film "The Fugitive Kind." (Circle Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 874-1080. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 1.)

The Beauty Part—A fine revival of S. J. Perelman's rich satire, directed by James Hammerstein. With Joseph Bova, Ron Faber, and Cynthia Harris. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 23.)

The Big Winner—David Opatoshu and Stan Porter in a Yiddish musical based on a 1922 play by Sholom Aleichem. The music is by Sol Kaplan, and Wolf Younin wrote the lyrics. Directed by Mr. Opatoshu. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:15; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Black Theatre Alliance—A five-week showcase (plays, musicals, vaudeville, and poetry readings) by twenty-nine groups. Wednesday evening, Nov. 13: Afro-American Studio Theatre. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 14: Al Fann Theatrical Ensemble and a play by Richard Wesley. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 15: National Black Theatre and the play by Richard Wesley. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 16: Harlem School of the Arts. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 17: Afro-American Studio Theatre. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 19: Harlem Opera Society. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 20: Alonzo Players and Juju Players Repertory Company. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 21: New Heritage Repertory Company. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 22: Weusi Kuumba Troupe. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 23: Frank Silvera's Writers' Workshop. (Harlem Cultural Center, Seventh Ave. between 137th and 138th Sts. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 3. For tickets, call 245-8125. Closes Sunday, Dec. 8.)

Brief Lives—A superb one-man, one-woman show. The man is Roy Dotrice, who wonderfully embodies the seventeenth-century English antiquary John Aubrey; the woman is Julia Trevelyan Oman, who designed the dingy, gorgeous set. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Candide—A triumphant version of the once-doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—Caroline McWilliams (substituting for Elizabeth Ashley, who will return on Monday, Nov. 18), Fred Gwynne, Keir Dullea, and Kate Reid in a fine revival of Tennessee Williams' melodrama about sex, money, and family ties in the Deep South. Directed by Michael Kahn. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Equity Library Theatre—Sandy Wilson's musical **The Boy Friend** is the second in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 24. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Equus—Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Hopkins and Peter Firth, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fame—A play written and staged by Anthony J. Ingrassia, with Ellen Barber. Previews through Sunday, Nov. 17. Opens officially on Monday, Nov. 18. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Gypsy—A revival of the hit musical of fifteen years ago. Angela Lansbury plays the part originated by Ethel Merman. She works very hard indeed, which is to say harder than she ought to have let us see, but she is charming as well as valiant and her supporting cast is attractive. Arthur Laurents, who wrote the

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COVER: *Eugène Mihaesco*

DRAWINGS: *Edward Koren, James Stevenson, Joseph Mirachi, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Warren Miller, Henry Martin, Frank Modell, William O'Brian, Robert Weber, Saul Steinberg, Dana Fradon, Ed Arno, Burt Silverman, George Booth, Charles Saxon, Lee Lorenz, William Hamilton, Charles Barsotti, William Steig*

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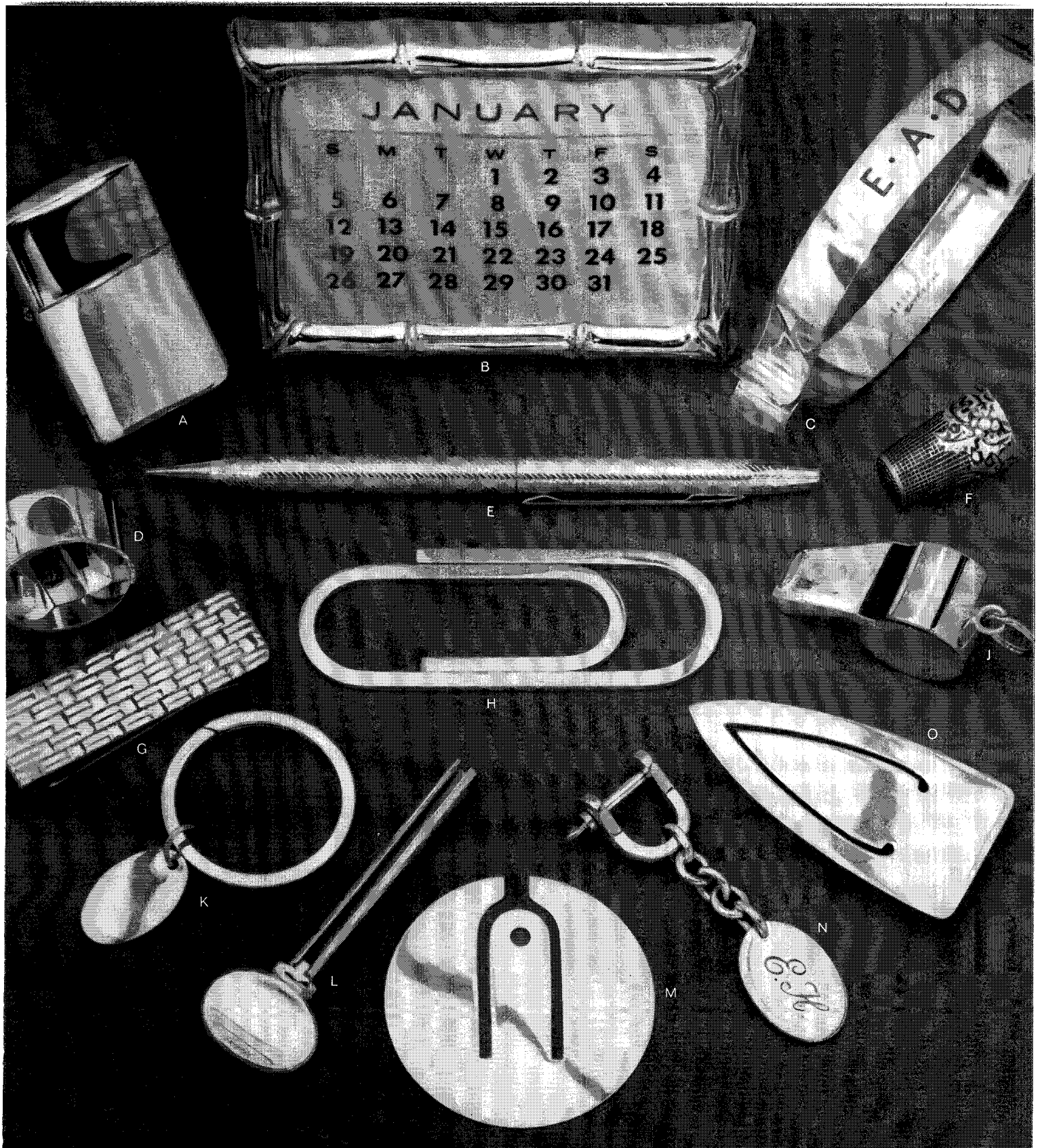

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

book, directed. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 30.)

The Last Days of British Honduras—A play by Ronald Tavel. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Love for Love—Written by Congreve, in 1695, this comedy of true love rudely battered is given a hard-breathing performance under the direction of Harold Prince. With John McMartin and Glenn Close. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 13, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Nov. 14. Closes Saturday, Nov. 30.)

Mack & Mabel—How Mack Sennett and Mabel Normand fell in love and didn't marry and gained fame and lost it, seen mostly through the eyes of Gower Champion. With Robert Preston and Bernadette Peters. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning are worth going to see. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

La Mama Experimental Theatre Club—A trilogy of plays conceived and directed by Andrei Serban, based on the originals of Sophocles, Euripides, and Seneca, in ancient Greek, Latin, and other languages. With music by Elizabeth Swados. **MEDEA** and **ELECTRA:** Thursday, Nov. 14, and Sunday, Nov. 17. . . . **ELECTRA** and **THE TROJAN WOMEN:** Friday and Saturday, Nov. 15-16, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23. . . . **THE TROJAN WOMEN** and **MEDEA:** Thursday, Nov. 21. (La Mama Annex, 66-68 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Evenings at 8. Closes Sunday, Dec. 8.)

The Measures Taken—Bertolt Brecht's play, translated by Eric Bentley. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Mert & Phil—A sad and tasteless play about a middle-aged woman who undergoes a mastectomy and cannot bear the consequences. Admirably acted by Estelle Parsons and Michael Lombard. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 2.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Tom Clancy, in José Quintero's stunning production of one of the great O'Neill soul-searchings, with self-hatred nearly always outwitting self-esteem. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 17.)

Mourning Pictures—A melancholy play about a mother's death from cancer. Ably written by Honor Moore, well directed by Kay Carney, and superbly acted by Leora Dana. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

My Fat Friend—Being fat is a familiar metaphor for feeling unloved, and Lynn Redgrave touchingly plays a fat girl determined to get thin and be loved. George Rose plays a bitchy homosexual friend of hers, all for laughs, and laugh we do. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Naomi Court—Two bogus one-acters, by Michael Sawyer, about (a) a middle-aged spinster and (b) an aging homosexual, both of them tenants of an old brownstone that is about to be demolished. The first play is a fantasy and the second a thriller, and while each is at times insufferable—pat or condescending or hand-me-down—neither is boring. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 249-9214. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The National Health—Peter Nichols' grim and yet often funny play about a number of sick and even dying men in a hospital ward in

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England. Directed with great skill by Arvin Brown. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 24.)

Over Here!—A musical about the war-torn forties, little of which is to be believed, though nearly all of it can be enjoyed. With the Andrews Sisters and a large, capable cast. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Richard III—Michael Moriarty's cool, dead-eyed, delinquent Richard may not be entirely successful, theatrically speaking, but it is a fascinating characterization all the same. In spite of the presence of a number of good actors, the production could be a lot better. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Saturday Sunday Monday—Sada Thompson and Eli Wallach in a comedy by Eduardo de Filippo, imported from London. Directed by Franco Zeffirelli. Previews Thursday, Nov. 14, through Wednesday, Nov. 20. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 21. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Scapino—A headlong farce, freely adapted from Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin" and acted to perfection by Jim Dale, of the Young Vic company, and a number of others. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sherlock Holmes—The Royal Shakespeare Company in a play based on the 1899 Arthur Conan Doyle-William Gillette collaboration. John Wood has the title role. Frank Dunlop directed. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sizwe Banzi Is Dead and **The Island**—John Kani and Winston Ntshona in two South African plays imported from London. Devised by Athol Fugard (who also directed) and the Messrs. Kani and Ntshona. **SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD:** Opens Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 6:45. Other performances Thursday and Friday, Nov. 14-15, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2:30; Sunday, Nov. 17, at 3; Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 2; Thursday and Friday, Nov. 21-22, at 8; and Saturday, Nov. 23, at 2:30. . . . **THE ISLAND:** Previews Saturday, Nov. 16; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 19-20; and Saturday, Nov. 23, all at 8. Opens Sunday, Nov. 24, at 6:45. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164.)

El Teatro Campesino—A group from California in "The Tent of the Underdogs," a play with music. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursday at 8; Friday and Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday and Monday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Monday, Nov. 18.)

Thieves—A sort of "Grand Hotel" of high-rise apartment living, blessed by the presence of Marlo Thomas. The author is Herb Gardner. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tubstrip—A comedy by A. J. Kronengold. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

The Wager—Mark Medoff's sentimental farce, about a pair of graduate students and a professor and his pretty wife, is only rarely as funny or shrewd as it is meant to be, but it is well acted, under Anthony Perkins' direction. Kristoffer Tabori is good, in the leading role, and he is ably supported by Kenneth Gilman and John Heard. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,057 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **GOOD EVENING:** Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a splendid two-man revue. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3. Closes Saturday, Nov. 30.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE HOTEL BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **RAISIN:** A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white-middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Serenade," "Dybbuk Variations," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Serenade," "Duo Concertant," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2," divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2: "Scotch Symphony," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Serenade," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 17, at 1: "Donizetti Variations," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Scotch Symphony," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 17, at

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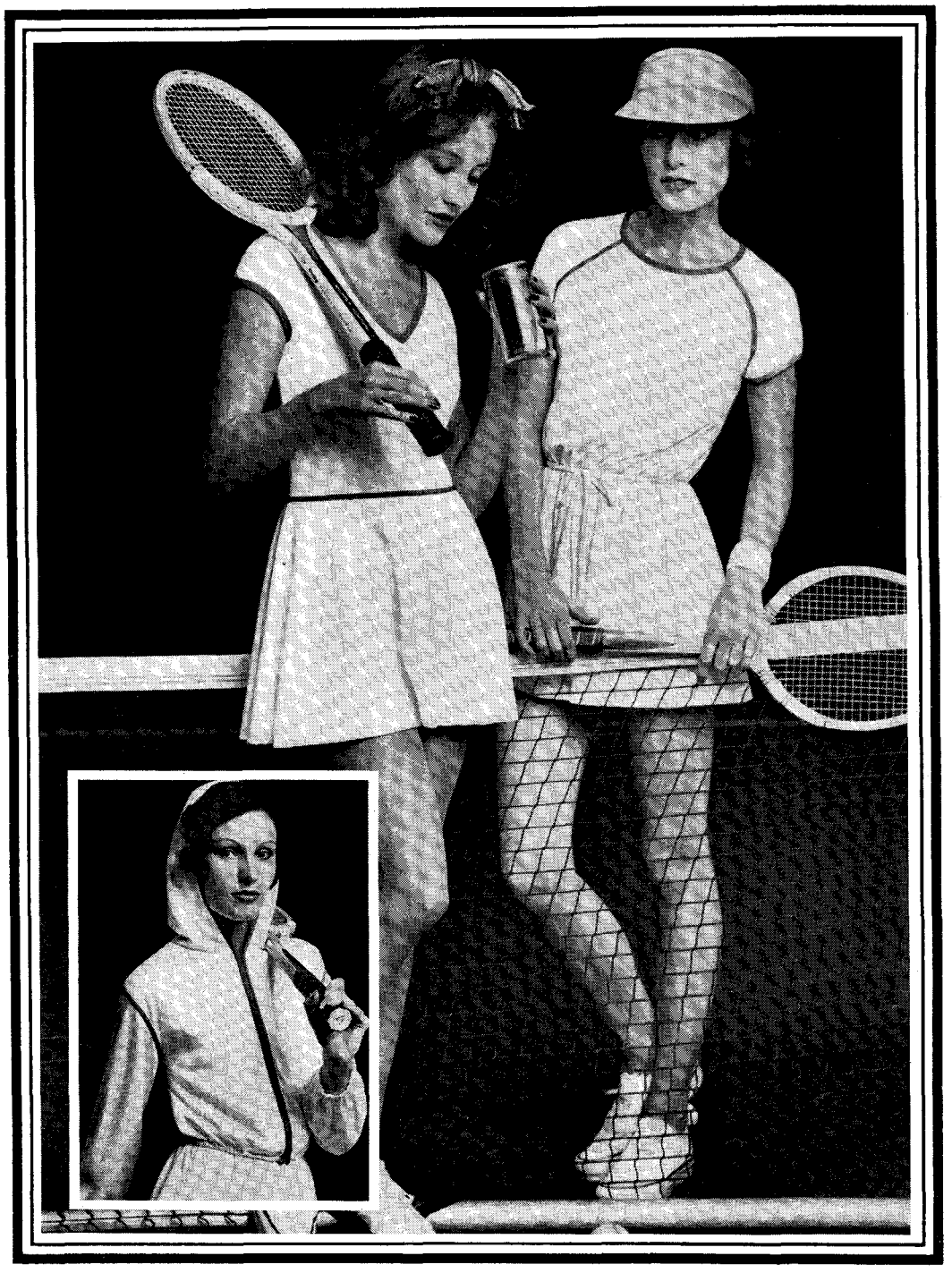

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7: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Pas de Deux," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Serenade."... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 8: Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Duo Concertant," "Symphony in Three Movements," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Coppélia." (A benefit preview; for tickets, call TR 7-4700.)... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Coppélia" (première).... ¶ Friday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Harlequinade," and "The Concert."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 2: "Harlequinade," and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Dybbuk Variations," "Duo Concertant," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 16.)

Royal Swedish Ballet—A one-week engagement by this company, appearing here for the first time. Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 7:30; Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 24, at 7:30: "The Consort," "Miss Julie," and "Gaîté Parisienne."... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 20, and Friday, Nov. 22, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 24, at 2: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8; and Saturday, Nov. 23, at 2: "Konservatoriet," "Pas de Deux," "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," and Act III of "Sleeping Beauty." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Pennsylvania Ballet—Thursday, Nov. 14, at 7:30, and Sunday, Nov. 17, at 2: "Zig Zag," "An American Rhapsody," "Serenade," and "The Moor's Pavane."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Solo for Voice 1," "Concerto Barocco," "Time Passed Summer," and "Grand Pas Espagnol."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8 (a benefit performance): "Don Quixote Pas de Deux" (with Mikhail Baryshnikov and Gelsey Kirkland), "Solo for Voice 1," "Concerto Barocco," and "Time Passed Summer." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

José Limón Dance Company—Thursday, Nov. 14, and Monday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Quartet," "The Unsung," "Orfeo," and "The Moor's Pavane."... ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 16-17, at 8: "La Malinche," "The Exiles," "Dances for Isadora," and "Night Spell." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.)

Rudy Perez Dance Theatre—In a program of his own works. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Nov. 21, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 24, at 2.)

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo—"Go for Barocco" and other ballets. (Touchstone, 348 W. 14th St. 989-5240. Friday through Sunday, Nov. 15-17, at 8.)

Heen Baba and His Dance and Drum Ensemble—A troupe from Sri Lanka (Ceylon), in a single performance of Kandyan dance. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

National Dance Company of Senegal—A troupe of thirty-seven singers, dancers, musicians, and stilt walkers. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 21-22, at 7:30; Saturday, Nov. 23, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 24, at 2 and 5:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a trio, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Jackie Cain and Roy Kral—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Singing together, from eight-thirty (Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty). Through Saturday, Nov. 16.

Miles Davis—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Electric trumpet, leading an octet, on Monday, Nov. 18, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

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Sonny Greer / Russell Procope / Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Chico Hamilton—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a quintet. Wednesdays through Saturdays, from ten to three.

Freddie Hubbard—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Trumpet, leading a combo, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Through Saturday, Nov. 16.

Keith Jarrett—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano and soprano sax, with Dewey Redman, Paul Motian, and Charlie Haden, beginning Tuesday, Nov. 19, at ten.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Mondays at ten.

Lee Konitz—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Alto saxophone, leading a trio, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to three.... ¶ Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Wednesdays and Thursdays, from nine-thirty until two.

Cleo Laine and John Dankworth—St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Vocals and saxophone, respectively. At dinner and supper Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Ellis Larkins—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, with bassist Benny Moten, from eight to one, except Sundays.

Junior Mance—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Piano, with a trio, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 15-16, at ten.

Marian McPartland—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Piano, leading a trio, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen to one.

Mabel Mercer—St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave., at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

Charles Mingus—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Bass, leading a quintet, at ten, through Sunday, Nov. 17.... ¶ Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, at ten.

Joe Newman—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Trumpet, leading a quartet, Wednesdays through Saturdays, from nine-forty-five to three.

Sammy Price—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie piano, with a quartet. Fridays and Saturdays, from nine to one.

Buddy Rich—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Drums, leading a sextet that features Illinois Jacquet. Mondays through Saturdays, at ten and midnight.

Jimmy Rowles—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Bill Takas, from nine-thirty to two-thirty, except Sundays.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A knickknack-cluttered, seaworthy, pub-flavored Chelsea gathering place that could easily be converted into a curio shop and *is* transformed into a music club four evenings a week. Drummer Andrew Sieff works with his band on Wednesdays and Sundays. On Fridays and Saturdays, a jazz trio—the John Lewis Sound—ascends the central elevated bandstand. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Mondays, between nine-fifteen and one, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Cake Walkin' Babies" and similar classics. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up other styles, other seasons. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A soul-food restaurant with *savoir-cuire* and hospitality, but with such minor physical handicaps as obstructing pillars and a glare that pours out from the kitchen whenever the doors swing open. Trumpeter Joe Newman leads his quartet Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-forty-five to three.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A Colosseum of a folk-and-rock club (by New York standards), this four-hundred-and-fifty-seat house somehow doesn't seem so amphitheatrical as it does intimate. Its top-notch sound system adequately projects even private, diffident performers, and its sensible seating plan provides tiered sections of aisled tables and chairs. Freddie Hubbard, on trumpet and flugelhorn, pilots his group opposite a combo led by reedman John Klemmer, who occasionally plays an electric tenor sax. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. Inscrutable jazz superstar Miles Davis, his octet, and his towers of red-black-and-green-striped amplifiers move onto the stage Monday, Nov. 18. Davis set out four or five years ago to "form the best rock band in the country." Although many of his listeners would probably not agree that this hybrid of jazz and rock—excessively piercing and percussive—results in the "best" rock music, Davis's music, and his attire and some of his mannerisms, *do* invite comparisons with Sly Stone. Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 19-21, Orleans, a jovial rock outfit from Woodstock, trades sets with folk-rock singer Tom Waits. Further rock-and-roll indulgences: Al Kooper and his aggregation arrives along with Cashman & West on Friday, Nov. 22. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Exercising a good and reverent ear for music, this warm and friendly bar and restaurant enjoys a high reputation among musicians and listeners alike. The choice spot in the room is the end of the bar, nearest the music corner. Jimmy Rowles, a subtle pianist and an occasional crackly-voiced singer, is currently occupying that niche with bassist Bill Takas. Sundays, Jaki Byard, an accomplished pianist who plays in many styles, receives enthusiastically good-natured support from bassist Major Holley. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine to one.

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—Several spotlights in this pleasant second-story jazz room illuminate drummer Buddy Rich and his explosive sextet—probably one of the most rousing groups that Rich has worked with in years. The group comprises Illinois Jacquet, who is featured on tenor saxophone; bassist Reggie Workman; guitarist Jack Wilkins; Kenny Barron on piano; and Angel Aaende on congas. Mondays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Snacks.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The classics of the twenties and thirties are in safe hands here. Bobby Short knows how to choose them, how to play them, and, what's more, how to sing them. Mr. Short's respectful and energetic voice and piano are well served by drummer Dick Sheridan and bassist Beverly Peer. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—A casual and sometimes overly animated restaurant with a piano in the thick of it. Ellis Larkins, a subdued, understated pianist, along with his bassist, Benny Moten, manages to capture the attention of the normally preoccupied diners with gently playful

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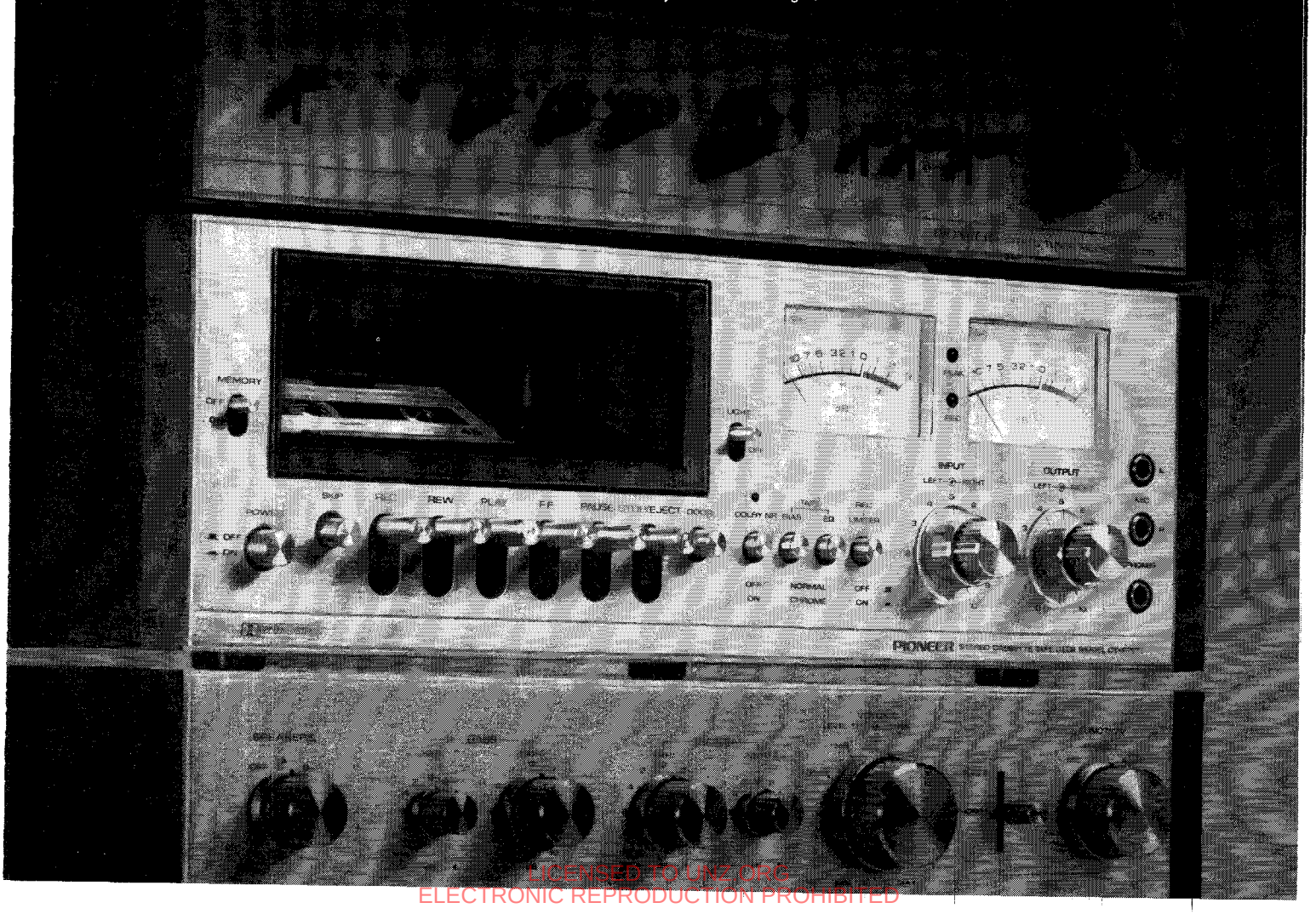

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

but demanding stylings. The music runs from eight to one. Dick Hyman claims the keyboard on Sundays. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub. Twenty-two-year-old stride stylist and Ellingtonia fancier Brooks Kerr works with and learns from drummer Sonny Greer, who began his relationship with Ellington in 1919, and saxophonist Russell Procope, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Mondays and Tuesdays from nine-thirty to three, the Lee Konitz trio exchanges solos and backs Lynn Crane's vocals. Pianist, singer, arranger, and actor Onzy Matthews works with a quartet Wednesdays through Saturdays from six until nine. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Overseen by the second generation of the family that started it downtown nearly thirty years ago, this club is a smoothly run, reliable, first-rate jazz spot. The long-established but youthful-looking singing duo Jackie Cain and Roy Kral perform through Saturday, Nov. 16. At a time when many newcomers—Bette Midler and the Pointer Sisters, most notably—have taken to imitating the trailblazing vocal somersaults associated with King Pleasure and Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, it's gratifying to listen to the real thing. Jackie and Roy have been doing stylish jazz vocals for over twenty-five years. The hours run from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty to three-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Lance Hayward plays here nightly, except Wednesdays, and is joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke deliver it from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Gene Roland brings in a five-piece band that plays from eight to two.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—This once and recent New York pinnacle on the overamplified rock-folk-and-blues circuit is now under new management. The crowds have dispersed somewhat, and the place may have begun to lose its pulse. Quacky Duck, a lively, humorous local rock group, unplugs its equipment after Saturday, Nov. 16. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty nightly, except Sunday and Monday. Tuesdays serve as talent-showcase nights. Dining downstairs; drinks and snacks in the upstairs music room.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—While a portrait of Henry VIII looks on from Tudored walls, conversationalists at the tables compete with the performers on the stage. The conversationalists are, for the most part, sundry businesspersons. The performers are pianist Marian McPartland, bassist Jay Leonhart, and drummer Joe Cocuzzo. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen to one. A Monday-night Dixieland sextet plays from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side gathering place with a softly lighted main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery, both fitted out with tables for drinking and dining. Wily drummer Chico Hamilton is here with his latest youthful quintet Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sundays through Tuesdays, Esther Marrow sings some impeccable rhythm-and-blues with her band. Music from ten until three.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A genuinely exotic night spot that boasts fresh-cut flowers on the piano, mammoth potted palms, an enthusiastic clientele, and a forties campiness. Michael Federal sings low-key country-rock opposite Mirabai, a twenty-three-year-old singer, guitarist, and songwriter, whose name is taken from a legendary follower of Krishna. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. On that Saturday, Susan Taylor fills in for Mirabai. Beginning Tuesday, Nov. 19, two appealing young performers—Peter Allen and Lynn Kellogg—will trade sets. Allen, who grins a lot and bounces around at the piano—straddling the bench, tapping his feet, crossing his legs—can effectively put over his songs. But although he is really more adept at writing than singing, his compositions—which are widely admired, fresh, witty, and, on occasion, sensitive—are all too often enamelled with heavy-handed cynicism and bittersweetness. Lynn Kellogg, who was in the Broadway cast of "Hair," is not known for her composing abilities (though she does sing a charming ditty she wrote in praise of her dog); initially, one is struck, and misled, by her appearance—she looks like a sunny, blond Beatrice whom the Beach Boys might have sung about. She is, however, a capable singer, with a solid, low, sure voice and a relaxed, smiling, and ultimately winning style. Shows at nine and midnight. Dolly Jonah, a polished performer, tells bar stories and sings with a husky, New York-accented delivery on Sundays, at nine and eleven. Monday nights are showcases for burgeoning entertainers. Dining.

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St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer has begun another season in this ornate little nook. Her recitatives, accompanied, as always, by Jimmy Lyon's piano, begin at ten and midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A friendly, well-maintained establishment that gives aid and comfort to those who happen to find themselves on the upper West Side. Mondays and Tuesdays, Chet Baker, drawn and gaunt, with longish slicked-down hair, is here with a trio. The Lee Konitz trio claims Wednesdays and Thursdays. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 15-16, saxophonist Peter Loeb heads up a quartet, and on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, Greg Bobulinski, on trumpet, drops in with his quartet. The satisfying guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma retains the Sunday-night slot. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty until two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty until three; and Sundays from nine until two. Snacks.

Studio 77/Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—The dark emptiness of nighttime SoHo streets belies the fashionable, steaming activity found in some of the neighborhood hangouts. This after-hours gallery-loft, though among the less congested, is one of the more animated. The source for the commotion is the bandstand, where drummer Rashied Ali and his quartet—James Vass, Sonelius Smith, and Benny Wilson—play intense, rigorous, free-form jazz that lies somewhere beyond John Coltrane, approaching the intricacies of Cecil Taylor. Ali, the proprietor, spent several years playing with those saxophonists who are now considered the vanguard of sixties jazz—Archie Shepp, Pharoah Sanders, and the late Albert Ayler and Coltrane. Thursdays through Sundays from nine to three. Soul food and nonalcoholic beverages.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Sporadic weekend jazz in an upstairs room with all the character of a Spanish Renaissance refectory. Junior Mance plays a rollicking bluesy piano with a trio Friday and Saturday, Nov. 15-16. The next Friday and Saturday (Nov. 22-23), Charles Mingus returns with his quintet. They begin at ten. On Thursdays, Hellman's Angels, a trio led by harpist Daphne Hellman, provides the sounds from nine to midnight. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In its earlier days, the Vanguard (now forty) was considered a bohemian curiosity. Today, some of the best musicians in the world do their best work here. The Mingus quintet finishes up on Sunday, Nov. 17, followed on Tuesday, Nov. 19, by Keith Jarrett, a highly regarded, dynamic young pianist, who also plays soprano sax and percussion, and swaps ideas with bassist Charlie Haden, drummer Paul Motian, and saxophonist Dewey Redman. Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, about fifteen other first-rate musicians, and vocalist Juanita Fleming take over on Mondays. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Right on a New York City truck route, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: the piano work of Jill McManus Thursdays through Sundays, and the collaborations of pianist Kenny Brawner and his bassist Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled retreat primarily patronized by Columbia students. The music that is keeping the students here from their studies these days is neither folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesdays belong to the Swing All-Stars—Eddie Durham on trombone and guitar, drummer Sam Woodyard, Art Miller on reeds, and pianist Robin Clark. Durham, a Kansas City jazzman during the twenties and thirties, was one of the very first jazz guitarists, and he played and arranged for such history-making bands as the Blue Devils, Benny Moten, Jimmy Lunceford, and Count Basie, as well as his own band. Wednesdays and Thursdays, Tiny Grimes plays a bluesy, bebopping guitar with bassist Ted Cromwell and Ronnie Cole on drums. Fridays and Saturdays, boogie-woogie stylist Sammy Price romps all over the piano, as trumpeter Ed Lewis, tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette, and the drummer, Ditto (whose name rhymes with "Perdido"), try to keep up with him. Sundays, Mabel Godwin's trio claims the stand. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **Café**, pianist Herb Winner, with the assistance of two singing instrumentalists, plays dance music from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Steven Weltner is on duty Sundays from eight-thirty to midnight, and Mondays from nine to twelve-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Chris Connor, that determined and detonating troupial, is in residence in the **Persian Room**. Her hours are ten during the week, and nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing to the Barry Levitt trio and the René Martel threesome from seven to one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The **Plaza Restaurant** provides dinner music by violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein. Their hours are seven-thirty to ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Mondays through Fridays, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play in the **Palm Court**, from four-thirty to nine-thirty, and pianist Ruth Andrews fills the hours from nine-thirty to one. Saturdays from four-thirty to midnight, and Sundays from four to seven, Sandu Marcu supplies violin music. Miss Andrews returns to the keyboard Sundays from seven-thirty to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The grand rooftop is presenting singer Sally Kellerman at dinner and sup-

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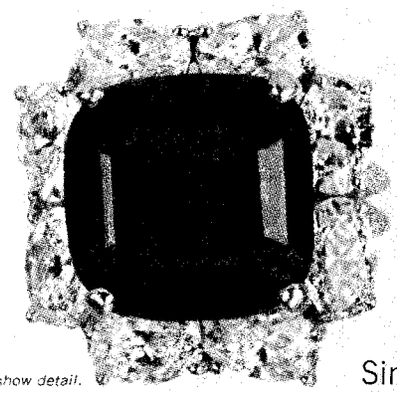

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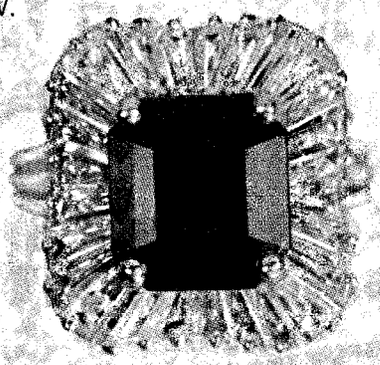

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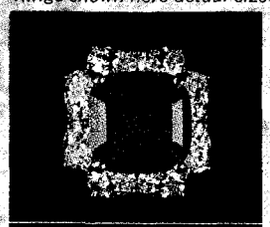

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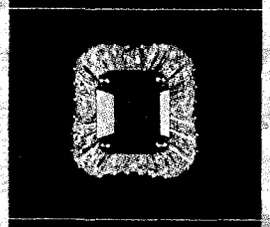

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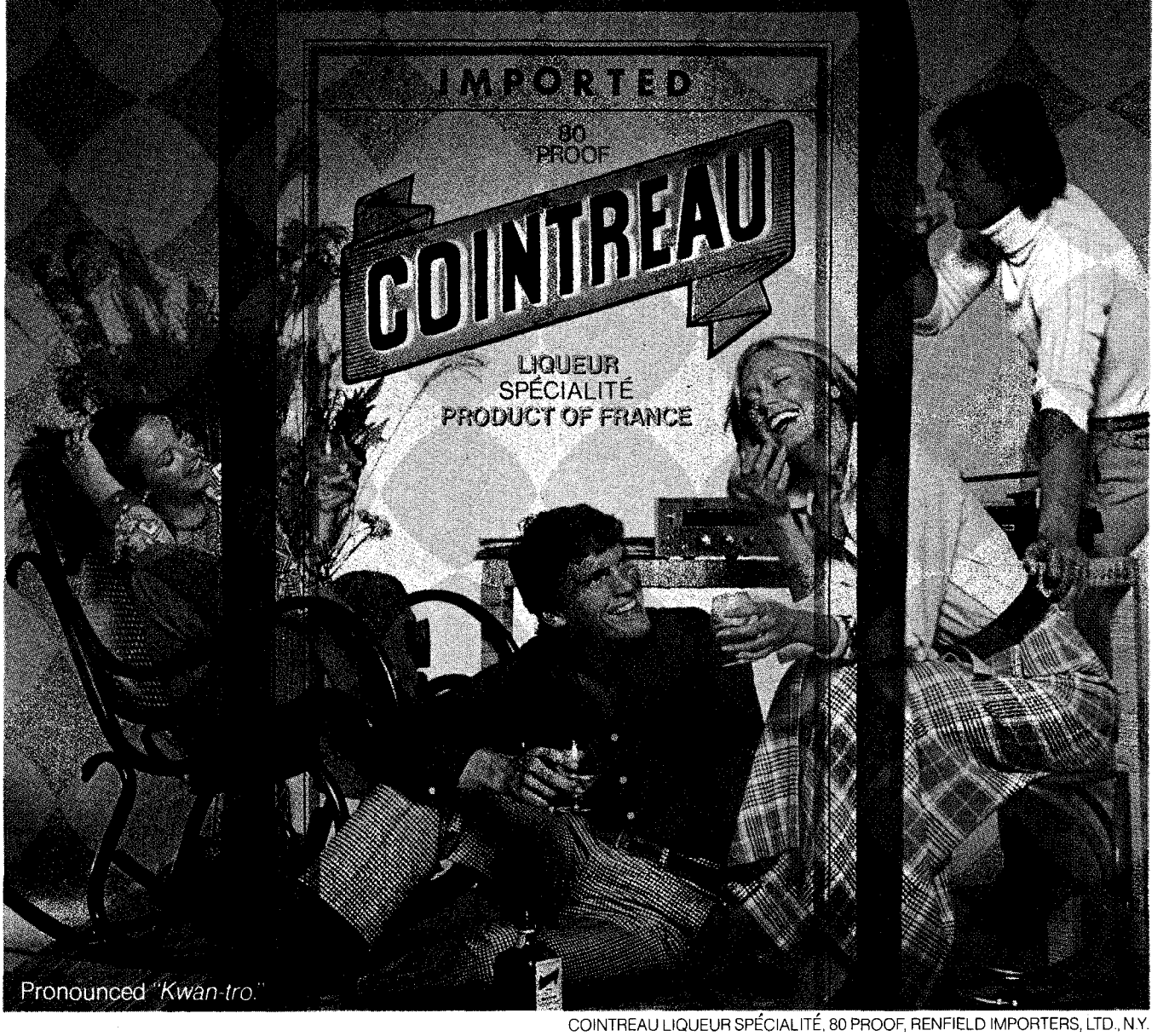

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

per. Dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—On this sixty-fifth-floor height, Eleanor Fell plays harp from seven to eleven, Tuesdays through Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—British singer Cleo Laine, accompanied by saxophonist John Dankworth and an orchestra, is holding forth at dinner and supper in the **MAISONETTE**. Dancing all night to the Anthony Terini trio. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The **EMPIRE ROOM** affords the songs of Gladys Knight & the Pips at dinner and supper. Their final night is Saturday, Nov. 16. On Tuesday, Nov. 19, the O'Jays reopen the place as a forum for their songs. They will do just one show at ten opening night; thereafter, they will appear twice an evening. The Bob Rosengarden orchestra plays for dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

CHARLES ADDAMS—Cartoons and cover paintings from 1935 to the present; first one-man show in New York. Through Nov. 27. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

SHUSAKU ARAKAWA—One large canvas and several related pastels. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

VIRGINIA BAILEY—Painted collages reminiscent of cave paintings are juxtaposed with an exhibit of ancient Persian miniature sculptures. Through Nov. 30. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JULIUS BISSIER (1893-1965)—Abstract brush drawings as well as oil-tempera and watercolor miniatures. Through Dec. 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

FRANK BOWLING—New abstract paintings. Through Dec. 3. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Three-legged, pumpkin-headed witches abound in this Halloween surprise that the sculptor has sprung on his fans. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

CARMEN CICERO—Abstract acrylics. Through Dec. 7. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St.)

DADO—Recent paintings and etchings by a Yugoslav who makes his home in Paris. Through Dec. 31. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ENRICO DONATI—Abstract forms, like fragments of ancient tablets, painted against vivid backgrounds in oil mixed with sand and powdered pigments. Through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

LYONEL FEININGER (1871-1956)—Drawings and watercolors, most of them in his familiar taut, jackstraw line but a few in a looser vein, done in charcoal. Through Nov. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

LEONEL GÓNGORA—Works in mixed mediums. Through Dec. 7. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

DOUGLAS GORSLINE—Recent paintings, including some landscapes of China. Starts Saturday, Nov. 16. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

SANTE GRAZIANI—One of the attractions in this exhibit of paintings is a wide-eyed George Washington snuggled under an Early American quilt, some patches of which are cloth, some meticulously rendered in acrylics. Through Nov. 27. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

PHILIP GUSTON—Paintings done in the last three years. Starts Friday, Nov. 15. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

ROBERT GWATHMEY—The artist has shifted his attention from those cotton fields down home to urban blight, and his palette has taken on new color. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

NIGEL HALL—Aluminum wall pieces. Through

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Dec. 5. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

JOSEPH HIRSCH—Drawings in pen, charcoal, chalk, and pastel by this social realist. Through Friday, Nov. 15. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

YVONNE JACQUETTE—Lithographs hand-colored with pastels, watercolors, and gouache. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Alexander, 26 E. 78th St.)

PAUL JENKINS—New paintings in this artist's free-flowing, rich colors. Through Dec. 14. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays.)

ASGER JORN (1914-73)—Abstract paintings by one of the founders of the Cobra group. Through Nov. 30. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

KARL KNATHS (1891-1971)—Paintings done between 1959 and 1971. Through Friday, Nov. 22. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

PIERRE LESIEUR—Paintings and drawings by a French artist. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ROY LICHTENSTEIN—"The Artist's Studio," a series of four large paintings, all heavily reliant on the benday process. Through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

JANET LIEBOWITZ—Abstract oils. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

FRANK LOBDELL—Abstract paintings and drawings by a Californian prominent since the fifties. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

JOHN MACWHINNIE—Figure paintings and landscapes. Through Thursday, Nov. 21. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

RENÉ MAGRITTE (1898-1967)—Oils by the Belgian Surrealist. Through Jan. 10. (Davlyn, 975 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Open Mondays.)

MARCIA MARCUS—Oil paintings, some of them self-portraits and others based on Greek themes. Through Nov. 30. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

ALDEN MASON / MICHAEL BERESFORD—Abstract Expressionist paintings. / Sculptures of bicycles and tricycles, which the viewers are requested not to ride. Through Nov. 30. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

FRANK METZ—Semi-abstract landscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

DONN MOULTON—Enormous lacquered fibreglass wall reliefs of apples. Through Dec. 3. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

DAVID NOVROS—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St.)

GEORGE PARRINO—Abstractions based on the female figure. Through Dec. 3. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

HECTOR POLEO—A retrospective of paintings by a Venezuelan artist. Through Dec. 29. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

LARRY POONS—Recent paintings. Through Wednesday, Nov. 20. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919)—A benefit showing of about sixty paintings on loan from museums and private collections. Through Nov. 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays.)

NICHOLAS ROERICH (1874-1947)—Stage and costume designs for Diaghilev's Ballets Russes and for Russian operas. Through Dec. 14. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

HYDE SOLOMON—New Mexico and Maine are the subjects of these abstract landscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

YVES TANGUY (1900-55)—A benefit loan show of over fifty paintings by the French-American Surrealist. Through Dec. 7. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

MARK TOBEY—Paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

HOWARD WARSHAW—Metaphysical paintings. Through Nov. 30. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

JAMES WYETH—Sixteen oils—portraits, landscapes, and paintings of animals—done from 1968 to the present. Through Nov. 25. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ELLIOTT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Poster art done between 1890 and 1930. Through Dec. 7. (Open Mondays.)... **FAR GALLERY**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and graphics of animals or birds by such contemporary artists as John Groth and Jane Canfield, as well as by Audubon, Bierstadt, Bonheur, and others. Through Nov. 29. (Open Mondays.)... **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Original drawings of early comic-strip characters—Winsor McCay's Little Nemo, Rudolph Dirks's Katzenjammer Kids, George McManus's Maggie and Jiggs, George Herriman's Krazy Kat, and Bud Fisher's Mutt and Jeff. Through Saturday, Nov. 16.... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Eighteenth- to twentieth-century American and European paintings by Ralph Earl, Pierre Bonnard, George Bellows, and others. Through Dec. 7.... **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures done by American artists of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries while living, travelling, or studying abroad. Artists included are Bierstadt, Prendergast, and Hiram Powers. Through Saturday, Nov. 16.... **SAMUELS**, 18 E. 76th St.: A show of paintings, drawings, sculptures, French furniture, and other pieces, to complement the art-dealers exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum. Through Nov. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)... **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Braque, Degas, Moore, and Manzú. Through Nov. 30.... **DORIS WIENER**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: More than eighty miniature paintings from India representing various regional styles and dating from the sixteenth century through the mid-nineteenth. Starts Saturday, Nov. 16.... **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Drawings by such Americans as Gorky, Pollock, Avery, and Pearlstein. Through Nov. 30.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

POWER BOOTHE—Large abstract paintings. Through Thursday, Nov. 21. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

HENRY BOTKIN—Semi-abstract collage paintings, primarily done with cloth. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

JACK BUSH / HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—New paintings by a Canadian color-field painter. Starts Saturday, Nov. 16. / Gouaches and collages done as studies for architectural projects. Through Dec. 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

ROBERTO CRIPPA (1921-71)—A retrospective of paintings by this Italian artist. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

KEN GREENLEAF—Two large welded-steel sculptures, and several small ones. Starts Saturday, Nov. 16. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

JAMES JUSZCZYK—Large canvases, divided vertically into panels of sombre, earthy colors; first one-man show in New York. Through Thursday, Nov. 21. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

RAYMOND MASON—Gouaches and painted reliefs. Through Nov. 26. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

MICHELANGELO PISTOLETTO—Twelve large panels and one environment, all silk screen on polished steel. Through Nov. 30. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ROBERT SIVARD—Decorative gouache paintings of street life in Portugal, Haiti, Cyprus, and France. Through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

ERIC SLOANE—Rural landscapes, mostly. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

JESÚS RAFAEL SOTO—Recent wood and metal sculptures in a show of the artist's work

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running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Dec. 7. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Joseph Stefanelli—Acrylic paintings. Through Nov. 27. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Kurt Trampedach—Paintings and sculptures by a Danish artist; first one-man show in New York. Through Nov. 29. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St.)

David von Schlegell—Three new sculptures in steel and granite. Through Nov. 30. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Neil Welliver—Landscapes of Maine by a painterly realist. Through Dec. 3. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

H. C. Westermann—New constructions and drawings. Through Nov. 30. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturday mornings.)

William Zorach (1889-1966)—Watercolors and animal sculptures. Through Dec. 7. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—Thomas Hart Benton, Grant Wood, and Yasuo Kuniyoshi are three of the artists represented in a show of etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts. Through Nov. 27. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

Sculpture—The thirty-seventh annual of the Sculptors Guild, this year honoring one of its founders, José de Creeft, and including work by him and by other members in a variety of styles and mediums. Through Sunday, Nov. 17. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Jeffrey Burtch—Sculptures in wood and stone. Through Wednesday, Nov. 20. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St.)

Barbara Coleman / Kate Resek—Six paintings, all of them impasto in white acrylic. / Chalk and acrylic on canvas. Through Dec. 11. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Tom Doyle / Stan Kaplan—Two large red oak sculptures. / Abstract ink-and-acrylic paintings. Through Wednesday, Nov. 20. (55 Mercer Street.)

Peter Hutchinson—Twenty-six pieces in a show called "Alphabet Series." Through Wednesday, Nov. 20. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

Richard Joseph—Realist paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through Dec. 7. (Benedek, 145 Spring St.)

Sol LeWitt—Wall drawings, incomplete open cubes, and other works. Through Wednesday, Nov. 20. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Robert Murray—Five painted aluminum sculptures. Through Dec. 4. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Joseph Raffael—Large oil paintings inspired by rivers and creeks. Through Nov. 27. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Tim Scott—New work in Plexiglas and steel by the British sculptor. Through Nov. 27. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Joseph Shannon / William C. Maxwell—New abstract paintings. / Paintings and prints. Through Thursday, Nov. 21. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Marina Stern / Louis Lieberman—Precisionist paintings, mostly of factory rooftops. / Wall sculptures. Through Friday, Nov. 22. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Helene Valentin—Painterly abstractions. Through Nov. 30. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St.)

Rebecca Weisberg—Abstract Expressionist oil paintings of figures, watercolors of landscapes and seascapes, and faces done in oil on paper mounted sculpturally on Plexiglas stands. Through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

Chris Zeller—Sculptures. Through Nov. 30. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **Cuningham Ward**, 94 Prince St.: Paintings by Alan Cote, Harvey Quaytman, David Diao, and John Walker. Through Nov. 27. . . . **Landmark**, 469 Broome St.: The circle is the formal basis for paintings and sculptures by eight artists including Jean Cohen, Budd Hopkins, and Phyllis

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Mark. Through Nov. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Otello Guarducci—Sculptures in bronze and aluminum with nylon string, mounted on Lucite and marble bases. Through Dec. 6. (Touchstone, 37 E. 4th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

William Haendel / Lyle Light—Molded-paper reliefs. / Natural-wood sculptures with movable parts. Through Nov. 29. (Walker Street Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Al Hirschfeld—A retrospective of more than seven hundred and fifty drawings by the *Times'* theatrical caricaturist. Through Dec. 7. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturday mornings.)

William Pachner—Recent paintings. Through Nov. 30. (Camp, 51 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

George Sugarman—Polychromed metal sculptures. Through Dec. 14. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Show—Traditional African art—masks, figures, and so forth—from Mozambique, Angola, and Guinea-Bissau, plus contemporary Makonde carvings and paintings from Mozambique. Through Feb. 1. (African-American Institute, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Harry Callahan / Carl Toth—Pictures of Peru. / Hand-painted photo-collages. Through Dec. 7. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Doisneau—Photographs of Paris and Parisians. Through Dec. 14. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Walker Evans—Work from all periods, including some vintage prints, by this well-known photographer. Through Nov. 30. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Marion Faller / Richard Levy / Harvey Stein—Photographs. Through Dec. 3. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940)—Factory children and immigrants are two of the subjects of these photographs, taken between 1905 and 1932. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Minor White—Photographs from 1939 to the present. Through Dec. 3. (SoHo Photo, 30 W. 13th St. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

Group Shows—At the **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibition of photographs in which billboards and signs figure, by (among others) Atget, Evans, Lange, Cartier-Bresson, Brassai, Abbott, Siskind, Frank, and Friedlander. Through Dec. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . **Neikrug**, 224 E. 68th St.: Anthony Leale showing views of bicycle racers, plus eighteen other Italian photographers. Through Nov. 29. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.). . . **Soho Photo**, 30 W. 13th St.: New work by George Alpert, in addition to prints by other photographers. Through Dec. 3. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Lithographs, etchings, and silk screens donated by such artists as Jasper Johns, Ellsworth Kelly, Robert Motherwell, and Saul Steinberg to endow a professorship at Columbia University in honor of art historian Meyer Schapiro. Through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Italian Renaissance drawings from the Louvre by Raphael, Correggio, Michelangelo, and others. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Works lent by art dealers from twelve countries, in addition to pieces owned by the museum and purchased from the art dealers Joseph and Ernest Brummer, in an exhibit aiming to point up the importance of dealers in the formation of museums and private collections. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "The Belles Heures of Jean, Duke of Berry," an exhibit of the illuminated Book of Hours, the newly published facsimile of it, and color transparencies. Through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Eight young artists, including Jan Dibbets and Dorothea Rockburne, from Europe, America, and Australia. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ A series of twenty-six oil paintings, each with an accompanying text, by a California artist called Jess. Through Dec. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the work of Venezuelan artist Jesús Rafael Soto, including a new walk-through construction made of plastic filaments. Through Jan. 5. A complementary show will be at the Galerie Denise René, 6 W. 57th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of Al Held's work, from early pigment paintings of the fifties to more recent geometric black-and-white canvases. Through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Paintings done during the last ten years by the first-generation Abstract Expressionist Richard Pousette-Dart. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Fantasy paintings by Joan Moment, a young California artist who works on black latex. Through Dec. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—This exhibition of contemporary portraiture includes paintings, sculptures, and silk screens by Alice Neel, Chuck Close, Marisol, Andy Warhol, and others. Through Dec. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-seven lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts from the twenties and thirties by Charles Sheeler, Rockwell Kent, Philip Evergood, and others. Through Jan. 19. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs of African children and of children of African descent in the Caribbean, South America, and the United States. Through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of paintings chosen by a committee for possible purchase under a Childe Hassam bequest for distribution to museums in the United States and Canada. Among the artists this time are Nell Blaine, Grace Hartigan, Ben Kamihira, and Larry Rivers. Through Dec. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—About fifty works, mostly landscape paintings, by four Japanese painters who lived in the late eighteenth century. Through Dec. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Hand scrolls,

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hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans, done in Suchou, China, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, from the John M. Crawford, Jr., collection. Through Jan. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Bergasse 19: The Office and Antiquities of Dr. Sigmund Freud," a showing of photographs taken in 1938—a few weeks before Dr. Freud fled from Austria—together with thirteen of his Egyptian, Greek, and Roman antiquities (frescoes, gods, tomb objects) on loan from Anna Freud. Through Jan. 5. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A selection of drawings—from the sixteenth century to the present—of stage designs from the collection of Donald Oenslager. Starts Thursday, Nov. 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A superb exhibition of about eighty hooked rugs. Through Jan. 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Creation in Clay," a show of pottery figure-sculptures from pre-Columbian Mexico and Peru, plus Africa and New Guinea. Through Feb. 15. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The sixty-first annual exhibit of oils, watercolors, and sculptures by members of the Allied Artists of America, as well as by nonmembers. Through Sunday, Nov. 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A potpourri of seldom shown minor treasures from the reserve vaults of fifteen institutions, including the Museum of Primitive Art, the Metropolitan, the New York Botanical Garden, and the American Numismatic Society. Through Dec. 7. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—More than four hundred paintings, drawings, and prints focussing on New York in the post-Revolutionary period when the society was founded by John Pintard. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Various papers and books arranged in honor of the hundred-and-twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Astor Library—part of *this* library since 1895. Through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 9 to 9.)... ¶ An exhibition marking the centennial of Owen D. Young includes some hundred and sixty items from his collection of rare books, autograph letters, original manuscripts, and sketches, which he presented to the Berg Collection of English and American Literature in 1941. Through April 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Photographs, letters, and other memorabilia tracing the career of theatrical producer Leland Hayward. Through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Monday and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Architect W. Joseph Black's survey of Harlem architecture—including landmarks and new buildings—made up of photographs, some in color. Through Dec. 8.... ¶ Acrylic paintings and color etchings by two African artists who are now living and working in the United States. Through Dec. 8. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 13: "Turandot," with Ingrid Bjoner, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, Robert Goodloe, and Richard T. Gill; conducted by Alberto

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Erede.... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 14: "Roméo et Juliette," with Adriana Maliponte, Cynthia Munzer, Franco Corelli, Lenus Carlson, James Morris, Maurizio Mazzieri, and Charles Anthony; Henry Lewis.... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 15: A new production of Janáček's "Jenufa," with Teresa Kubiak, Astrid Varnay, Jon Vickers, William Lewis, and John Reardon; John Nelson.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 16: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Lucia Valentini, Christine Weidinger, Shirley Love, Luigi Alva, Theodor Uppman, Fernando Corena, and Gene Boucher; Henry Lewis.... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 16: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Elinor Ross, Mildred Miller, Franco Corelli, and Morley Meredith, and "Pagliacci," with Atsuko Azuma, Richard Tucker, Norman Mittelmann, Lenus Carlson, and Robert Schmorr; John Nelson.... ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 18: "Tosca," with Rachel Mathes, José Carreras, Robert Merrill, and Richard Best; Alberto Erede.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 19: "Death in Venice," with Peter Pears, John Shirley-Quirk, and Andrea Velis; Steuart Bedford.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 20: "Jenufa," with Teresa Kubiak, Astrid Varnay, Jon Vickers, William Lewis, and John Reardon; John Nelson.... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 21: "Turandot," with Ingrid Bjoner, Adriana Maliponte, James McCracken, Robert Goodloe, and Richard T. Gill; Alberto Erede.... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 22: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Lucia Valentini, Christine Weidinger, Luigi Alva, Theodor Uppman, and Fernando Corena; Henry Lewis.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 23: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Elinor Ross, Mildred Miller, Harry Theyard, and Morley Meredith, and "Pagliacci," with Atsuko Azuma, Richard Tucker, Norman Mittelmann, Thomas Palmer, and Robert Schmorr; John Nelson.... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 23: "Roméo et Juliette," with Adriana Maliponte, Cynthia Munzer, Franco Corelli, Lenus Carlson, James Morris, and Maurizio Mazzieri; Henry Lewis. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

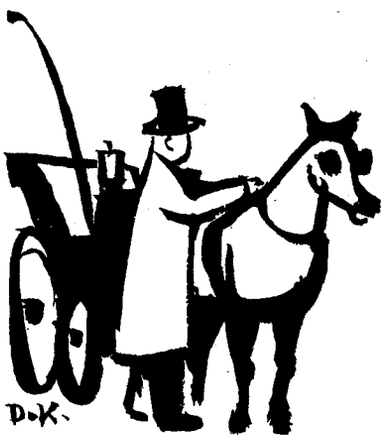
ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Daniel Barenboim conducting—Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 15, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 7:30 (all with Lorne Munroe, cello); and Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 22, at 2; and Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 7:30 (all with Sol Greitzer, viola).

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra—Herbert von Karajan conducting the last in a series of concerts, this one an all-Brahms program. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra—Michael Tilson Thomas directing an all-Beethoven program, with the Rutgers University Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 3.)

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Nov. 20, and Friday, Nov. 22, at 8:30, with Peter Serkin, piano.... ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8; no soloists.)



Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting a performance of Gluck's opera "Orfeo ed Euridice" in concert form, with Irene Jordan and Sara Ann Noll, sopranos, and Mignon Dunn, mezzo-soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 7:30.)

I Solisti di Zagreb—A Yugoslav chamber orchestra, with the violinist Henryk Szeryng as both conductor and soloist, in the second of two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

West Side Orchestral Concerts—Frédérique Petrides conducting the second of two concerts. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting Messiaen's "From the Canyons to the Stars," with Yvonne Loriod, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

Light Fantastic Players—Daniel Shulman conducting a chamber orchestra, with Judith Bettina, soprano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting, with Eileen Farrell, soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

Musica Reservata—Margherita Hastings directing an a-cappella group. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Columbia University Glee Club and Skidmore College Choir—A joint concert, with Gregg Smith and Carl Olsen directing. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 280-6812.)

Vaughan Williams Choral Concert—John Grady directing the combined choirs of St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, the Plymouth Church of the Pilgrims, and St. Bartholomew's Church, together with the Boys Choir of St. Thomas Church. With Benita Valente, soprano; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; Francis Robinson, narrator; and members of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. (St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 7:30. Tickets are on sale at the Parish House, 14 E. 51st St.)

RECITALS

Ida Krehm—Piano, with assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Olivier Messiaen Festival—The second of two all-Messiaen programs, this one performed by Samuel Lipman and Yvonne Loriod, pianos; Erick Friedman, violin; Yehuda Hanani, cello; and Stanley Drucker, clarinet. With commentary by the composer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Baroque Music Masters—Judith Norell, harpsichord, and others. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Vieuxtemps String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

Narciso Yepes—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Kyung-Wha Chung—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Harpsichord and piano, in the second of three all-Bach programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 2:15.)

Tokyo String Quartet and Stephen Manes—A program of works for strings and piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 2:30.)

Vladimir Horowitz—Piano. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 4.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—

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Judith Blegen, soprano; Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano; Jaime Laredo, violin; Paula Robison, flute; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 5, and Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 7:30.)

Suk Soon Kim and Judith Alstadter—Soprano and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Ruth Glasser and Abba Bogin—Cello and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

American Brass Quintet—The first in a series of three concerts of American or New York premières. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Evelyn Mandac and Theodor Uppman—Soprano and baritone. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 6.)

Fritz Jahoda—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Rollin Smith—Organ, in a Buxtehude-Poulenc recital. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 5:15. No tickets necessary.)

Anna Xydis—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Albert Lotto—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

John Shirley-Quirk—Baritone, in Schubert's "Die Winterreise." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 22, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.... ¶ Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8, an all-Schubert program, with Walter Trampler, viola, and George Hoertnagel, contrabass.)

David Bean—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Ingrid Dingfelder—Flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

Note—Jaime Laredo will give a violin and viola recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 1, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Nov. 18, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK / ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 5:45: **Henny Youngman**.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 5:45: **Lillian Hellman**.

Johnny Mathis—With the Miracles. (Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesday, Nov. 13, through Sunday, Nov. 24. Nightly, except Monday, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Tony Bennett and Lena Horne—Minskoff Theatre, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 24.

Poco—With PFM. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band on the Road—A rock musical, with music and lyrics by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Previews Friday and Saturday, Nov. 15-16, at 7 and 10, and Sunday, Nov. 17, at 3. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 17, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 8. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Billy Joel—With Janis Ian. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8 and 11.)

New York Jazz Repertory Company—The second of two concerts devoted to the music of Louis Armstrong, this one with Bernie Privin, Joe Newman, Doc Cheatham, Ernie Royal, Jimmy Owens, Yank Lawson, Ray Nance, Bob-by Hackett, Taft Jordan, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Country in New York—The second in a series of five concerts, this one with Doug Kershaw, Tommy Overstreet, Bob Luman, and Sammi Smith. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 7.)

Jimmy Cliff and Mirabai—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8.

Albert King Revue—With Roosevelt Sykes. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8 and 11. For tickets, call 541-7290.)

Odetta—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 3.

Thad Jones Quintet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Rick Nelson—With Lori Lieberman and the Stone Canyon Band. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

Julius La Rosa—Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 18, at 8.

Maria Muldaur and Livingston Taylor—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Nov. 18, at 8.

Yes—Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 8.

Beach Boys—Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8.

Barry Manilow—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8.

Renaissance and Caravan—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, at 8. For tickets, call 541-7290.

Wishbone Ash and Average White Band—Academy of Music. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, at 11:30.

Jazz Trios—Cedar Walton, Walter Davis, Barry Harris, Wilbur Little, Philly Joe Jones, and others. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 7 and 9:45.)

America—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 23-24, at 9.

Count Basie and His Bands—An exhibit of photographs, posters, art work, sheet music, audiotapes, and memorabilia. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 7. Optional contribution for admission.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **Madison Square Garden**: Knicks vs. Cleveland, Thursday, Nov. 14, at 7:30.... ¶ Knicks vs. Seattle, Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8.... ¶ Knicks vs. Washington, Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 7:30.... ¶ Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8.... **Nassau Coliseum**: Nets vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, Nov. 20, at 8:05.

College Football—Saturday, Nov. 16 (all games at 1:30): Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst.... ¶ Boston College vs. Syracuse, at Chestnut Hill.... ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca.... ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge.... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia.... ¶ Rutgers vs. Boston University, at New Brunswick.... ¶ Wesleyan vs. Trinity, at Middletown.... ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven.... **Saturday, Nov. 23**: Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field, at 1:30.... ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge, at 1:30.... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia, at 1:30.... ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton, at 1:30.... ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick, at 1.

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 17: Giants vs. Detroit Lions, at Detroit.... ¶ Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Foxboro.

Gymnastics—The U.S.S.R. National Gymnastics Team. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Hockey—At **Madison Square Garden**: Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 7:35.... ¶ Rangers vs. California Golden Seals, Sunday, Nov. 17, at 7:05.... ¶ Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Nov. 23, at 1:35.... **Nassau Coliseum** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Tuesday, Nov. 19.... ¶ Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Friday, Nov. 22.... ¶ Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Saturday, Nov. 23.

Racing—At **Aqueduct**: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Jan. 4. The Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 16, and the Demoiselle, Saturday, Nov. 23.... **Monmouth Park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Nov. 23.... **Laurel**, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Tuesday, Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 14.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **Poko Puppets**: A program demonstrating the history of jazz, done in conjunction with the New York Jazz Museum. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 765-2150.)... **Light Opera of Manhattan**: "Princess Ida," Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 16-17, at 4.... ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday, Nov. 23, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)... **New York Philharmonic**: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the opening children's concerts of the season. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 12:10 and 2:30.)... **Concerts for Young People**: The Quartetto Esterhazy. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

Play—The Meri Mini Players presenting "Alliwishes I. Tickle." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Exploring the Milky Way." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

National Postage Stamp Show—The twenty-sixth annual exhibit will feature special showings by twelve governments and postal administrations. On the first day of the show, new stamps will be issued by the United Nations Postal Administration, the Isle of Man Post Office Authority, the Department of Postal Administration of Jersey, the Papua New Guinea Post Office, and the Republic of South Africa. (Madison Square Garden Center Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, from 10 to 9, and Sunday, Nov. 24, from 1 to 6.)

Bus Tours—Sundays, at noon, 1:30, and 3, a London double-decker bus operated by the Municipal Art Society leaves from the Metropolitan Museum on a conducted architectural tour of Fifth Avenue, to Washington Square (with additional boarding stops at 59th Street and at Washington Arch), thence across to Third Avenue and back uptown to the museum by way of Third, Park, and Madison Avenues. The complete trip takes an hour and a half, and the number to call for information about tickets is 628-4555. Nothing doing on rainy days and parade days.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—The final sales in a nine-session auction of property from the American Heritage Society. Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 10:15: Chinese Export porcelains and delftware.... Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 2: Prints of historical subjects and views, Audubon prints, and American paintings.... Thursday, Nov. 14, at 10:15: Chinese Export porcelains.... Thursday, Nov. 14, at 2: English pottery for the American market, Presidential china, and American pottery and glass.... Friday, Nov. 15, at 10:15: American silver.... Friday, Nov. 15, at 2: American furniture, miniature furniture, and decorations.... Saturday, Nov. 16, at 10:15: Quilts and coverlets, folk art, hooked rugs, American and other pewter, and copper and brass.... Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2: American furniture, clocks, miniature furniture, and decorations.... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 19-20, at 2: English and American literature, from the collection of the late William E. Stockhausen.... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 21, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese ceramics, snuff bottles, and works of art; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 15.

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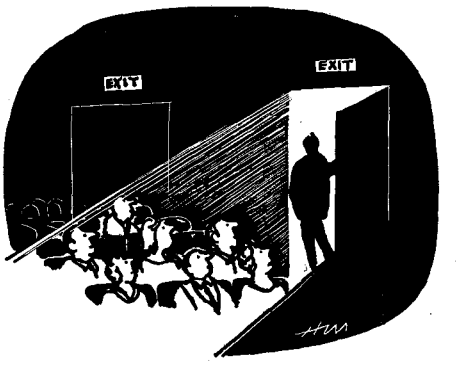
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 19: "Chinatown."
From Nov. 20: "Last Days of Man on Earth" and "Fantastic Planet."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Nov. 16: "Fog Over Frisco" and "The Little Foxes."
Nov. 17-19: "Murder, My Sweet" and "This Gun for Hire."
From Nov. 20: "Weekend in Havana" and "Pin Up Girl."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Nov. 19: "Serpico" and "The Conformist."
From Nov. 20: "California Split" and "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 19: "Chinatown" and "Don't Look Now."
From Nov. 20: "California Split" and "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Airport 1975."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Gold."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Nov. 14: "Gone with the Wind."
From Nov. 15: "The Savage Is Loose."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Abdication."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Phantom of the Paradise."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"2001: A Space Odyssey."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Amarcord."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Night Porter."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Law and Disorder."

EAST 59TH STREET I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Trial of Billy Jack."

EAST 59TH STREET II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Trial of Billy Jack."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Lenny."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Odessa File."

FIRST AVENUE SCREENING ROOM, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
"Fear Eats the Soul-Ali."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Nov. 16: "Jules and Jim" and "Two English Girls."
From Nov. 17: "A Woman Under the Influence."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Nov. 16: "Confessions of a Window Cleaner."
From Nov. 17: "A Woman Under the Influence."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Lacombe, Lucien."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Gambler."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 19: "Chinatown."
From Nov. 20: "California Split."

JULIET I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Cabaret."

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Longest Yard."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 19: "Giuseppe Verdi."
From Nov. 20: To be announced.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Nov. 14: "Gone with the Wind."
From Nov. 15: "The Savage Is Loose."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Odessa File."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Airport 1975."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Nov. 19: "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three."
From Nov. 20: "The Klansman."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Trial of Billy Jack."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
To be announced.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Through Nov. 14: "My Night at Maud's" and "Claire's Knee."
Nov. 15-16: "I Am Curious—Yellow" and "I Am Curious—Blue."
Nov. 17: "The Clowns" and "Fellini's Roma."
Nov. 18-19: "The Sicilian Clan" and "Borsalino."
Nov. 20-21: "The Earrings of Madame De . . ." and "Letter from an Unknown Woman."

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Nov. 14: "Giuseppe Verdi."
Nov. 15-19: "Zandy's Bride" and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller."
From Nov. 20: To be announced.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 19: "The Conversation" and "Daisy Miller."
From Nov. 20: "The Groove Tube" and "Heat."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Nov. 14: "Juggernaut."
From Nov. 15: "The Savage Is Loose."

QUAD CINEMAS 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Nov. 19 at one or another of the theatres: "California Split" and "The Boys in the Band"/"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" and "If . . ."/"Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman" and "I. F. Stone's Weekly"/"Flesh Gordon" and "Cry Uncle."
From Nov. 20: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Nov. 13: "Contempt" and "Breathless."
Nov. 14-16: "The Ruling Class" and "Start the Revolution Without Me."
Nov. 17-18: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" and "Performance."
Nov. 19-20: "Last Year at Marienbad" and "Testament of Orpheus."
From Nov. 21: "O Lucky Man!" and "Little Murders."
Note: Sunday, Nov. 17, one performance, at noon: "The Saphead."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Harry & Tonto."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Little Prince."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Nov. 13: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 14 at 7: "Earthquake." (Opening night will be a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call 986-2060.)

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"That's Entertainment!"

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The NADA Gang."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Le Trio Infernal."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Nov. 13: "Odd Man Out" and "The Third Man."
Nov. 14: "Knife in the Water" and "Teorema."
Nov. 15: "If . . ." and "Murmur of the Heart."
Nov. 16: "Citizen Kane" and "Touch of Evil."
Nov. 17: "Beauty and the Beast" and "Beauty and the Devil."
Nov. 18: Theatre closed.
Nov. 19: "The Fiancés" and "Il Posto."
Nov. 20: A three-hour program of short films made by students at N.Y.U. over the past twenty-five years.
Nov. 21: "Mean Streets" and two hours of short films by students currently at N.Y.U.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Le Fantôme de la Liberté."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"King of Hearts."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Nov. 19: "Dodes'ka-den" and "Sanshiro Sugata."
From Nov. 20: "Chushingura."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Nov. 19: "The French Connection" and "The Seven-Ups."
From Nov. 20: "Harry & Tonto."

LOEWS 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Nov. 13: "Confessions of a Window Cleaner."
Nov. 14-19: "Lucky Luciano" and "Carnal Knowledge."
From Nov. 20: "Law and Disorder."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 14: "Giuseppe Verdi."
From Nov. 15: "The African Queen" and "Indiscreet."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 19: "Zandy's Bride" and "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean."
From Nov. 20: To be announced.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Flesh Gordon" and "Playtime."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 19: "Chinatown" and "Catch-22."
From Nov. 20: "California Split" and "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice."

FILM LIBRARIES

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 13 at noon: "Terror on a Train" (1953), directed by Ted Tetzlaff, with Glenn Ford. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 5:30: "Bright Road" (1953), directed by Gerald Mayer, with Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonte. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 2: M-G-M featurettes. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 5:30: "7 Faces of Dr. Lao" (1964), directed by George Pal, with Tony Randall and Barbara Eden. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 8: "Mutiny on the Bounty" (1935), directed by Frank Lloyd, with Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 2: "The Money Trap" (1966), directed by Burt Kennedy, with Glenn Ford and Elke Sommer. . . . ¶ Nov. 15 at 5:30: "Mutiny on the Bounty" (1962), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Marlon Brando, Trevor Howard, and Richard Harris. . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at noon: "The Street" (1923), a German silent film, directed by Karl Grune; some English intertitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 3: "Somebody Up There Likes Me" (1956), directed by Robert Wise, with Paul Newman and Pier Angeli. . . . ¶ Nov. 16 at 5:30: "The Haunting" (1963), directed by Robert Wise, with Julie Harris and Claire Bloom. . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 12:30: "Merry Andrew" (1958), directed by Michael Kidd, with Danny Kaye and Pier Angeli. . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 3: A program of Tex Avery cartoons. . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 5:30: "Bells Are Ringing" (1960), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Judy Holliday and Dean Martin. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 2: "Blackboard Jungle" (1955), directed by Richard Brooks, with Glenn Ford and Anne Francis. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 5:30: "Les Girls" (1957), directed by George Cukor, with Gene Kelly

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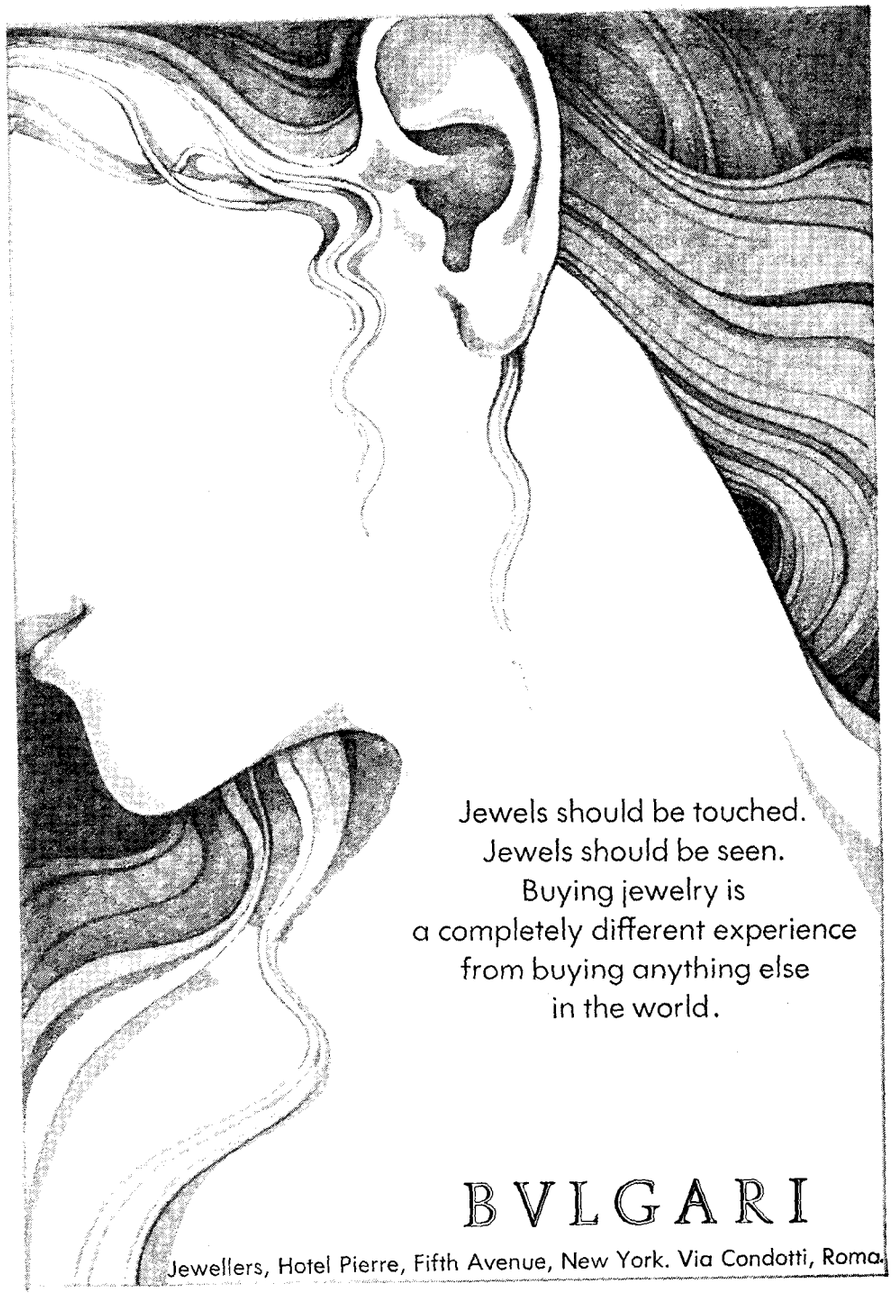

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and Mitzi Gaynor. . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 2: "The Dirty Dozen" (1967), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Lee Marvin. . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 5:30: A program of short films by Barry Gerson. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at noon: M-G-M featurettes. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 5:30: "No Blade of Grass" (1970), directed by Cornel Wilde, with Nigel Davenport and Jean Wallace. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 2: M-G-M featurettes. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 5:30: "Two Weeks in Another Town" (1962), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Kirk Douglas and Edward G. Robinson. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 8: "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1952), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Lana Turner and Kirk Douglas. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through Nov. 14: "Brewster McCloud" (1970), directed by Robert Altman, with Bud Cort and Sally Kellerman. . . . ¶ Nov. 15: "The Raid" (1954), directed by Hugo Fregonese, with Van Heflin and Anne Bancroft. . . . ¶ Nov. 16: "It Should Happen to You" (1954), directed by George Cukor, with Judy Holliday and Peter Lawford. . . . ¶ Nov. 17: "The Model and the Marriage Broker" (1951), directed by George Cukor, with Jeanne Crain and Scott Brady. . . . ¶ Nov. 20: "Hollywood or Bust" (1956), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. . . . ¶ Nov. 21: "The First Time" (1951), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Robert Cummings and Barbara Hale. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 3:30 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Through Nov. 19: "Let the Church Say Amen!," directed by St. Clair Bourne. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evening). . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 20: "Animation," a program of short films by Russett, Engel, Bubar, Slasor, Schwartz, Knowlton, Beckett, and Segal. Showings at noon (except Wednesday), 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Films by Vertov, Noren, Brakhage, Paik, and Snow. Showings Nov. 13-14 at 5, 7, and 9; Nov. 15-16 at 6, 8, and 10; Nov. 17 at 8; and Nov. 19-21 at 6.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Abdication—This picture about Queen Christina's stepping down from the Swedish throne, in 1654, is embalmed in such reverence for its own cultural elevation that it loses all contact with the audience. Liv Ullmann is the virgin queen who becomes a Catholic hoping to find ecstasy in God, and Peter Finch is the cardinal who examines her motives. For those besotted with love of royalty. Anthony Harvey directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/7/74.) (Sutton.)

The African Queen (1951)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart as a gin-soaked riverboat captain, and Katharine Hepburn as an ironclad spinster named Rosie. It's a great comedy-romance. With Robert Morley; John Huston directed. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 15.)

Airport 1975—Processed schlock. This could only have been designed as a TV movie and then blown up to cheapie-epic proportions. One can have a fairly good time laughing at it, but it doesn't sit too well as a joke, because the people on the screen are being humiliated. Jack Smight directed, fumblingly; Karen Black and Charlton Heston do the most emoting. (10/28/74) (Murray Hill, and Loews Ciné.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin) probably very like Fellini himself. It has a powerful aptitude for the observation of pranks, family rows, the remarks of town oddities, such as a colossal tobacconist who screams with erotic joy when the adolescent struggles to lift her, but graciously raises the roll-up door of her shop, saying that it's too heavy for him. There is a magical journey in small boats and yachts by practically the whole town to watch the passing at night of the giant liner Rex, lit as if it were a luxury hotel at the end of an era. The film holds the most affectionate portrait of an asparagus-wristed madman called Uncle Teo, who climbs to the top of a tree out of reach of his family party and yells again and again, "I want a woman!" A midget asylum nun briskly tells him to come down and stop all this madness. The movie catches the sense of Italianate fun: small-town self-importance, full of braggadocio in ways that Fellini understands and loves. There is not a caricature in the whole soothing community. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Plaza.)

Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman—A documentary about a lone woman musician, Dr. Antonia Brico, who is a born teacher but also a born conductor who would like to conduct five times a month, though she can only get engagements five times a year because of her sex. The film is made with warmth and no propaganda, and it shows us that Dr. Brico has had to overcome a shyness that stood in the way of a longing for the gregarious. We see her at her most bashful when she—who has taken on difficult classics without thought of herself—wants to crawl under the piano when she is asked to play pop music. Gamely, she goes into "After You've Gone" and "Whispering." (9/16/74) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 19.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—Mordecai Richler's very long pulp novel has been made into a longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school. Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel, where he is mortified by the other summer waiters, who are a cut above him and come from McGill. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (7/22/74) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 19.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length film is perhaps the most imaginative and charming of all fairy-tale movies. Jean Marais (in Christian Bérard's makeup) is a magnificent Beast; he lives in an enchanted landscape that suggests the sensuous elegance and extravagance of Gustave Doré. Josette Day is the delicate Beauty. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 17.)

Beauty and the Devil (1949)—The American title is deceptive; it should be "The Beauty of the Devil." Michel Simon, as Mephistopheles, tempts the dashing young Faust (Gérard Philipe). There are no spiritual conflicts; in this René Clair film the dangers of science and of absolute power are the targets, and the fantasy is urbane. The whole elaborate joke gets awfully smug. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 17.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice (1969)—A very commercial but also very funny American comedy on modern sexual mores. Dyan Cannon and Elliott Gould give a classic portrait of a dreadful modern marriage; Robert Culp and Natalie Wood are the other couple. Written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Mazursky directed. (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and Olympia; starting Nov. 20.)

Borsalino (1970)—Alain Delon (who looks great in evening clothes) and Jean-Paul Belmondo as hoods in the Marseilles of the thirties. A handsome production, but the spoof falters. Jacques Deray directed. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 18-19.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 19.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (Elgin; Nov. 13.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Juliet 1.)

California Split—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. Gould's performance is perfect, disguising an abandoned face in a gregarious ape's mask. Segal has entirely entered into Altman's quixotic style. As with gambling itself, the impulses of the characters seem a matter of luck or catastrophe, lived out in a world denuded of everything that can't be hocked. The film seems to be being improvised. We catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. This is Altman's best film since "McCabe & Mrs. Miller"—comic, loose-limbed, dangerous, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (8/10/74) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 19. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting Nov. 20.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Loews 83rd St.; Nov. 14-19.)

Catch-22 (1970)—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Olympia; through Nov. 19.)

Chinatown—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. The film is obviously steeped in knowledge of older Hollywood-thriller masters, but it is full of young verve, and bows to no one. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The main topic is really the misuse of the Los Angeles water system. Who would have thought that that could provide the matter for such a good thriller? Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (Art, Gramercy, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through Nov. 19.)

Chushingura (1966)—The eighteenth-century Japanese epic, told with great beauty and at great length (three and a half hours). With Toshiro Mifune. Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (Regency; starting Nov. 20.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant, muckraking attack on an archetypal economic baron. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 16.)

Claire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined

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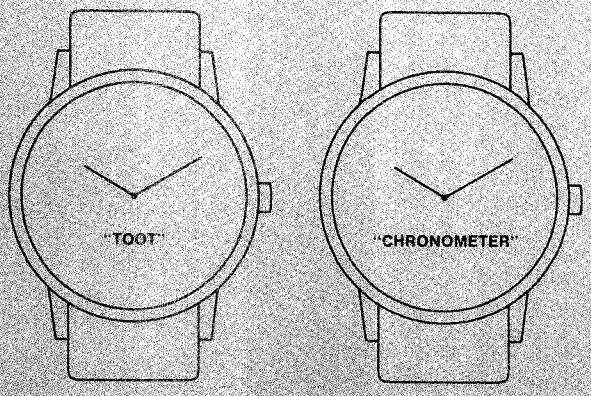

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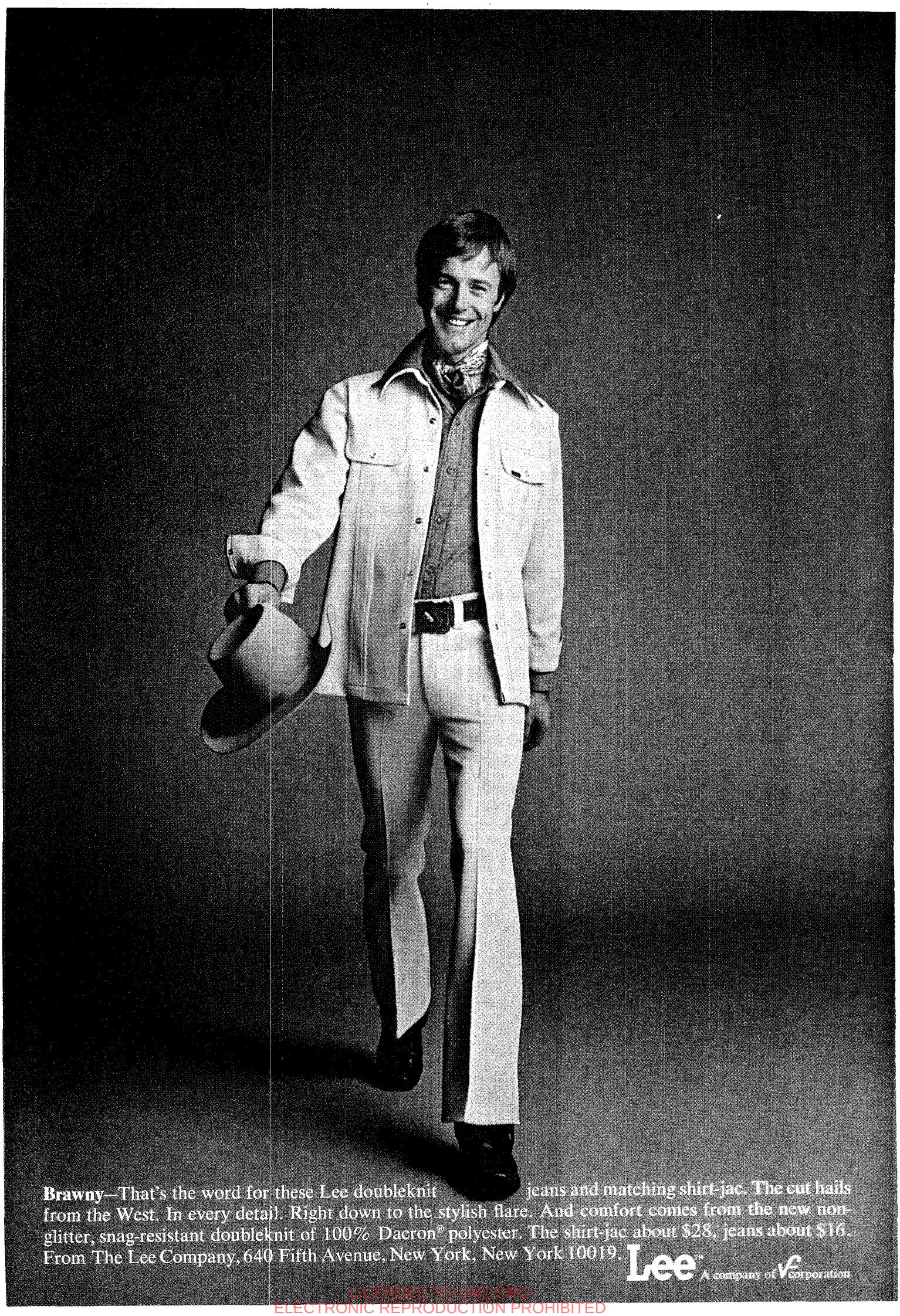

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Nov. 14.)

The Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 17.)

Confessions of a Window Cleaner—With Bill Maynard and Dandy Nichols, directed by Val Guest. (Loews 83rd St.; Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Columbia II; through Nov. 16.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 19.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, beautifully filmed, sometimes maddening movie about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey," and a woman (Brigitte Bardot) who is contemptuous of her husband (Michel Piccoli). With Jack Palance. In French. (Elgin; Nov. 13.)

The Conversation—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man with a dropped jaw and an uptight soul, riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. The expert is a hermetic character who protects his threadbare sanity by allowing himself no sense of consequence. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 19.)

Cry Uncle (1971)—Sex satire. Cry off. With Allen Garfield, directed by John Avildsen. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 19.)

Daisy Miller—Henry James's short story, filmed at a pace as hectic as the chatter of Daisy herself. Directed by Peter Bogdanovich, script by Frederic Raphael. In the James story, Daisy's instinct, exactly reported here, is always to beat others by her fervor and her implied insistence that distress and melancholy are easily remediable European diseases of the under-energized. Cybill Shepherd is fine as the Daisy who sees Europe as a continent of hotels; she looks very pretty, with perfect American features and a chin that bodes years of overmasterful housekeeping after her escapades as a flirt. (5/27/74) (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 19.)

Dodes' ka-den (1971)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Regency; through Nov. 19.)

Don't Look Now—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicolas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (Gramercy; through Nov. 19.)

The Earrings of Madame De . . . (1945)—Perfection. This tragedy of love, which begins in narcissistic flirtation and passes from romance to passion to desperation, is, ironically, set in aristocratic circles that seem too superficial to take love tragically. The very beauty of Max Ophuls' film is sometimes used against it: the gliding, sensuous camerawork, the extraordinary romantic atmosphere, the gowns, the balls, the chandeliers, the nuances of language, and the sense of honor are regarded as evidence of lack of substance. It is, of course, impossible to appreciate the films of Ophuls unless one sees that his lush, decorative style, his re-creation of a vanished elegance, and his darting, swirling camera

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are his substance. The performances by Danielle Darrieux, Charles Boyer, and Vittorio De Sica are quite likely the finest each has given. From the Louise de Vilmorin novella. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 20-21.)

Earthquake—With Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner, and George Kennedy, directed by Mark Robson. (Ziegfeld; starting Nov. 14 at 7.)

Fantastic Planet—A French-Czech animated science-fiction feature, directed by René Laloux, with original art work by Roland Topor. In French. (Art; starting Nov. 20.)

Le Fantôme de la Liberté—The theme of Buñuel's latest turns out to be freedom in the sense of "chance": the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great tonic style, but this is a piffle. The actors come on in relays; the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (10/28/74) (Paris.)

Fear Eats the Soul-Ali—With Brigitte Mira, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (First Avenue Screening Room.)

Fellini's Roma (1972)—This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 17.)

The Fiancés (1963)—A wonderfully sweet-natured film about a long-distance engagement between poor young people in Italy, made by Ermanno Olmi, who directed a masterpiece with the same tone, "Il Posto." Piercingly detailed, funny, dead true. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 19.)

Flesh Gordon—With Jason Williams, directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste. X rated. (Thalia. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Nov. 19.)

Fog Over Frisco (1934)—One of the routine Warners gangster pictures that Bette Davis was tossed into. She's a dissolute heiress, out for thrills; her socializing with the mob lands her, at last, curled up in a rumble seat, nastily dead. It's not much of a picture, and there's time wasted on Donald Woods as a smart-aleck reporter with deadline troubles, but Davis gives it that nervy flash of hers. She doesn't get much help from the likes of mush-mouthed Margaret Lindsay, or from Lyle Talbot. William Dieterle directed; with Arthur Byron, Irving Pichel, and Henry O'Neill. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 16.)

The French Connection (1971)—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the low-life police detective who cracks the case; William Friedkin directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 19.)

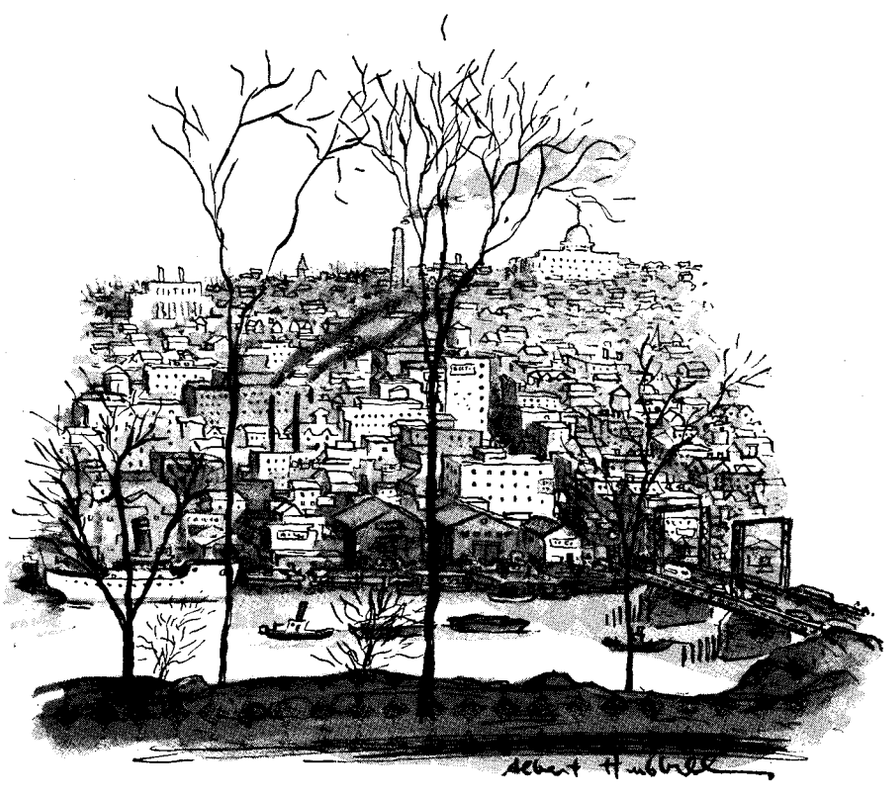
The Gambler—The gambler here is a brilliant young Jewish prince, professor of literature to ghetto blacks, and potential great novelist; the conflicts in his psyche are spelled out in his discussions of will and Dostoevski with his students at City University. For what it is, the movie (written by James Toback) is extremely well done; it's what it is that won't do. It's a grandiloquent, egocentric novel written as a film, and although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. It seems like an elaborate form of showing-off. (10/14/74) (Loews Tower East.)

Giuseppe Verdi—A musical biography, with Tito Gobbi and Mario Del Monaco. Directed by Raffaele Matarazzo. (Waverly, and New Yorker; through Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Nov. 19.)

Gold—A recycling of the old straightforward adventure films: the musty plot is about an international syndicate that floods a South African mine in order to drive up the price of gold. The picture is mindlessly passable, largely because it was shot on location in South African mines and in and around Johannesburg. The director, Peter Hunt, can't be much more than efficient with this material, but at least he doesn't try to squeeze us emotionally on behalf of the stock characters, played by bland, dimply Roger Moore, Simon Sabela, Susannah York, Bradford Dillman, John Gielgud, and Ray Milland, who manages to inject the only note of personality. (10/21/74) (34th St. East.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East; through Nov. 14.)

The Groove Tube—A collection of twenty



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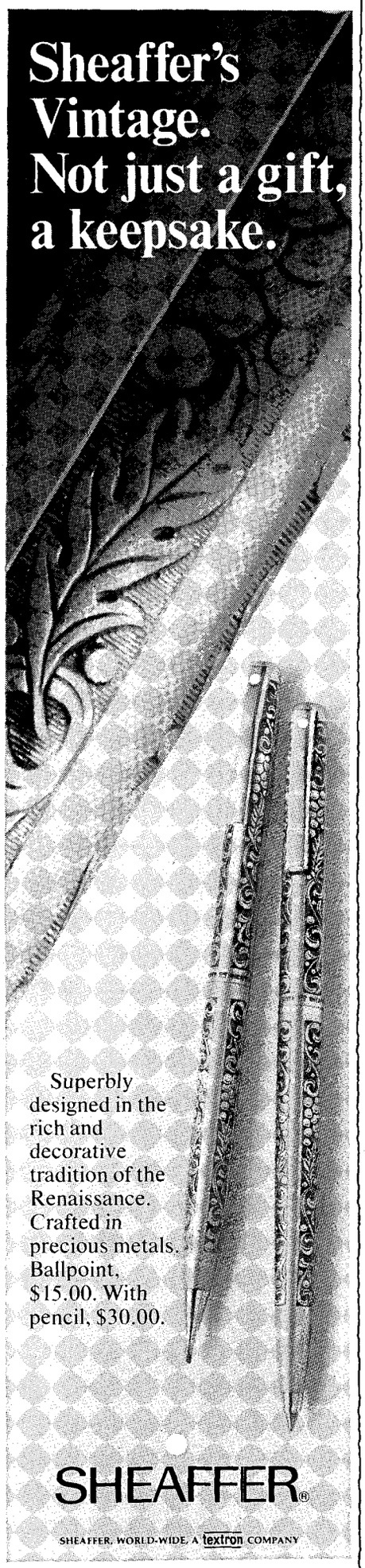

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sketches satirizing American television and culture. Directed by Ken Shapiro. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 20.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits in an image of an ancient quest after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Guild. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 20.)

Heat (1972)—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 20.)

I Am Curious–Yellow (1969)—In her search for political commitment, the heroine, Lena Nyman, goes around as an inquiring reporter questioning people about nonviolence, the labor movement, socialism, and so on. The picture improves when sex and politics mix; there are some free—and very funny—sequences of simulated copulation. Directed by Vilgot Sjöman. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 15-16.)

I Am Curious–Blue (1970)—This is the second of two films that Vilgot Sjöman made out of material he amassed about an angry young girl's loves and hates. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 15-16.)

If . . . (1969)—Lindsay Anderson uses an English school for boys as a metaphor for a rotting traditional society. An attempted epic on student revolt, with too many muddy undercurrents. With Malcolm McDowell. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 15.)

I. F. Stone's Weekly (1973)—A wonderful documentary, by Jerry Bruck, Jr., about one of the great mavericks that American politics sometimes throws up. Mr. Stone's tenacity in investigative reporting and in studying open government records has been our good fortune for many years. The film is a tribute, a patiently accumulated portrait, and a record of a clear-minded man who consistently makes order from the sort of chaos that benefits the powerful, and who never fails to name rascals or traitors to the truth. Narrated by Tom Wicker. (4/22/74) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 19.)

Indiscreet (1958)—Rather tired. One of those would-be fluffy comedies written by Norman Krasna. Cary Grant, an American diplomat abroad, pretends to be married so that Ingrid Bergman, an actress with whom he's having an affair, won't get matrimonial ambitions. Of course, he's found out, and the wheels grind on to a happy ending. Stanley Donen directed; Cecil Parker and Phyllis Calvert round out the cast of people who are a little overage for the childish pranks. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 15.)

Juggernaut—Fast, crackerjack entertainment by Richard Lester; he demonstrates what a sophisticated director with flair can do on a routine big-action project. (The plot is about a bomb wizard who has planted seven whoppers on a luxury liner carrying twelve hundred passengers.) The genre may be that of "The Poseidon Adventure," but the tone isn't—it's jaunty, cynical slapstick. With Richard Harris, Shirley Knight, Omar Sharif, David Hemmings, Anthony Hopkins, and Roy Kinnear. (10/7/74) (Greenwich; through Nov. 14.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Columbia I; through Nov. 16.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Cinema Studio.)

The Klansman—With Lee Marvin and Richard Burton, directed by Terence Young. (86th St. East; starting Nov. 20.)

Knife in the Water (1962)—A middle-aged man, his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in contemporary Poland. Roman Polanski wrote and directed. In Polish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 14.)

Lacombe, Lucien—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, sets up his wartime situations and casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as the Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Last Days of Man on Earth—With Jon Finch and Sterling Hayden, directed by Robert Fuest. (Art; starting Nov. 20.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—Alain Resnais directed and Alain Robbe-Grillet provided the script for this very pretty puzzle picture. Delphine Seyrig is the high-fashion sleeping beauty. In French. (Elgin; Nov. 19-20.)

Law and Disorder—While you're watching this comedy about the frustrations and foul-ups of New Yorkers Carroll O'Connor and Ernest Borgnine as they try to protect their families by organizing an auxiliary-police unit, you can tell how the scenes were meant to play and why they don't. You can see that the gifted Czech director Ivan Passer doesn't have the unconscious equipment for the look and feel of ordinary American life, and that he is trying to strike a compromise between his feelings and the demands of the American marketing system—and satisfying neither. O'Connor has some fine restrained moments, and Alan Arbus contributes an entertaining bit, but the film is a painful failure. Passer is trying to do the sort of thing that gets louder laughs than his own kind of comedy; it is the case of an artist trying to do what clods can do better. (10/21/74) (Coronet. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; starting Nov. 20.)

Lenny—With Dustin Hoffman as Lenny Bruce. Directed by Bob Fosse. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

Letter from an Unknown Woman (1948)—Joan Fontaine suffers and suffers, but so *exquisitely* in this romantic evocation of late-nineteenth-century Vienna that one doesn't know whether to clobber the poor, wronged creature or to give in and weep. Max Ophuls directed this handsome version of the Stefan Zweig tearjerker. Louis Jourdan plays the cad. With Mady Christians. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 20-21.)

The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean (1972)—Nihilism plus sentimentality about the rugged-individualist hero—Paul Newman. A mock-epic Western that cannibalizes old movies and mixes an enthusiasm for mayhem with a tacky geniality. John Huston directed this disgraceful shambles from a brutal, cheap, jokey script by John Milius. (1/13/73) (Symphony; through Nov. 19.)

The Little Foxes (1941)—Bette Davis's tight, dry performance was probably a mistake; her Regina is so villainous that this version of Lillian Hellman's play about a Southern family of predators doesn't have the temperament and drive that Tallulah Bankhead gave it on the stage. But it's a handsome movie melodrama, well contrived and showily acted. William Wyler directed; with Herbert Marshall, Teresa Wright, Patricia Collinge, Richard Carlson, Charles Dingle, and Dan Duryea, overdoing the whinnying weakling. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 16.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (Elgin; starting Nov. 21.)

The Little Prince—A musical by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, with Richard

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Kiley and Bob Fosse. Directed by Stanley Donen. (Music Hall.)

The Longest Yard—Burt Reynolds as a sellout quarterback turned superstud gigolo lands in prison; he rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of convicts fight for theirs. The picture is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it: everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Robert Aldrich directed this comic fantasy, centering on a football game between crazily ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, it's almost irresistibly good-natured and funny. With Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters. (10/14/74) (Juliet 2.)

Lucky Luciano—With Gian Maria Volonte and Rod Steiger, directed by Francesco Rosi. (Loews 83rd St.; Nov. 14-19.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. (Waverly; Nov. 15-19. . . . ¶ Elgin; Nov. 17-18.)

Mean Streets (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (10/8/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 21.)

Murder, My Sweet (1945)—Philip Marlowe (Dick Powell) is employed by Moose Malloy (Mike Mazurki), a murderous, cretinous giant, to find the sweetheart he lost while doing a stretch in the jug; two beautiful women (Claire Trevor and Anne Shirley) periodically embrace Marlowe—a not especially perceptive detective—for the purpose of pulling his own gun on him. Raymond Chandler regarded "Murder, My Sweet," based on his "Farewell, My Lovely," as the most successful film adaptation of his novels, and thought that Dick Powell came closest to his conception of Marlowe. The author could be wrong on both counts; the movie is energetic enough, but its crumminess can't all be explained by fidelity to the material. Edward Dmytryk directed in the brutal, fast style popular in the war years; the screenplay is by John Paxton. With Esther Howard, Otto Kruger, Miles Mander, and Ralf Harolde. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 17-19.)

Murmur of the Heart (1971)—An exhilarating high comedy—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog is also probably the wittiest study of French bourgeois life. With Lea Massari as the enchantingly permissive mother. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 15.)

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Nov. 14.)

The NADA Gang—With Fabio Testi, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Playboy.)

The Night Porter—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s-m Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something about the spiritual destruction caused by war is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (10/7/74) (Baronet.)

Odd Man Out (1947)—James Mason as the wounded Irish rebel stumbling through the streets of Belfast looking for refuge. An extraordinary film with memorable moments, despite some inflated ideas in the script. Carol Reed directed, and did a fine job. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 13.)

The Odessa File—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Cinema II, and Loews Orpheum.)

O Lucky Man! (1973)—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—his most complicated and ambitious picture yet: a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Jocelyn Herbert is the unbeatable production designer ("The Loves of Isadora," among many others); the quiet style of the camerawork is Miroslav Ondříček's ("If . . . ," "The White Bus," "Loves of a Blonde," "The Fireman's Ball," and so on). Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas. (6/16/73) (Elgin; starting Nov. 21.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Elgin; Nov. 17-18.)

Phantom of the Paradise—This satire of horror movies is also a rock musical comedy, and the combination is sizzling entertainment. The writer-director, Brian De Palma, is a genuinely funny man, with a gassy, original comic temperament; he creates a new Guignol, in a modern idiom, out of the movie Guignol of the past. You practically get a kinetic charge from the screwily personal, breakneck wit of the film. Creepy Paul Williams plays Swan, of Death Records; William Finley is the idealistic young composer who becomes the Phantom, and talented Jessica Harper is his ladylove. The singer, Beef, is played by Gerrit Graham, who gives the single funniest performance. (11/11/74) (Trans-Lux East.)

Pin Up Girl (1944)—Just another Betty Grable/Fox musical—gaudy, overdressed, and immaculately foolish. Martha Raye and Joe E. Brown are in this one, but they're not blessed with good material. Bruce Humberstone directed; with Charley Spivak and his orchestra playing a large batch of forgettable tunes. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 20.)

Playtime (1968)—Jacques Tati's most innovative work. M. Hulot is still here—high-belted trousers, short raincoat, loping walk, as if he were braced to smash a tennis volley—but his importance has receded, because Tati's view is that the hero of modern urban life is everybody. He sees something comic in every character in the picture, without ridicule, and he says something acute and physically eloquent about movement. (7/2/73) (Thalia.)

Il Posto ("The Sound of Trumpets;" 1961)—A masterpiece by Ermanno Olmi, full of calm good humor, about a boy who goes through a series of ponderous I.Q. tests for his first job and lands a post as a porter in an office where the clerks squat in rows like drugged hens. The observation of the strained dignity of people who have too little to do is precise, comic, and pained. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 19.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Elgin; Nov. 14-16.)

Sanshiro Sugata (1943)—With Susumu Fujita, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Regency; through Nov. 19.)

The Saphead (1920)—When Buster Keaton was twenty-five, in 1920, he made this first feature, which is a noble comic masterpiece about an immensely rich goof's passion for a girl called Agnes. The film lingered in Keaton's possession, unseen by the public until twenty years ago. Twelve years ago, Raymond Rohauer began to untangle the legal knots that had confined it to obscurity. Now transferred from tinted nitrate stock to Technicolor safety film, it is a joyous movie. The august young Keaton is clearly already a master of his stoic craft. The film includes a balletically timed and persistent knocking off of his hat by wealthy young asses in the Stock Exchange, with Keaton, small and staring in the middle of the joust, dressed in spats, morning coat, elegantly cut trousers, a gleaming top hat, and exquisitely stitched gloves. (9/9/74) (Elgin; Sunday, Nov. 17, one performance, at noon.)

The Savage Is Loose—With George C. Scott and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Trish Van Devere, directed by Mr. Scott. (Eastside Cinema, U.A. East, and Greenwich; starting Nov. 15.)

Scenes from a Marriage—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. The movie is wonderfully literate and constantly catches at minute tugs of affection or impatience between the long-married, whose eventual divorce by consent is oddly cancelled out by their continuing comprehension of one another. The mood of their assignation on their annulled twentieth wedding anniversary is tender, farcical, and indestructible. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (Beekman, and Paramount.)

Serpico—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 19.)

The Seven-Ups—With Roy Scheider, directed by Philip D'Antoni. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 19.)

The Sicilian Clan (1970)—An expert, glossy thriller by Henri Verneuil, with some good set-piece ideas, and holes in the plot that aren't noticeable at the time. Jean Gabin plays the patriarchal bastard who heads a Mafia family. Alain Delon joins the clan in a jewelry raid that is carried out with high style. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 18-19.)

Start the Revolution Without Me (1970)—A parody of swashbucklers that begins bouncingly with the birth of Donald Sutherland and Gene Wilder as two sets of identical twins, mismatched by a harried obstetrician—one mismatched pair to be raised as peasants, the other pair as aristocrats. Some funny ideas, but it gets too silly. Hugh Griffith is a poignantly befuddled Louis XVI. Bud Yorkin directed. (Elgin; Nov. 14-16.)

The Taking of Pelham One Two Three—The director, Joseph Sargent, doesn't just make points—he drops weights. The picture is full of noise and squalling and "dirty" words used for giggly shock effects; the one element that keeps it going is the plot, taken from John Godey's thriller about how a New York subway train is hijacked and the passengers held for ransom. As the Transit Authority Police detective, Walter Matthau, who just coasts through, seems an oasis of sanity. With Robert Shaw and Martin Balsam. (10/28/74) (86th St. East; through Nov. 19.)

Teorema (1969)—Some people break up on lines like "You came to destroy me" and "I was living in a void," and they find Pasolini's platitudes and riddles and the Is-this-man-Christ-or-a-devil game ludicrously pretentious. Others profess to find spiritual sustenance in this movie. With Terence Stamp and Silvana Mangano. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 14.)

Testament of Orpheus (1962)—Cocteau's film, with himself as the Poet, slightly awkward. The film is rich—too rich—in allusions to Cocteau's own earlier works and life, and the Cocteau legerdemain with disappearing and metamorphosed images seems aged and oddly spinsterish; all the same, he was a great man, good-natured and a true innovator. Worth seeing, especially if you have seen "Orpheus." In French. (Elgin; Nov. 19-20.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Festival.)

The Third Man (1950)—Orson Welles, the Vienna sewers, and the famous, maddening zither tune. Directed by Carol Reed from Graham Greene's script and novel. Trevor Howard is a stylish Englishman who instructs Joseph Cotten in life's darker truths. The quiet American at large again. A thriller of highest class. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 13.)

This Gun for Hire (1942)—Glossily amusing Paramount version of the Graham Greene spy-intrigue thriller, with Alan Ladd as the nervous, gentle, and sensitive gunman without a trace of human kindliness. What heart he has he gives to the care of sad cats, mongrels, and such. Laird Cregar is the sinister stout villain with fussy habits; the proprietor of a night club, he hires Veronica Lake to entertain the patrons. This was Veronica Lake's first big starring role, and she is the most stylized character of all. Her face is so impeccably blank that when she smiles, as she does perhaps twice in the film, hearts can be heard to break—smack—in the theatre. Frank Tuttle directed; Albert Maltz and W. R. Burnett did the screenplay. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 17-19.)

Touch of Evil (1958)—Orson Welles' marvellous, garish thriller, which has something to do with drugs and police corruption in a border town. The credits appear over a brilliant opening sequence (which, incidentally, contains the key to the mystery). Welles, padded and false-nosed, plays a bloodhound detective. The cast, assembled as perversely as in a nightmare, includes Marlene Dietrich as the madam of a Mexican bordello, Charlton Heston, Joseph Calleia, Akim Tamiroff, Joseph Cotten, Janet Leigh, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Mercedes McCambridge. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 16.)

The Trial of Billy Jack—A sequel to "Billy Jack," again with Delores Taylor and Tom Laughlin. (East 59th Street I, East 59th Street II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Le Trio Infernal—With Romy Schneider and Michel Piccoli, directed by Francis Girod. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

Two English Girls (1972)—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (Columbia I; through Nov. 16.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Fine Arts.)

Weekend in Havana (1941)—Probably the cheerfullest weekend in Havana's history, what with Carmen Miranda, Alice Faye, John Payne, Cesar Romero, Leonid Kinskey, George Barbier, and everybody else on the Fox lot beaming with fatuous good will. Carmen Miranda wears a headgear of grapefruit, grapes, apples, oranges, bananas, lemons, pineapples, and an occasional small plum. Walter Lang directed; Hermes Pan did the choreography. The songs (mostly by Harry Warren and Mark Gordon) are not top drawer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 20.)

A Woman Under the Influence—With Peter Falk and Gena Rowlands, directed by John Cassavetes. (Columbia I, and Columbia II; starting Nov. 17.)

Zandy's Bride—Directed by Jan Troell, with Liv Ullmann and Gene Hackman, both giving good performances in a dreary film that moves at the speed of a hand plow. (Symphony; through Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Waverly; Nov. 15-19.)

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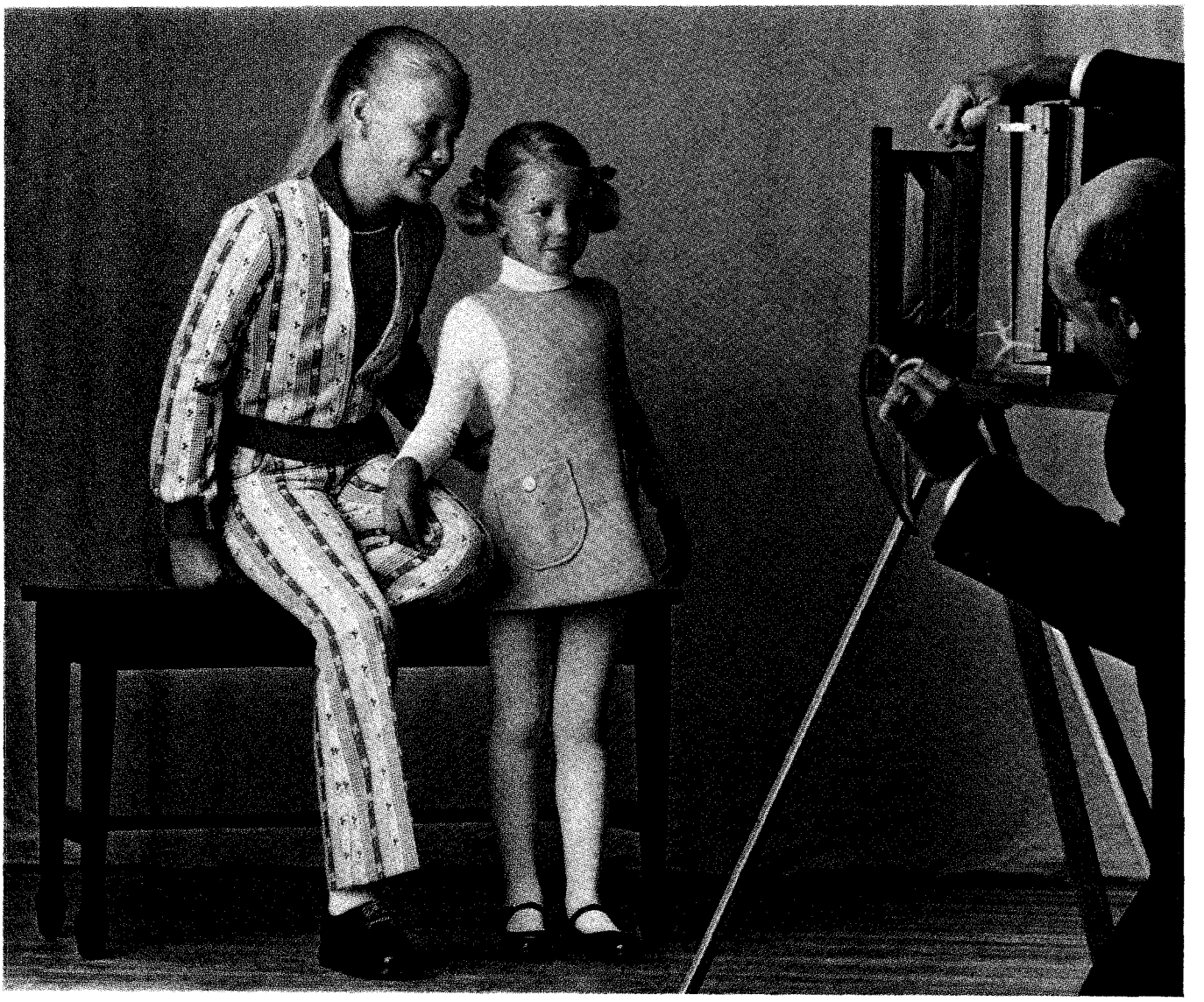

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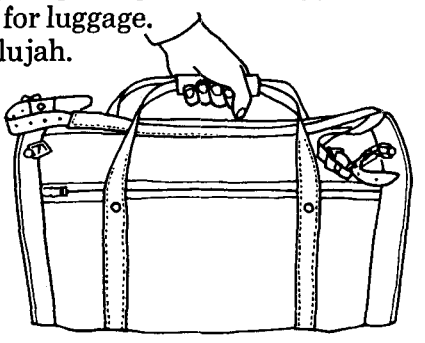

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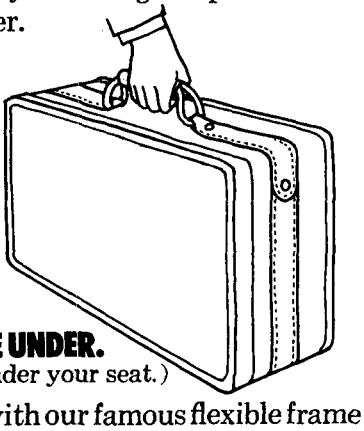

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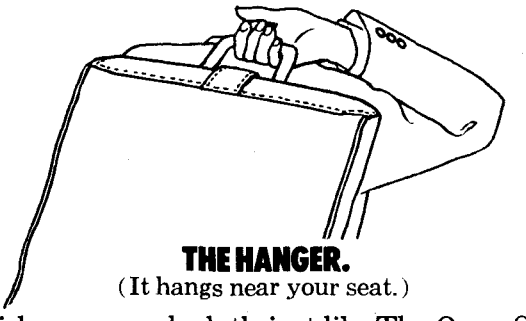

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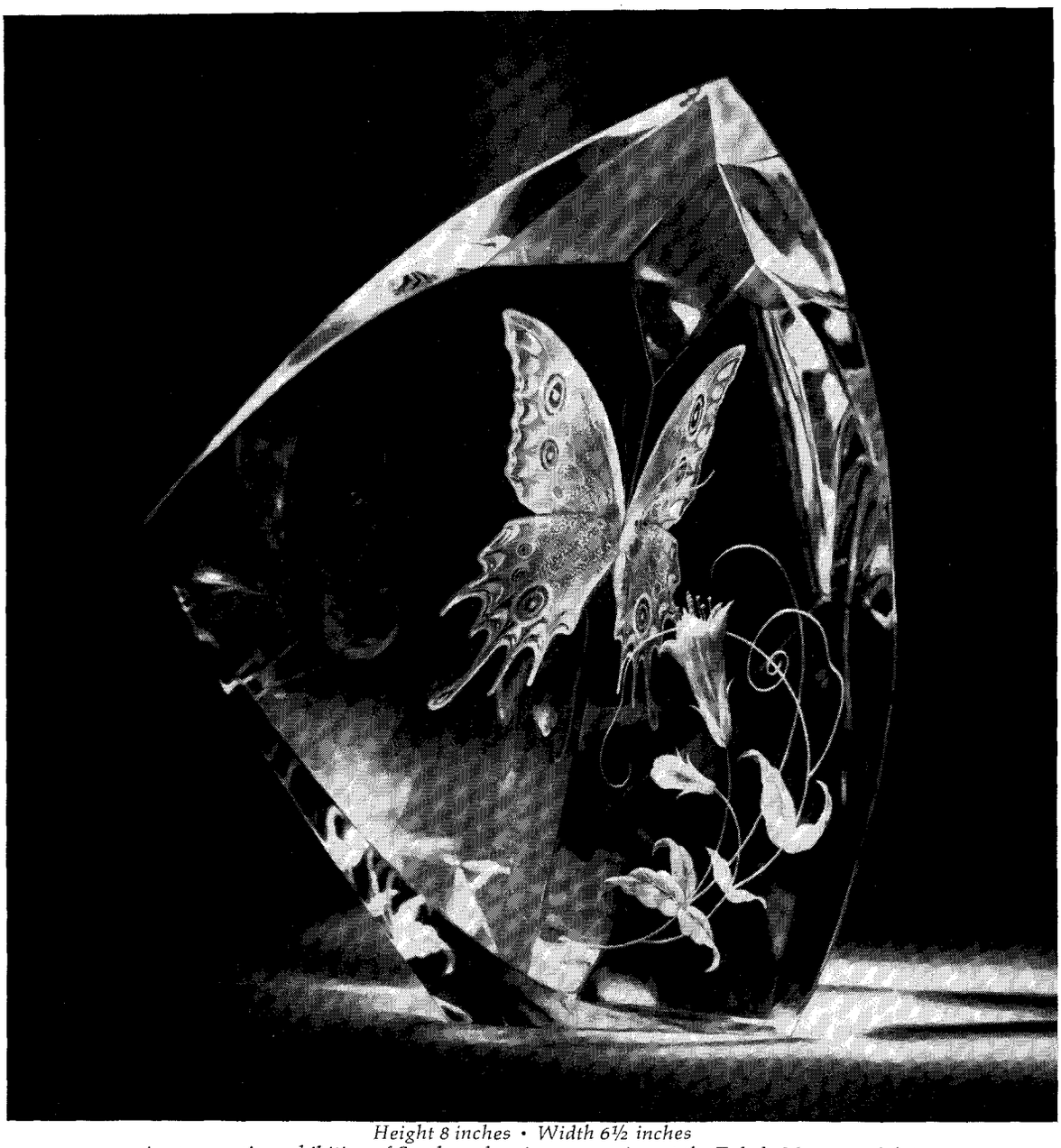

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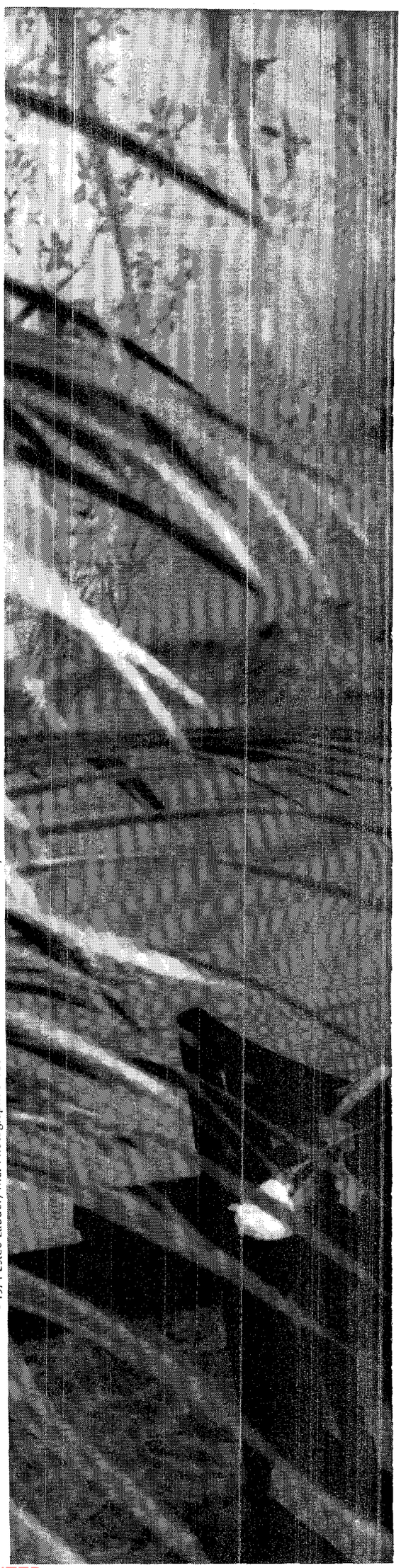

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Historic note based on "Minding the Store" by Mr. Stanley Marcus published by Little Brown & Company.

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It is considered the most beautiful stationery made.

The colors are very special. Delicate shadings that look like they were created from nature's own sensitive palette.

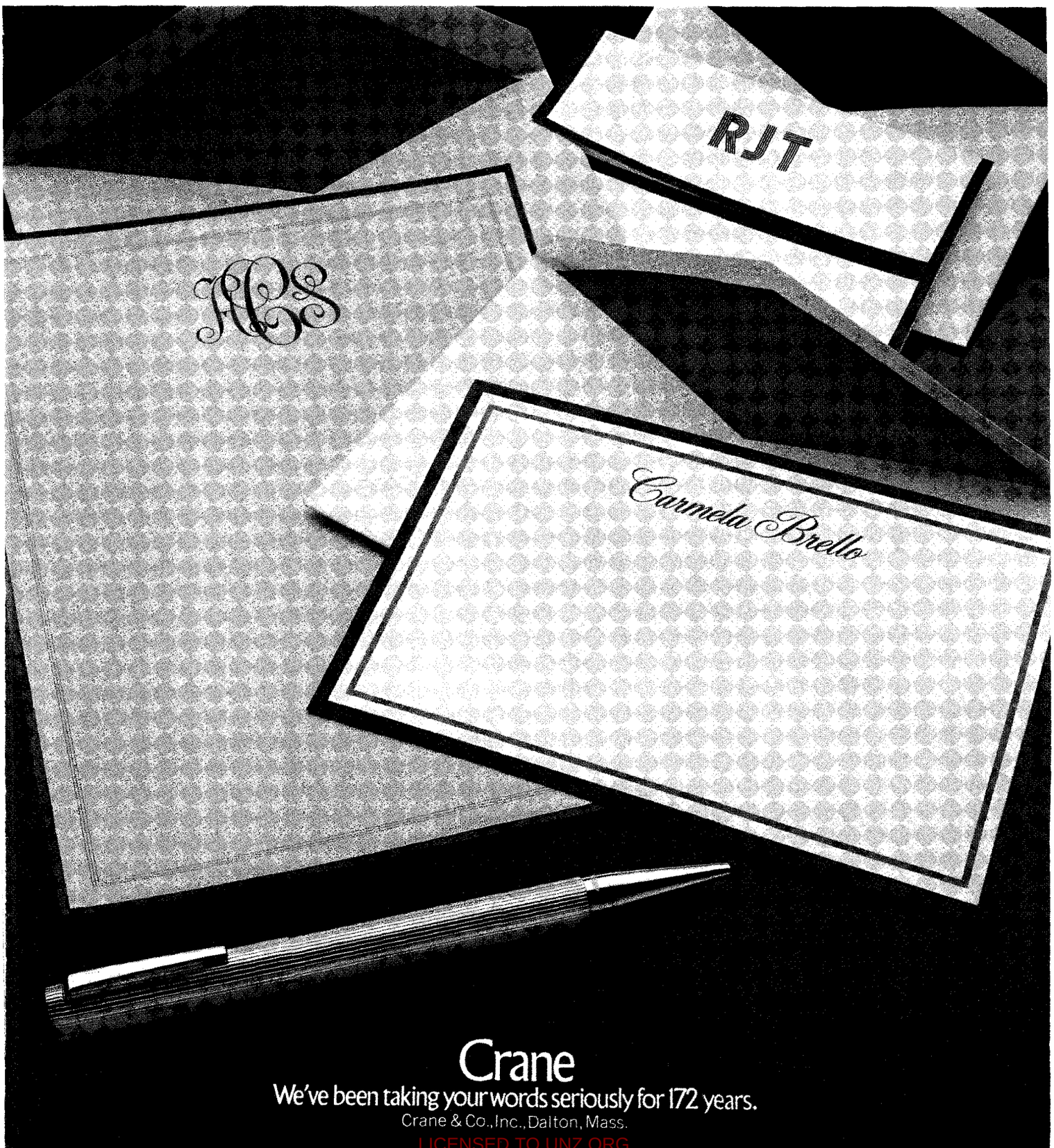
Our stationery is also considered to be the finest made. It's made of reclaimed cotton, the finest available fiber, never out of wood pulp as most stationery is.

The difference between the two is easy to see. And feel.

So next time you are about to choose a new lipstick, or perfume, or dress, don't forget to think about some new stationery, too.

After all, a lovely woman shouldn't ever get lost. Even if it's only for the length of a letter.

Crane stationery. At the finest store you know.



Crane

We've been taking your words seriously for 172 years.

Crane & Co., Inc., Dalton, Mass.

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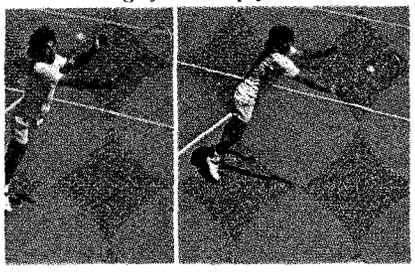
American Express® presents a great hotel in Las Vegas. The Las Vegas Hilton.

Reach out and touch the excitement in the air. The Las Vegas Hilton's glamour and gala provides everything a vacation could need.

Need international intrigue in your dining? The American Express Card buys the world's great menus here. Intimate Leonardo's. The charming Bavarian Inn. The gourmet Imperial Room.

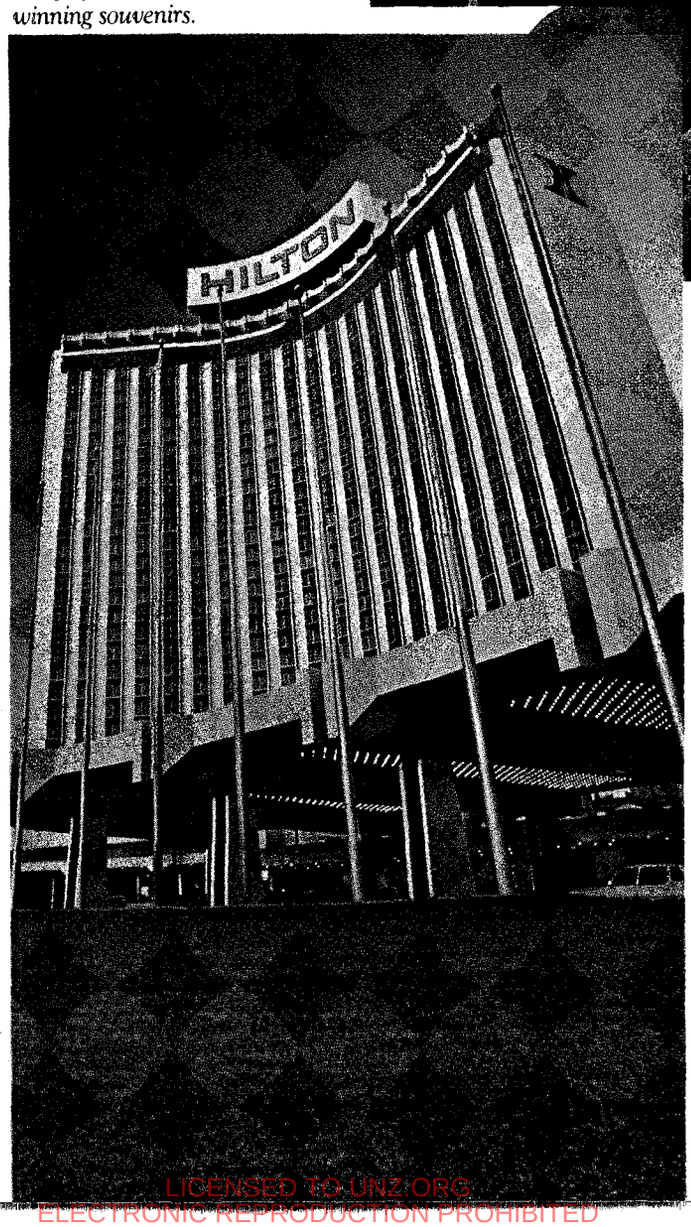
Need plenty of activities for the kids? The Las Vegas Hilton Youth Hotel has supervised creativity in special game-filled rooms and a dorm for overnight stays. Side trips, too. See our happy friend below.

Need outdoor sports? Head for the 8.5-acre recreational deck. The largest pool in Nevada. Four tennis courts and miniature golf will keep you active.



You're looking for extraordinary entertainment? The Hilton has a new grand casino full of 24-hour fun and games. Or use the American Express Card at a wide array of stores. Mink stoles make winning souvenirs.

Want the biggest names in show business? The Showroom sparkles with them every night. Like Barbra Streisand, Glen Campbell, Ann Margret, Johnny Cash, Bill Cosby and the incomparable Charlie Rich.



The largest convention resort hotel in the world, a new tower brings the luxurious guest rooms to 2139. Like all Hiltons, the only thing grander than the size is the service.

The new Benihana Village is a Japanese fantasyland come to life. There are 4 restaurants, a 20-foot umbrellaed saki bar, Kabuki dancers, indoor fireworks and thunderstorms, and other wonders.

The Las Vegas Hilton is just one stunning example of the 140 Hiltons and Hilton Inns. Call your local Hilton reservation service number for reservations. Of course, the American Express Card is always welcome.

AMERICAN EXPRESS

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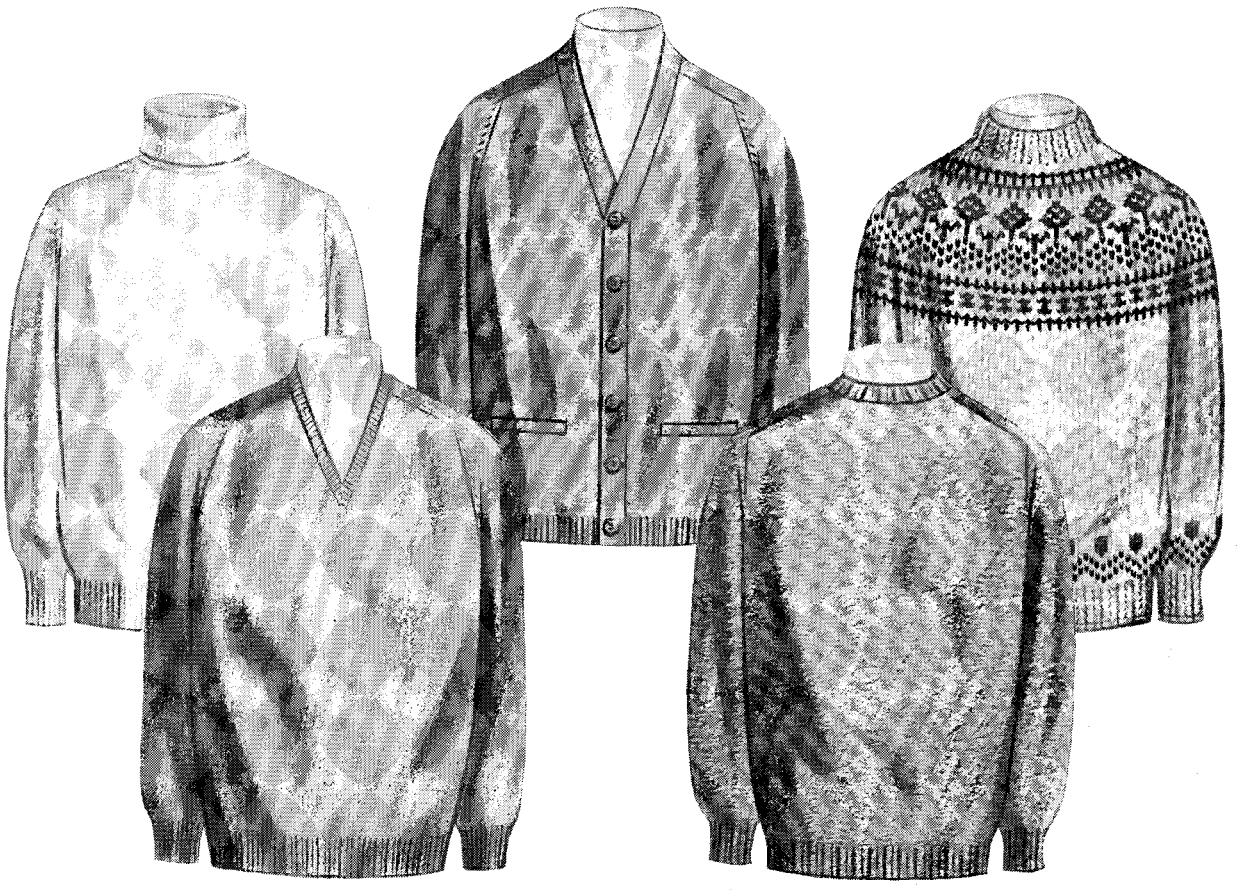

A SWEATER FROM BROOKS IS A TREASURED GIFT

FROM LEFT: *New lightweight lambswool turtleneck knitted in Scotland, comes in navy, primrose, natural or Tartan green,* $34.50

Our exclusive classic V-neck Scottish cashmere pullover in burnt red, bottle green, lovat green, yellow, medium grey, natural, burgundy, azure blue, navy or blue mix, $62.50

Our exclusive Scottish cashmere cardigan in yellow, navy, burgundy, blue mix, natural or medium grey, $69.50

Shetland wool pullover hand-framed for us in Scotland. Crew neck model in natural, light blue, medium grey, yellow, burgundy, burnt red, blue mix, scarlet mix, bottle green, lovat green, medium blue mix, brown mix, navy or white. Sizes 36 to 48, $30

Ski pullover hand-knitted for us in Denmark of water-repellent Shetland wool in white-grey ground trimmed with rust-green, brown-black or navy-burgundy design, $60

Sizes small, medium, large or extra large, unless otherwise noted. Mail orders invited.

ATLANTA
BOSTON
CHICAGO
CINCINNATI
DETROIT
HOUSTON
LOS ANGELES
PHILADELPHIA
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WITH MOST OF USED CAR VALU HIGHEST IN 15 Y NEW CHEVROLI A BETTER DEAL

Take advantage of used car values while they're still high.

From an economy standpoint, there are some strong reasons to buy a 1975 Chevrolet right now. And high used car values is one of the strongest.

You see, the value of most Chevrolet used cars is high compared to comparable models last year, and this can mean that *your* car may be worth much more as a trade-in than you thought.

Here's what we mean—and how we arrived at the figures below.

First, we took average used car values of two-year-old Chevrolet models as of last October (that would be '72 models).

Next, we took average used car values of two-year-old Chevrolet models today ('73 models, comparably equipped).

Increase in used car value: 2-year-old Chevrolet today vs. co

CAPRICE CLASSIC COUPE Air Conditioning, Automatic Transmission, Power Steering and Brakes.	CAPRICE ESTATE WAGON 2-Seat, Air Conditioning, Automatic Transmission, Power Steering and Brakes.	IMPALA CUSTOM COUPE Air Conditioning, Automatic Transmissic Power Steering and Brakes.
+$410	**+$384**	**+$411**

SEE YOUR CHEVROLET DEALER RIGHT NOW, AND FIND OUT HOW MUCH YOUR CAR IS WORTH A

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TODAY'S
ES THE
EARS, YOUR
T CAN BE
THAN EVER.

These averages are based on all 3 geographic zones as published in *Automotive Market Report.*

Then, we simply compared the two for each model.

The increases in prices, as you can see, amount to as much as $411.

Look at the figures again.

Think about them.

Then visit your Chevrolet dealer and find out how much your car is worth as a trade-in on a '75 Chevrolet.

See if you don't agree; with opportunities like these—the highest used car values in 15 years—your new Chevrolet can be a better deal than ever.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

rable 2-year-old Chevrolet a year ago.

MONTE CARLO COUPE	CAMARO SPORT COUPE V8
Conditioning, Automatic Transmission, Power Steering and Brakes.	Automatic Transmission, Power Steering.
+ $313	**+ $392**

ADE-IN ON A '75 CHEVROLET.

Average wholesale values for past 15 consecutive years taken from *Automotive Market Report* for comparable V8 models with typical reported equipment. Values shown as reported in December of each year except 1974, which reflects latest available data as of October 7, 1974. Some Chevrolet models shown below were not marketed during entire 15-year period.

CHEVROLET MAKES SENSE FOR AMERICA

Chevrolet

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This Christmas, there's

Pulsar®, the incomparable solid-state Time Computer® with no moving parts, continues to change the way the world tells time.

■ If you are a man who has put off the rare pleasure of owning a Pulsar because there was no timepiece as fine for the lady in your life, you needn't wait any longer.

If you are a woman who has been a trifle resentful that "The first completely new way to tell time in 500 years" was for men only, we hope this will win your forgiveness.

Here, for the first time, are brilliantly feminine, remarkably rugged little Pulsar models for women that will do everything the larger men's models do and do it every bit as well.

Pulsar offers many splendors

When you press a button, Pulsar flashes the time in glowing red numerals, *guaranteed accurate to within 60 seconds a year!* (Timing will be adjusted to this tolerance if necessary.)

Frequently, Pulsar is more accurate than the time sources used by your local telephone company, radio stations, or television stations. For this reason, the Pulsar directions folder lists worldwide time stations that carry time signals precise enough to permit you to check the accuracy of your Pulsar.

What makes Pulsar so accurate, so reliable, and so easy to maintain?

In Pulsar, all the "works" of the conventional watch are replaced by a tiny, custom-designed, solid-state Computer programmed to tell the time, and the month and date.

There are no moving parts. Nothing to wear out, run down, or wind up. Pulsar needs no routine maintenance, oiling, or cleaning.

Pulsar is amazingly rugged

Every case, men's and women's models alike, is tested for water resistance to a depth of 100 feet and you'll find Pulsar completely water resistant as long as case and time screen remain intact.

There are no holes through the case. The push buttons contain magnets which activate million cycle switches. (Million cycle means they're sup posed to work at least a million times before wearin out.)

The little solid state lamps that light the numeral on the time screen (Electronics people call ther LED for Light-Emitting Diodes) should retain ove 80% of their original brightness after 100 years c continuous use. Since you'll probably check th time no more than 25 times a day, they should b plenty bright for one of your fortunate descendant a few centuries from now.

In tests, impact 2500 times the force of gravit has not harmed Pulsar.

Even the tempered glass of the ruby red tim screen is scratch resistant and nearly, although nc quite, unbreakable.

Other Pulsar exclusives

The Pulsar light sensor adjusts the intensity of th digital time display to provide the best visibility fc the light condition.

The calendar has a high I.Q. It knows the diffe ence between a 30 and 31-day month and makes th change automatically.

Every module is individually tested before it i released for sale.

Visit your nearest fine jeweler, select the Pulsa that pleases you most, and hint vigorously!

FREE: Write Time Computer, Inc., subsidiary c HMW Industries, Inc., Dept. NY-114, Box 1707 Lancaster, Pa. 17604 for handsome brochure illus trated in color. In Canada: Henry Birks & Sons Ltd

PULSAR®
THE TIME COMPUTER®
Proud Product of U.S.A.

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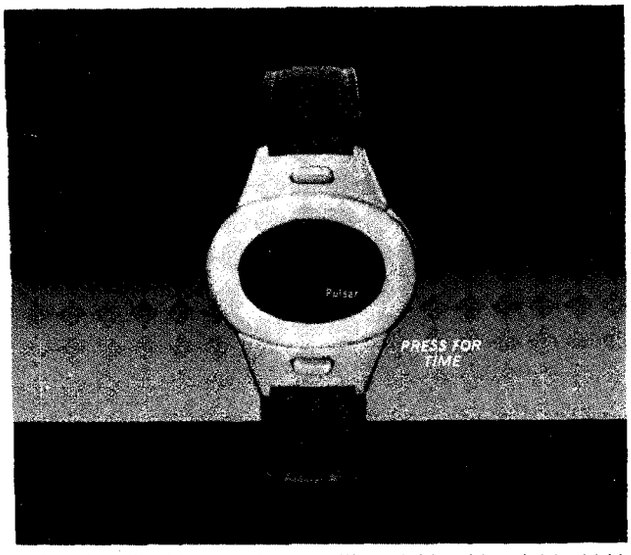
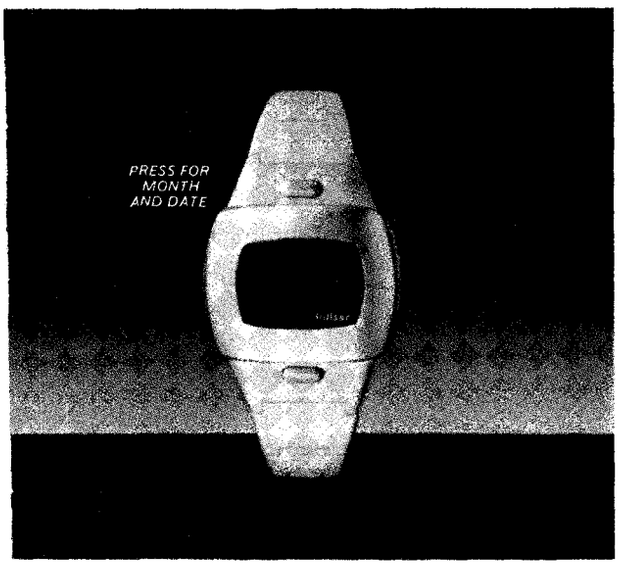
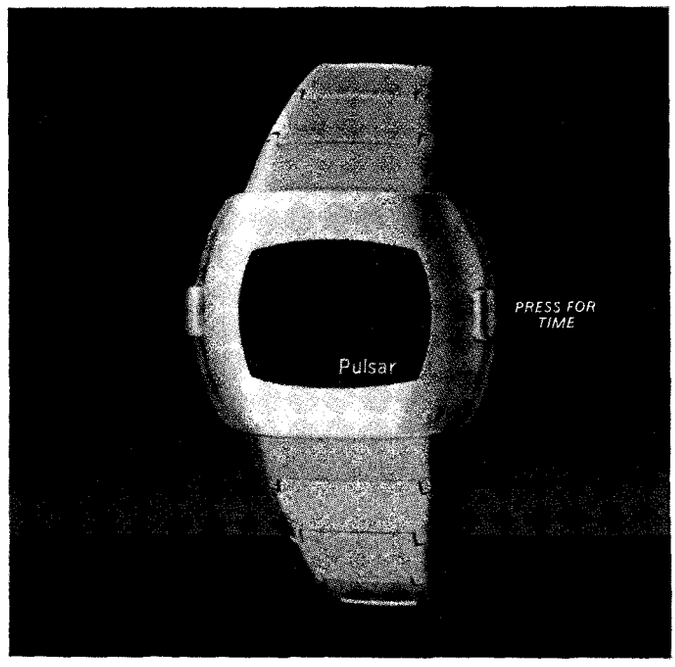
a Pulsar® for her, too!

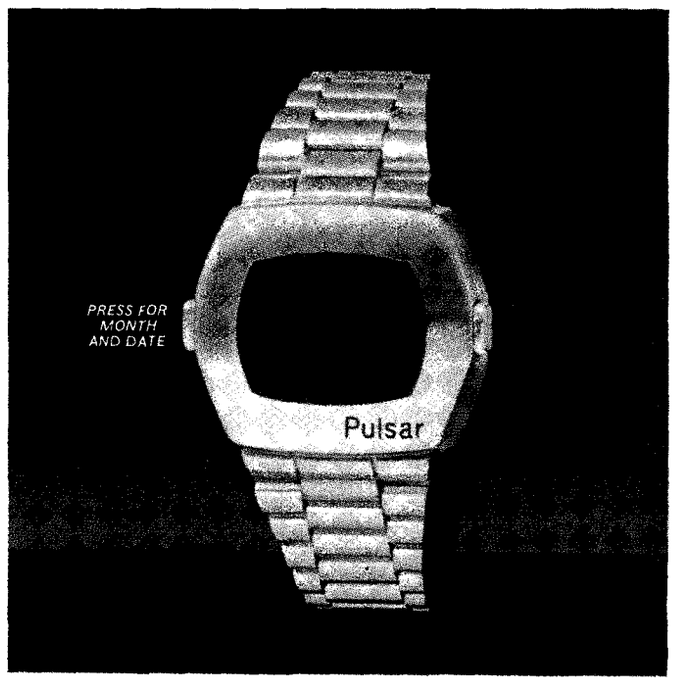


or her. In solid 14 kt. gold case with matching bracelet in 14 kt. old, $1600. With black suede strap, $950. Shown ⅞ actual size.





For him. In 14 kt. gold-filled case with matching bracelet, $395. Date II in stainless steel case with matching bracelet, $295. Other models very modestly priced from $285 to $2500.



Unprecedented 3-year Guarantee

egardless of price, sex, or size, the performance d accuracy of the Time Computer module in ch Pulsar is unconditionally guaranteed for three ars from the date of original purchase.

In the unlikely event that the computer mal- nctions within the guarantee period, your Pulsar veler will replace the entire module on the spot, e of charge.

Should he have no replacement in stock, he will nd your Pulsar to us and we will repair or replace e module and have it on its way back to you thin two working days from the time we receive (Guarantee does not cover power cells nor apply nodule has been damaged by abuse or accident.)

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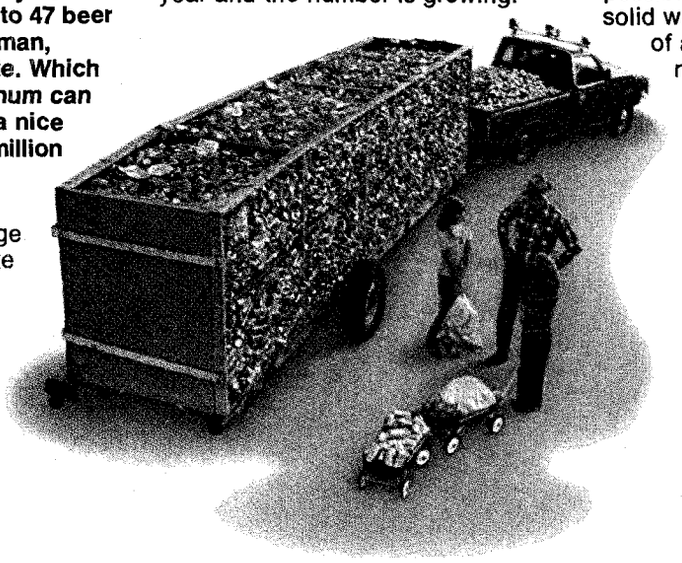
There's a new kind of Arizona prospector, searching for a new kind of gold...aluminum.

The people in Arizona have discovered that if all that glitters isn't gold, what's left can still be pretty valuable. Like aluminum. In 1973, over 94 million cans, or about 36 percent of those used, were collected and recycled in Arizona. That comes out to 47 beer or soft drink cans for every man, woman and child in the state. Which means that Arizona's aluminum can prospectors have received a nice chunk of the estimated 15 million dollars paid to the nation's collectors since 1970.

There's not another beverage packaging material quite like aluminum. It's lightweight, chills quickly, keeps things fresh, opens easily, has high scrap value and can be recycled repeatedly.

The collection and recycling of aluminum cans is working. More than 1.6 billion were collected last year and the number is growing.



Soon, new methods now under development will make possible the collection of even greater numbers. Ultimately, we can expect that improved technology will make it possible to recycle most municipal solid waste, and the high value of aluminum scrap will help make it economically attractive to do so.

For more information on Alcoa's "Yes We Can" recycling program and a list of collection centers, write to us—Aluminum Company of America, 345-L Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh, PA 15219.

The reasons for using aluminum are found in aluminum itself.

ALCOA

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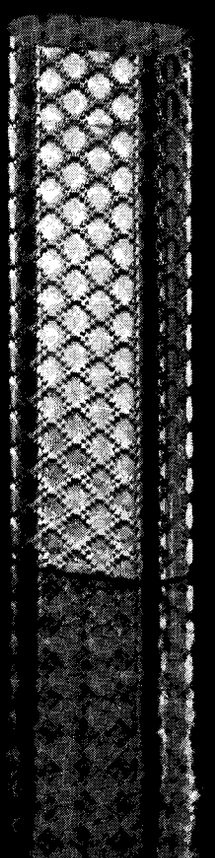

The *Cartier* Oval Lighter
A sculptured union of pure form and technical refinement.

For the name of the store nearest you, write to:

Kenton Wholesale Inc.
Cartier, Mark Cross, Georg Jensen, Kosta/Boda
Dept. CO11, Pleasantville, New York 10570

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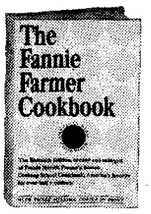
7K. Yankee Doodle's Literary Sampler of Prose, Poetry & Pictures. $15

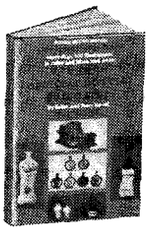
8H. The Patton Papers 1940-45. Vol. II. After 12/31 $20; now, $17.50 **8H1. Vol. I.** $17.50

17D. Something More. *Catherine Marshall.* Her spiritual quest. $6.95



9D. The Fannie Farmer Cookbook. 11th Ed. Basic to haute cuisine. $7.95

13G. Modern Approach To Basketry. $8.95 **13G1.** Paper. $4.95

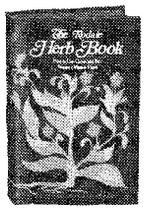


20C. The Official Bottle Price List. Rev. Ed. *T. & R. Kovel.* $4.95

27A. James Montgomery Flagg. Over 200 illus. $27.50

23H. Kahlil Gibran: His Life and World. *K. & J. Gibran.* $12.50

27D. Winston Churchill. *E. Longford.* A pictorial life story. $14.95



14A. The Rodale Herb Book. How to use, grow, & buy. $12.95

5A. Lion and Blue. *Vavra & Cowles.* Beautiful allegory of love. $6.95

12D. The Last Of The Really Great Whang-Doodles. *J. A. Edwards.* $5.95

11J. Wills: A Dead Giveaway. *Considine & Pool.* Ways of giving. $6.95

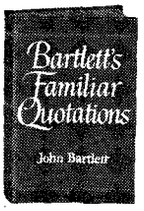
16K. The Romanov Succession. *B. Garfield.* Massive, gripping! $8.95

31B. Eureka! *DeBono.* Inventions: the wheel to computer. $25

7P. The Photo Illustration. Bert Stern. Photos. $7.95 **7P1.** Ppr. $3.95

15B. Cosmopolitan's Love Book. A guide to ecstasy. Illus. $5.95

16L. The Rhinemann Exchange. *R. Ludlum.* Counterespionage & cunning. $8.95



28H. Bartlett's Familiar Quotations. 14th Ed. A superb gift. $15

10L. One White Crocodile Smile. *R. Hefter.* A counting book. Preschool. $2.95

27M. This Fabulous Century: 1930-1940. The depression. Illus. $9.95

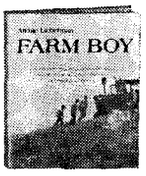
20D. The Complete Catalogue of British Cars. Illus. $15.95

32F. This Good Earth. *Ed.: Les Line/Audubon staff.* 150 photos. $19.95

6A. Picasso. *Balay.* Last book authorized by Picasso. 201 works. $35

Questions about this year's gifts? You'll find the right answers on these two pages and a convenient coupon to order with. This Christmas give books.

29F. Who's Who In Basketball. *R. Mandell.* A unique volume. $7.95



3B. Farm Boy. *A. Lieberman.* A sensitive photographic essay. $18.50

17F. The Christian Calendar. *Cowie & Gummer.* Seasons and festivals. $15

31H. McClane's New Standard Fishing Ency. After 12/31, $40; now, $34.95

24F. Caves. *Waltham.* An eminent geologist's view. Illus. $12.50

22F. The Fastest Sport. Hist. of National & World Hockey Leagues. $14.95

14D. The Wine Diet Cookbook. *Lucia & Chase.* Healthy, delicious, fun. $7.95

7G. How To Make Whirligigs and Whimmy Diddles. How-to of folk-craft. $6.95

15H. Good Housekeeping Cookbook for Calorie Watchers. Illus. $6.95

12K. Claude The Dog. *D. Gackenback.* A Christmas story. Ages 3-6. $4.95

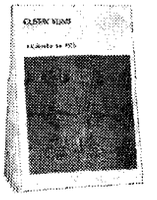
17M. Greece Observed. *Barret.* An unforgettable journey! $15.95

10D. The Birthday Goat. *Watson.* A delicious book for ages 4-8. $5.95

22A. The Art of Sewing: The Custom Look. Sew and save. $8.95

10C. The Very Hungry Caterpillar. *Carle.* Enchanting! Illus. $4.85

22M. The New York Times Book of House Plants. *J. Faust.* $9.95



23E. Gustav Klimt: A Calendar for 1975. 13 dazzling illus. $8.95

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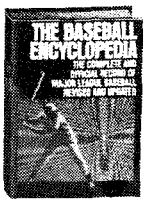
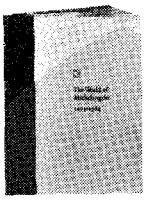
31A. Callas. Remarkable! Glorious! After 12/31, $27.50; now $22.95

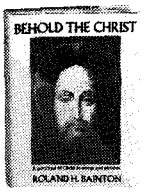
30K. Flowering House Plants. How-to guide —helpful, useful. $7.95



19F. The Baseball Encyclopedia. The complete record book. $17.95

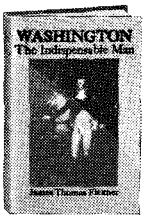


6N. Michelangelo. *Ed.: H. W. Janson.* Detailed text, lavish illus. $8.95

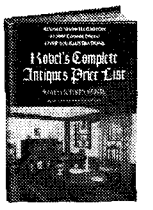


17L. Behold The Christ. *R. H. Bainton.* Antiquity to the present. $10

28B. Amer. Heritage Hist. Of Seafaring America. After 12/31, $30; now $25



2J. Washington. *James T. Flexner.* The indispensable man. $12.50



20A. The Kovel's Complete Antiques Price List. *R. & T. Kovel.* $6.95

14L. Foods Of The World: China. Text & recipe book. The set. $7.95

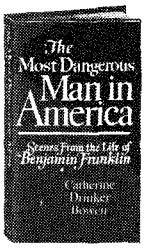
24L. Sieg Heil! *Lorant.* Photojournalist sees Germany, 1862-1945. $14.95

4C. Maxfield Parrish Poster Book. *Intro: M. Sendak.* $9.95
4C1. Paper $5.95

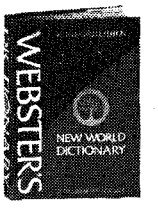
20F. The Fishing In Print. *A. Gingrich.* A catch! $12.95

12A. A Treasury of Winnie-The-Pooh. 4 Classics. Ppr. $3.40

6B. Les Diners de Gala. *Salvadore Dali.* An exotic fantasy. Luxe $50



2B. The Most Dangerous Man In America. Ben Franklin at his best. $8.95



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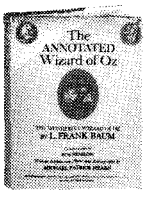

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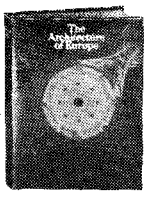

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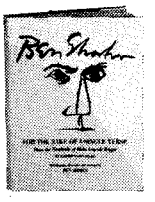

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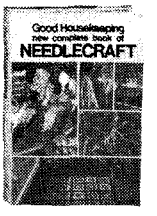

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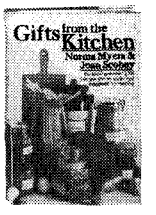

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

I was gratified this week to learn that I am a Human Resource. I learned this from a letter I received from the American Bicentennial Research Institute, Inc., of Dallas, Texas. The letter began, "The American Bicentennial Research Institute takes pleasure in bringing to your attention that you [my name inserted here] have been selected to appear as a reference source in its LIBRARY OF HUMAN RESOURCES. . . . The expressed aim of the Institute is to recognize and methodically classify those persons or groups of persons who have . . . As a part of this effort, The American Bicentennial Research Institute is preparing for publication THE LIBRARY OF HUMAN RESOURCES, a unified compilation of microfiche directories intended to serve as . . . As your inclusion in THE LIBRARY OF HUMAN RESOURCES is by virtue of your value as an outstanding individual at the close of the First Bicentennium of the United States of America, we have prepared for you a beautiful parchment certificate, personalized with your name. . . ." The beautiful parchment certificate would cost me, I learned, fifteen dollars, and I could order one (but only one) duplicate beautiful parchment certificate for ten dollars additional.

Well, *of course* I was thrilled to be certified as a Human Resource, even though I hadn't done anything particularly resourceful lately except send Ramsey Clark a campaign contribution in the amount of $101.00. A Human Resource—it was very like, and possibly better than, being named a Historic District or a National Treasure, and all I had to do was mail my twenty-five dollars to 6116 North Central Expressway, Dallas, Texas. Then I noticed at the bottom of the letter a line printed in the same elegant script as the letterhead and reading, "Not Affiliated with the United States Government." This puzzled me. Was it the case that the American Bicentennial Research Institute, Inc., was in some way *displeased* with the United States Government? Had the A.B.R.I. seceded from the U.S. Govt.? And at such a moment, too—a moment when we should all join hands bicentennially and have a party? And was I, perhaps, in some way to blame? (I accept blame from any quarter, just like praise.) Had the issue between the A.B.R.I. and the U.S. been precisely my nomination to the high status of Human Resource, with the A.B.R.I. championing my candidacy and the U.S. saying, "Well, look, if you're going to let this sort of person in, this sort of person that we, as a government, view as rather an underachiever, human-resourcewise . . ." Worried to flinders now by the whole affair, I took my twenty-five dollars and invested it in cans of chicken-noodle soup, which is appreciating, I notice at my local market, at the rate of something like thirteen per cent a year—a sort of government bond with a considerably higher return than the regular ones. I shall greet 1976 certificateless but with faith in America intact. Where else can one profit either by being bullcentennialish on soup or by bullcentenniuming on parchment?

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Two Gatherings

THE night before Halloween, we took a Champagne Bus Ride to a party at the home of Mrs. Rebekah Harkness, in Sneden's Landing. The party was a *bal de têtes* (Costumes or Black Tie, Ladies Requested to Wear a Headdress) for the benefit of the Harkness Ballet. Three Champagne Busloads of costumed guests left East Seventy-fifth Street at seven o'clock and lurched north through traffic; New York State champagne spilled all over the place. The woman sitting next to us wore a green feather boa, which kept getting in her mouth, and a Statue of Liberty headpiece, which, she told us, she bought on East Sixty-fifth Street for a dollar twenty-five. One of the Champagne Buses was a little late arriving, because it got lost.

Mrs. Harkness, who doesn't look at all like her pictures, stood in the

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living room of her house—a big one that used to belong to Katharine Cornell—and talked with Mrs. Lila Tyng, Benjamin Franklin III, Nikita Zukoff, and the Count and Countess Pier Braschi. The Countess Braschi was wearing a hat that looked like a pagoda.

The Harkness dancers performed at dinner, during the salad course. They danced to music composed by Mrs. Harkness and played by the pianist David Baker. It is amazing that, no matter how much adverse criticism the Harkness dancers receive, they never lose their serenity. They performed three numbers: "Clown" (from "Vaudeville"), "Spring Waters," and "Tango" (from "Souvenirs"). The two dancers in the "Spring Waters" number looked as if they were decorated with SpinArt. After the scheduled numbers were through, Geoffrey Holder, the tall actor and dancer from Trinidad who played the voodoo god in "Live and Let Die," performed his well-known party dance, which is an imitation striptease. He drew the loudest applause of the evening, and he came over to our table smiling a smile that was at least three times as big as that of an average person.

"How are you doing, Mr. Holder?" we asked him.

"Dissipating beautifully," he said.

•

SALLY KELLERMAN, the movie star, opened the other night at the Rainbow Grill as a singer. Michael Sean O'Shea, the Grill's roundish P.R. man, was pleased with the turnout. "She's the first one to go clean for both shows on opening night here since Duke Ellington," he said. (In night-club talk, to go clean means to sell out.) "Alan Arkin is here," O'Shea said. "Alexis Smith, Tony Bennett, Julius La Rosa, Lauren Bacall, Mike Nichols, and Sybil and Jordan Christopher will be here for the second show." A good many movie stars have taken to singing in night clubs of late. Thomas Jefferson is said to have played the violin quite well, for a Founding Father, and the same sort of response usually suffices for singing movie stars. Sally Kellerman sings so well that one forgets she is a movie star. Her voice is deep and throaty, but it is also big and strong. Her accompaniment at the Rainbow Grill consisted of four musicians (white, in jeans) and three singers (black, in white tie and tails), but they did not overpower her. She sang rock songs, country songs, ballads, and standards—all flawlessly.

"May I be your dentist?" someone called out from the audience during a break between songs. Sally Kellerman has conspicuous and beautiful teeth.

"If anything happens to Stanley Vogel, you've got the job," Sally Kellerman replied.

Sally Kellerman is blond and intelligent. She uses her intelligence to charm her audience in the same way that dumb blondes use their dumbness.

Once more, we encountered champagne; there was a champagne party for Sally Kellerman between shows on opening night. Whether she is singing or talking, she uses a large quantity of air per syllable. She told us that she has always sung, and that she had, in fact, been under contract to Verve Records as a jazz singer when she was eighteen, just after she graduated from Hollywood High School. "I'd like to make a movie about a forties jazz singer," she said. "And I don't want just to make records; I want to sell them. I knew I had to go on the road and sing every night in front of audiences to be taken seriously, but I don't want to spend my life on the road. I want to make a hit album a year, make a movie a year, have a baby a year, and go to Las Vegas once a year and make a hundred Gs a week."

Graham and George

ONE day recently, we were privileged to witness a first-time-ever conversation between Graham Hill, O.B.E., the international motor-racing driver, and George Danziger, ace New York City taxi-driver. The meeting took place during the evening rush hour on Seventh Avenue, between Central Park South and Forty-fourth Street, where we got out. We had just spent two hours at the Essex House visiting with Mr. Hill, who was in town to attend to some of the affairs of Graham Hill Racing, Ltd., to talk about the International Race of Champions (from which he had been eliminated the previous day), and to have lunch at the 1974 National Frozen Food Convention and Exposition. During the cab ride, Mr. Hill, who dresses and looks a bit like David Niven with long hair, was explaining to us his theory of why Americans are overly fascinated by celebrities. At which point George Danziger entered the conversation.

DANZIGER: Oh, so you're one of them celebrities. Which one?

TALK OF THE TOWN: Which one do you think he is?

DANZIGER: Oh, I don't know. It's hard to tell. I've had 'em all in this cab. I bet you're an English movie actor. I saw you on the "Today" show this morning, right?

HILL: No, I'm not an actor.

DANZIGER: Then what's your name?

HILL: Hill. Graham Hill.

DANZIGER: Oh, yeah. The race-car driver.

HILL: That's right.

DANZIGER: And you're retired now, right?

HILL: Sorry, you blew it. You're thinking of Jackie Stewart.

DANZIGER (*after a pause*): Tell me, Mr. Hill. What's it like to be a celebrity?

The Tickets

OUR friend Lola Finkelstein, who dodges in and out of the glamour life, was invited to attend the fall fashion show at Ohrbach's, where a number of celebrities and others were to get their first look at moderately priced copies of foreign designers' models. She sent us a report that we think throws some light on something or other:

I answered the invitation with a "Yes." The new fall look is a matter of confusion to me. Why all those scarves and capes on top of capes? I thought the Ohrbach's show would make the picture clear to me. I asked my friend Dorothy to go with me, but she said she didn't have a ticket. I suggested that she call Ohrbach's and ask them for a ticket. Dorothy said, "They'll never send me one. *You* call." So I called a special Ohrbach's number for the show and spoke to a young lady named Miss Rich. I told her I had an invitation to the show scheduled for one o'clock and I'd like to bring a friend. Miss Rich said it was out of the question to get another ticket

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to the one-o'clock show. I remembered that my friend Barbara had been invited to the one-o'clock show, too, but had had to go to Israel on business, so I called Barbara's secretary and asked her if she could locate Barbara's ticket. She couldn't, but she said she would call somebody at Ohrbach's and have the ticket sent. I thought it would be more efficient to have the ticket sent directly to Dorothy, so I suggested that. Meanwhile, my friend Lorraine told me *she* wanted to go to the fashion show, too. I didn't feel comfortable about asking Barbara's secretary to ask for another ticket, so I asked my friend Jeannette, who was also invited to the fashion show but hates to go to fashion shows, if she could get me another ticket. Jeannette said her friend Carol had invited her to go to the show, but Jeannette had said, even though she loves Carol, that she hates fashion shows, and had turned down the invitation. So I asked Jeannette if she thought that Carol would still have the extra ticket. Jeannette then called Carol and called me back and said that Carol would take Dorothy to the show. Now I thought I had all the tickets we needed. I called Ohrbach's and talked to a man in charge of the show and told him that Carol was taking Dorothy to the show, and so could I have Dorothy's ticket for Lorraine? He said he couldn't understand my question. I repeated it. He replied by telling me that he had ten celebrities he had to get tickets for for the show, and there were no seats for them. The entire seating plan for the show, he said, was a very delicate matter. There were two most desirable sections, he said, and then there was a section behind the most desirable sections, and then there were two sections that were not desirable at all, because they were far away from the runway, where the models paraded. I listened to all this, and then I said, "But can Lorraine use Dorothy's ticket?" "What color is Dorothy's ticket?" he asked. I said I had no idea. "That is very important," he said. "Carol is sitting in the front section, near the runway, and Dorothy is supposed to sit with her. Find out what color Dorothy's ticket is."

I called Dorothy and said, "What color is your ticket to the Ohrbach's show?" "A kind of gold," she said. I called the Ohrbach's man back and said the ticket was gold. He said that Dorothy's ticket was directly behind Carol's ticket, and so Lorraine could sit behind Dorothy. Then I asked him where the pink tickets sat, because pink was the color of my ticket. "Pink tickets are on a first-come, first-served basis, and they are not in the same room as the runway," he said. So Dorothy and Lorraine were in the gold section, and I was in the pink section.

The next morning, I was taking a walk, and it was Saturday, and Dorothy called and my husband spoke to

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her. She told him she had just got a call from a Miss Rich at Ohrbach's, who wanted to know what color her ticket was—brown or gold. Dorothy said gold. Miss Rich said that if Dorothy received another ticket she would have to destroy it, because they were overbooked for the show. At that point, I didn't want to disappoint Lorraine, so I put my pink ticket in the mail to her. Right after I mailed the ticket, I had a call from her saying that she had the flu and couldn't go to the show. So *I* didn't get to go to the show, but Dorothy went with Carol, and they told me that the whole business of capes on capes was crazy, and they weren't going to buy anything they saw in the show, and they were going to wait to see what the styles were *next* year.

Closing the Books

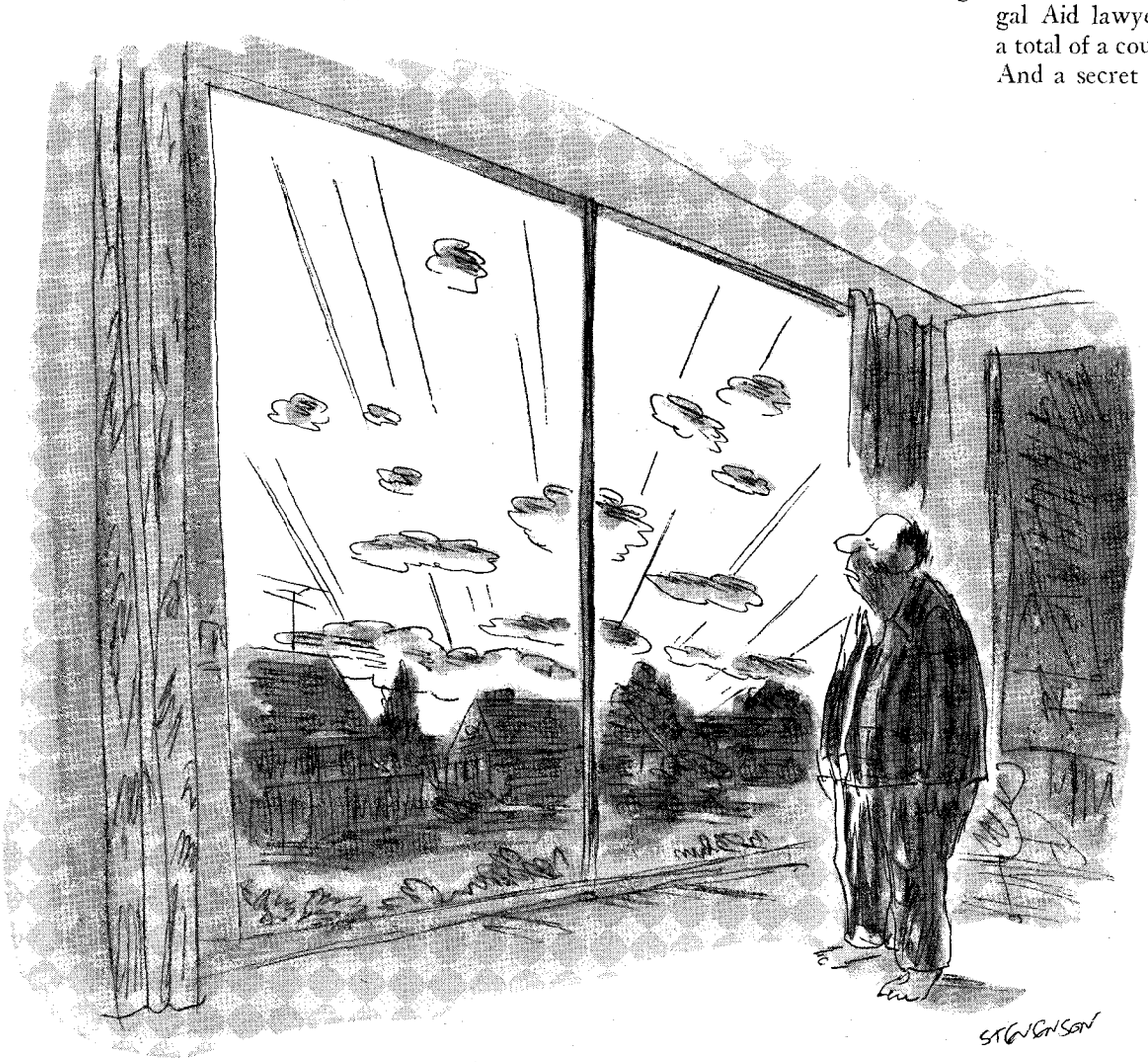
THE New York City branch-library situation is this: three libraries—one on Staten Island, one in the Bronx, and the Jefferson Market Courthouse Library, in Greenwich Village—will close their doors this weekend. The story behind the closings is a little drama that didn't work out right. The city hires the New York Public Library, which is a private institution, to run the branch-library systems in Manhattan, the Bronx, and Staten Island. (Brooklyn and Queens have their own libraries.) Over the last four years, the city has been giving the N.Y.P.L. less and less money to operate the eighty-three branch libraries in the three boroughs, and, as a result, service in these libraries has been cut from a total of 4,486 hours a week to 2,855 hours.

Recently, the N.Y.P.L., which objects to this situation but has been powerless to change it, announced the three closings, saying that it had to have half a million dollars more in order to continue. This, according to old city hands, was a pretty smart way to try to put pressure on the city; it is well known to politicians that there is more outrage to be tapped in Greenwich Village than in any other community in the city. Villagers are passionately attached to the old courthouse building that now houses their library, and pestered the city for two years back in the late fifties just to get the clocks in the building's tower started up again. And Villagers have responded to the announced closing with a mass rally attended by Representatives Abzug and Koch and the New York Dolls. The citizens have also fired off thousands of letters to the Mayor and other city officials. One afternoon, there was even an after-school march of children, who brought their own banners, including one that said:

READING
IS
FUNDAMENTAL
You Jerk!

However, the piping pleas of children have not moved the Mayor to offer the branch-library systems an additional cent. Students of the Beame team point out that this is just the kind of situation in which the Mayor likes to dig in his heels; earlier this year, he agreed to generous new contracts with the firemen and the sanitation men, which will cost the city millions, but refused to intervene in a strike by Legal Aid lawyers who were asking for a total of a couple of hundred thousand. And a secret City Hall source of ours has just discovered that the Mayor has told intimates that he doesn't see why Manhattan, Staten Island, and the Bronx need more than a single well-stocked reference branch library apiece. According to our source, "The new policy seems to be 'Let's all watch TV.' "

So now the Greenwich Village librarians, who until last week expected to remain in business despite the closing sign on the door, have begun shutdown procedures. And Sonja Sudarsky, who has been making Anne G. specials—Lithuanian and Swedish sandwiches of roast beef, Cheddar cheese, bacon, grilled tomatoes, and Russian dressing—at Art Foods, up the street from the Jefferson Market Courthouse, for twenty-five years, suggests, "Well, now we can solve the energy shortage this



"Don't give me that!"

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winter. We have a new fuel supply."

Renaissance

THE good news this week is that the Oyster Bar in Grand Central Terminal reopened on Wednesday, November 13th, thanks to the Metropolitan Transportation Authority (with a considerable assist from Dr. Stanley A. Lewis, its Director of Real Estate) and Jerome Brody, the restaurateur. The M.T.A. is the landlord of Grand Central these days, and when Dr. Lewis heard last summer that his world-famous tenant, the Oyster Bar, was folding, he asked Brody, the man who runs the Rainbow Room and Grill, and Gallagher's Steak House, to take over.

"I'll tell you what makes him tick. Booze makes him tick."

• •

We got invited to a special, private pre-opening gobble at the Oyster Bar last week, thanks to our pal the old curmudgeon, a man who has been moping ever since The Lobster, the famous broiled-fish, lobster, and beer restaurant on West Forty-fifth Street, closed, in the fall of '72. "This is a fish-eating town," the curmudgeon told us as he poked his way over to Grand Central. "In fact, Greater New York is the largest fish-consuming tract in the world, and even just the other day a million and a half pounds of fish and shellfish got sold at the Fulton Fish Market. But the best fish I've had here in midtown in the last two years was a tin of chocolate sardines that somebody sent me from Boston."

Mr. Brody has been fixing up the Oyster Bar for a couple of months, which means that the chairs have been reupholstered and are now brown and white instead of droopy green, there are cheerful new blue-and-white checked tablecloths on the tables and cozy new brown wood panelling on the walls, and the barrel-vaulted tile ceiling has been scrubbed for the first time in twenty years. It took two weeks to wash the ceiling. The oyster-bar part itself is being rearranged to include a counter that will offer fresh-shucked oysters on the fly—à la Lundy's, in Sheepshead Bay—to commuters heading for the bar car. The curmudgeon took in these improvements with something approaching astonishment. "Why, it looks like a proper beer hall again, just the way it's supposed to," he said. "The beer-cellar motif was an important part of turn-of-the-century public architecture hereabouts. All the famous architects in those days borrowed freely from whatever they'd seen abroad that they liked. The basement of the old Vanderbilt Hotel was given the beer-hall treatment. The only other surviving example I can think of is the basement of the old McAlpin. The first time I used this restaurant was in 1920, when it looked itself. I was trying to persuade the mother of my new girl friend that I was all right, and I chose the Oyster Bar because it was situated in a great terminal filled with impressive trains and also because it was then the only place I knew where you could watch your food being cooked. The whole thing ended badly when I found out the girl didn't like trains. I guess a lot more people like trains now, to judge by the overwhelming vote the other day for the New York State rail-transportation bond issue. Many more commuters will be streaming by the Oyster Bar very soon."

Mr. Brody has lined up a couple of men in Spruce Head, Maine, to supply him with fresh lobsters daily. He'll be getting oysters from Bunty Brothers, in Chincoteague, Virginia; Blue Points from the Long Island Oyster Farm, in East Marion, a little town on the North Fork, out beyond Greenpoint; fresh fish from Ed Sylvio, in New Bedford, and from the Fulton Fish Market. George Mortfogen, a man who has been getting up early every morning for thirty years to buy fish at the Market, and who was associated with Pappas, the fish restaurant that used to be at Fourteenth and Eighth, will be the buyer for the Oyster Bar. The famous old countermen who make oyster stews before your eyes will be back, and the new chef in the kitchen is a Belgian by the name of Victor Buron, formerly of Le Pavillon, whose parents run a little restaurant in the Ardennes. "I lived near there in my formative years," said the curmudgeon. "When do we eat?" he inquired of Brody. Well, we ate just as soon as we examined the Oyster Bar's new menu.

The menu shows a few definite Belgian touches—such as waterzooi, which is a creamy fish stew (the Belgian bouillabaisse), and poached eel with dill sauce—as well as domestic dishes like roast turkey with oyster stuffing; eggs Benedict with smoked finnan haddie instead of Canadian bacon; whitebait; catfish fillet; and dolphin steak. "Whitebait!" said the curmudgeon. "Those

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"None of them is it, but I don't like the looks of the one on this end."

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scrumptious little minnows. God! I haven't seen whitebait since Wednesday lunches at the Men's Bar in the old Ritz. We used to start out for the Ritz at eleven to make sure we got there while the whitebait were still there."

Then Peter Finkhauser, the new manager of the Oyster Bar, bore us dishes from the menu for a taste test. There was a seafood crêpe with mousseline sauce; poached sole with salmon mousse and mousseline sauce; grilled whitefish; fried oysters with bacon—"devils on horseback"; fried stuffed shrimps; broiled Cape Cod Bay scallops; poached salmon hollandaise; broiled baby flounder; and coffee. The curmudgeon was sorry he had eaten breakfast. George Mortfogen said that he would like to think the whitefish had come from Lake Ontario but it was probably from Lake Erie—from the deep, cold water, where it gets extra taste. The scallops, he said, probably came from Menemsha Harbor, on Martha's Vineyard. He said it was a great year for bay scallops.

"That's the best news all year," said the curmudgeon, who didn't seem at all to mind the fact that he was smiling. "As long as the wrong people don't get them. Let *them* eat shark!" (So-called deep-sea scallops are often shark meat cut out with a cookie cutter.)

"So I thank you, but I don't envy you," said the curmudgeon to Brody. "I used to be in the restaurant business, and it's a good business to get out of."

"How do you do that?" asked Brody quickly.

"Just make hundreds of millions of dollars—all tax-free—and then loaf around all day, as I do," said the curmudgeon.

"Oh," said Brody.

"Well, it's been a long wait for a place like this," said the old c. "It's almost as good as living in Belgium."

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MINOR HEROISM

I—SOMETHING ABOUT MY FATHER

IMAGINE him in his prime. A fairly rich Virginia farm boy newly cured of being a farm boy by what he called Th'War, meaning the second one. He'd signed up in Charlottesville when most of his fraternity had done it as a group, and up till then he had been somewhat humorlessly typical. He had been hung up with the rest of them in the fraternity of the university that Jefferson designed, and he was as lean and carefully prepared as all the very best Virginia hams. And it would seem to follow that, in 1942, my father began being made more valuable by several years of smoke. But this smoke was not the curative Virginia kind; it was the high-flying smoke of German cities burning. My father was a bombardier. He became a minor hero in the Second World War and a major hero in the Commonwealth of Virginia. He was photographed as Betty Grable stood on tiptoe to kiss him. He was tall. He still is. But his height meant most when he was dressed as an officer in our Army Air Corps. Today, in civvies, he is just another mildly handsome businessman. It was in uniform that Father looked most like himself.

Heroes should have looks. His were better than most, better than wholesome. It was one of those faces that fit handsomely into photographs and under a brimmed cap. It seemed to know in every pose that captions would be under it eventually. His profile, nearly as good as a Barrymore's, was better for being blunted slightly by boarding-school boxing. With very combed blond hair waving back in the way hair did then, his was a face that even from the front told much about itself in silhouette. Many of the photos still exist.

When I was a child in the years just after that war, people cornered me with accounts of my father's valor. They told me in front of other children how, though everybody's father had certainly helped with it, mine had done more than most to insure that the Nazi plot to rule the world—to rule the very ground on which this birthday party was now taking place—had been crushed by the Americans. They mentioned the Freedoms, four in all, and promised that the whole world was now capable of worshipping in whichever ways it chose. They said to me, "Do you know what your father did?" I was told how people had printed "Welcome Richard!" on broad banners made of sheets that stretched all the way across Main Street.

But before the war was won and he came home there was the business about what they made my grandmother do. She was a remarkably shy woman, even for then. In Virginia, in 1942, shyness was less unusual than it is today. Both her parents' families had been equally distinguished and austere, and, as if to commemorate this, she parted her hair impartially down the middle and most always wore the same rare brooch at the exact center of her collar and throat. I once saw her hiding in the dark back hallway of her house; eyes opened very wide, she stood against a wall, as unwanted guests on the front porch repeatedly rang the door chimes.

She had been reared at home with her three sisters, on a Richmond side street, in a house cool most of the year with the amount of marble in it: veined tabletops, hearths arched and white as tombs, classical statuary, athletic and luminous in dark corners. The marble hearths and statues floated upright in the house's murk, the tabletops rode the gloom like oval rafts. It seemed the marble objects were the rooms' true residents, directing every household current into eddies split around themselves and cooling off whatever drifted past them.

But Grandmother's wish for the stillness of 1909 was inappropriate in 1942. There was a war going on, and her son did, as they told her, seem crucial to the local view of it. They put much unnecessary pressure on a lady so easily swayed. All it took was one unscrupulous question about how much patriotism she really felt as, after all, a longtime member of the D.A.R. At this, she said that yes, yes, she would do it, but only if they did not ask her to speak. Of course, those present assured her, she wouldn't have to utter one syllable she didn't rightly feel she could or should utter. But no one believed she would stay silent once she got up there and got the feel of it from all the bunting hung around. They forced her, in this way, to sit on public platforms. When the speaker selling War Bonds acknowledged her, seated there as formal as her central brooch, she winced in recognition of her name and nodded back to him and tried to smile out at the audience like a mother, but she looked like a potentially bereaved one.

Mrs. Roosevelt herself came through on a decorated train and got off and walked over to the platform they'd set up outside the station, and not even then would my grandmother speak a public sentence to those gathered on the street and hanging out the windows of the Bank and those who dangled legs like extra letters over the sign usually spelling Epstein's Finer Men's Apparel. Suspended from four lampposts were giant photos of my father in uniform, in profile. When Mrs. Roosevelt came over, as the ceremony ended, and said how handsome my father must be, to judge from his pictures over there, my grandmother finally spoke. She was nodding and thanking Eleanor Roosevelt as an equal when she noticed Mrs. Roosevelt wore no hat, which seemed odd in one of her station. What she was wearing, its weight tugging at the fabric of one shoulder, was a huge pale, widemouthed orchid which, some suggested afterwards, had looked much like her.

But Mrs. Roosevelt had won them over nonetheless, and it was lucky that others overheard what she said to Grandmother about my father's good looks. Grandmother would never have repeated it to anyone. Though she acknowledged things graciously, she never started them. In this way, she had become an adult and then a wife and, quite soon after that, a mother. Some were annoyed by this belief of hers that silence was always in good taste, but most people felt it was probably fine the way she was; that somehow it was more patriotic for a wife and mother not to say too much—except, of course, for Mrs. Roosevelt, and some people even felt that way about Mrs. Roosevelt.

THE photograph of Betty Grable kissing my father's flat cheek seemed to hold the house up. I was born in 1947 and, as far as I knew, it had always been there. People who did not come often to the house would sometimes ask to see it. They were led back to the den, where it was hung with the medals. Smiling, they stooped to get the reflection of the picture window off of it, and they'd shake their heads and nod appreciatively. I remember someone's saying that when you were young during a war it is hard to know later if you liked being young during a war or liked just being young or maybe even the war itself, who knows?

In the picture, he does not return her kiss but stands there; a statuesque

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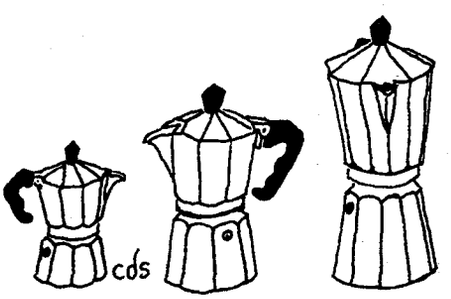
soldier, newly decorated for minor heroism, accepts the homage of a distant voluptuous country. He is enjoying it probably, but he does not smile, for at that moment the fate of the Western world as we now know it still hung in the balance. But Betty Grable could smile. It was all right if she did, and the official Army photographer, whose job it was to photograph the wake of morale she left behind, snapped an Army camera, and there it was—on most front pages in Virginia and with practically the whole page to itself in the local *Herald Traveler*. And though manliness and the national moment forbade he show it, yes, certainly my father was enjoying the kiss synchronized with flashbulbs, just as local boys too young to go themselves were not too young to go at themselves several times a day upon finding this home-town representative in a favorite national fantasy with a Grable whose legs were here not even photographed to advantage, though the boys knew them well enough from other pictures.

But when I was eight years old, some adult would take me aside and say, "David, do you know what your father did before you were even born? Has he told you about what he did?" I said I didn't know for sure but that they used to paint little German planes on their bombers every time they shot a real one down, and my Daddy's score was very high. They said no, not that. Not exactly. It was Dresden, the terrible and decisive firebombing of Dresden, that had been his real moment.

I nodded and always imagined a city of plate and saucer monuments and crockery apartments and wartime's smoking smokestacks made of stacked white bottomless coffee cups. And in the center of the shining city was an oil depot, looking very like a soup tureen of Mother's—a white one too large for just us to use but brought out for dinner parties and reunions and once, I remembered, filled with vegetable alphabet soup. I'd stood, amazed to see the very spindly alphabet I was then learning to draw between blue lines fattened up and floating on the top of something I and all my family, even my illiterate younger brother, could drink down like reading. But the tureen I imagined there in Dresden was a million gallons high and filled to the top with the crudest, blackest German oil that fuelled the deadly U-boats. A remarkable target for my father in his clear air over the heart of gleaming Dresden. In my conception, the black bomb wobbles toward the very shadow of it growing on the glossy upper disc of all those gallons. The life-sized shadow meets the real bomb falling in and going off down at the very bottom. Such beautiful war-movie slow motion now allows a perfect view of all the damage as the tank pops jaggedly open and out the gallons gush into the tranquil city. Black oil gluts the sewers of the sanitation system. The overflow is fingering up and out into the gutters and makes a black street map of the white municipality. Borne along in the dark gloss are clusters of diced carrots and chopped celery from my mother's kitchen, and there come the fat paste letters of the alphabet, movable type sucked down with the black into the gasping manholes. The level rises—filling, incidentally, the holes, which are the handles of the chaste white coffee cups. Darkness crawls about and then above the town and finally defines a surface that a cup or saucer may float along on briefly, till tilting, then filling viscously, they sink in, one by one, until they all are underneath. Now everything is underneath. All the quaintness of Germany, all the cuckoo clocks are under, all the perfect German sheet music played by countless amateurs on Sundays, and, worst for me, all the inedible lost letters of my mother's English alphabet have become one glossy black deluge which now shows just the tiny moving shadow of my father's bomber, speeding back to England, back to the U.S.O. show, which will not begin till he is there in a seat being saved for him.



The photographers are smoking at the airport now; they are awaiting him. They are men also in the Army. Their job is to photograph the bombardiers like my handsome father, crawling from the cockpit less exerted than excited by the damage he has done, looking as clean and highly combed as when he left an hour ago.

BUT by the time I was imagining the bombing of Dresden, my father was done with all that. The war had been won. Dresden's place setting was being sorted out. With Europe having an Occupation forced upon it, it was time my father settled into a job himself. His fading local glamour, at least, proved useful in helping him choose a career. Cashing in on people's memories of him, he became an insurance salesman. It was not hard, selling insurance, and with the certificates Grandfather had left him, with the smattering of rents collected from the colored-tenant houses—the only remnants of Grandmother's "fortune"—Father felt he could more than make

FEAR OF DEATH

What is it now with me
And is it as I have become?
Is there no state free from the boundary lines
Of before and after? The window is open today

And the air pours in with piano notes
In its skirts, as though to say, "Look, John,
I've brought these and these"—that is,
A few Beethovens, some Brahmses,

A few choice Poulenc notes. . . . Yes,
It is being free again, the air, it has to keep coming back
Because that's all it's good for.
I want to stay with it out of fear

That keeps me from walking up certain steps,
Knocking at certain doors, fear of growing old
Alone, and of finding no one at the evening end
Of the path except another myself

Nodding a curt greeting: "Well, you've been awhile
But now we're back together, which is what counts."
Air in my path, you could shorten this,
But the breeze has dropped, and silence is the last word.

—JOHN ASHBERY

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"Come to think of it, we have a woman here in Perkins. How do you think the ladies might react to this marketing approach, Perkins?"

• •

do. He married a clever girl he'd met at a deb party before the war. He brought her south from Richmond and carried her into a thirty-thousand-dollar house already paid for in advance by his cashing in certificates in companies making aluminum and small-screened televisions—all companies on the brink of booming when he sold their stocks. But though he was without much business sense, still there was the thirty-thousand-dollar house, much larger than what one could buy oneself today for that amount of money. So my father and my mother moved into a house that echoed slightly because it had more rooms than furniture. Sometimes the guest room was occupied by a recurrent itinerant aunt; but when she was gone the doors were closed, the heating ducts turned off, and three bedrooms, now accommodating only boxes full of unused wedding gifts, again stood very vacant.

My father still wrote to war buddies. They often passed through town en route to Florida, howling in through the front door to hug him. A lot of them were dark men, hairy in a way my father and his fair Virginia friends were not. It seemed that all New Yorkers were brown-eyed and sooty from the city; they looked odd here in the clear to amber light of eastern Virginia. Mentioning their wives waiting out in the car, they lifted eyebrows suggestively, as in the old days—as if that were some notorious and easy girl out there. Mother never liked their wives much, and when they'd left Father told her she was a snob. "War buddies' wives are not necessarily war buddies themselves," she quipped. Once, when he insisted, after hanging up the phone, that they drive two hundred miles to a motel where someone from his squadron was staying on the way to Miami, she said, "Show him my picture," and settled luxuriously back onto the couch with the latest novel by Daphne du Maurier. "He already saw your picture and he's heard more about you than you'd ever guess!" my father shouted as he stormed out with the car keys and an unopened bottle of Jack Daniel's and, slamming the door, rattled the china cabinet. Very early the next morning, he came in drunk and in a loud voice over the telephone cancelled an afternoon appointment to sell Group Life. My mother wandered down to breakfast in her quilted yellow housecoat, and noticed a broken headlight on the Packard parked at the wrong angle outside. When they'd settled at the table, coffee poured, she offered him the usual tirade about his egotism, her suffering, and their marriage, which she liked to say was "crumbling, Richard, crumbling!" I sat eating scrambled eggs with a big round training spoon, and my younger brother dropped his baby bottle on the floor, then looked down at it till I picked it up. "Oh yeah?" my father said. And then she said, "Don't you use that trashy New York slang around your children." "Oh yeah?" he said.

BUT when you are definitely home from the European Theatre, which is dead now, and war buddies you'd have given your life for then make phone calls less and less frequently, are more and more just Christmas cards with photos of new children, cards signed in a woman's hand, when insurance (fire, burglary, auto, and life) is now what people think of when they think of you, when Marilyn Monroe is filling the shoes of Betty Grable, who's retired, what do you do then?

You find that the headaches are due to your suddenly needing reading

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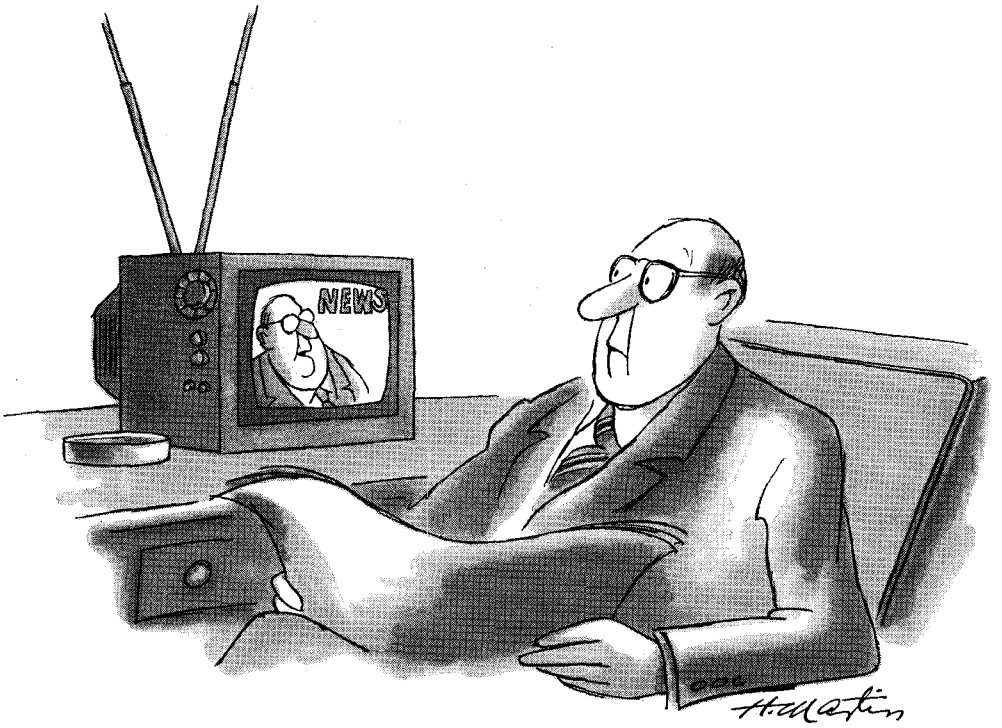

"Good evening. Mrs. Sloan Baker, Jr., sprains an ankle. The Honorable Herbert L. Jenkins changes a tire. Edna Mae Gibbons reveals a job change. Those are the headlines. I'll be back with the details right after this important message."

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glasses. You resign yourself to buying bourbon by the case because it is cheaper and you now have room to store that much, and you have no doubt that it will somehow get drunk up. You call your two sons "soldiers" when they submit stiff-faced, thin-armed, to Jonas Salk's discovery. You pay someone to keep the yard worthy of your wartime aerial-photo vision of its symmetry and shape from overhead. You take your wife to the occasions you count on the country club to invent, and there, with friends who have become clients and friends who have not become clients and with clients who want to become your friends, the two of you get more than genteelly drunk, even by Virginia standards. And afterward, after the babysitter has been overpaid to cover your tardiness and the fact that the front of your jacket is dark from some accidental spillage, and to cover the expense of the cab that must be called to get her home, in the silence after that, of the house becoming increasingly more valuable as the boxwoods expand themselves outside, with the hint of dawn coming on, you both manage to know what a prime moment in the history of your physiques this is.

Otherwise, you learn to make do, and when some threat arises you are soldierly in disposing of it. Almost, there are not enough threats anymore. Here you are, among the most successful of the bombardiers, now grounded, in the awful safety of this decade, in its suburbs. You do what you can around the house and grounds to re-create some of that drama you remember from the forties. All the events that made one's life eventful: The Axis. Roosevelt Dead. Hiroshima.

The furnace explodes early one morning. You carry Helen outside, dump her onto a lawn chair, rush back for the sleeping boys, dash across the street and pull the fire alarm. Later, the fire chief emerges from the basement of the house and ambles around the engine and out toward your family group, huddled in pajamas among the neighbors, who have brought blankets, coffee, garden hoses. "Nothing serious," he says. "The furnace sort of exploded. A little soot, but nothing serious."

"What do you mean, 'nothing serious'? You should have heard it. I thought we were being attacked or something."

"Noisy," the fire chief admits, scratching his head, trying to be both tactful and professional, "but nothing serious."

The next day, you order a fire-alarm system for the house. While the children grumble, while a siren howls and neighbors watch over fences, you stage your first weekly fire drill. After two of these, the drills are discontinued.

It is a personal affront when tent caterpillars invade four of the yard's eleven trees. A neighbor says you'll have to burn them out; only thing they understand. The yardman prepares to do it, till you curtly give him the day off. This job, worthy of you, will require a little strategy. There are moments when a father and his boys must work together. Standing in the back door, you shout, "Now is the time for all good boys to come to the aid of their father and their yard!" "What?" Helen asks.

You put a torch together—a broom handle, rags, some kerosene. You ignite it with your wartime Zippo. Up into the infested tree nearest the house you crawl. This is a mission; for once, in peacetime, you know exactly what you're going to do. The boys watch idly from the ground as you sear the first lumps of worms out of the plum tree. Smoke suddenly everywhere and such a smell. "You two down there, don't just stand around. Stomp on the ones getting away." Clusters of black caterpillars, pounds of them, are toppling from their webs, falling to the ground and steaming.

Making girlish noises, your sons start hopping on the smoldering worms. Bradley jogs about, eyes straight ahead; he lifts his knees and makes a calisthenic game of it. Feeling dizzy, David shuts his eyes, holds out his arms for balance, and earnestly pretends he's dancing, though his tennis shoes keep slipping out from under him.

In the tree, you find you've started muttering almost forgotten, complicated curses from the war as, one by one, you solemnly eradicate these colonies of pests. Your sons' whimpering under the tree infuriates you suddenly. "Shut up down there, you two. You'll do your job and keep your mouths closed. These things are going to get to other trees. They'll get over into the Bennetts' yard if we don't kill them now. This is no game here, this is an emergency, so quit squealing like sissies and stomp on them. Is that clear?"

Your two children look up at the orange glow inside the tree, at a single wing-tip shoe visible among the leaves. In unison, they say, "Yes, sir."

II~MY ELDER SON

I'M not as young as I used to be and it follows that my sons aren't either. Bradley, our baby, is twenty-five now and makes twenty thousand dollars a year. He graduated third in his class

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from the Law School of the University of Virginia. He's now with a fine corporation-law firm working out of Georgetown. Brad married Elaine last May, at a garden wedding that was rained out but that was nice anyway. The bridesmaids' dresses were made of some thin material that got transparent when wet. Elaine is from a fine old Maryland family. Her father served as Attorney General of the state a few administrations back. Now Brad and Elaine are renovating a town house in Washington, doing most of the work themselves. What with Elaine's small private income and her looks and taste, and with Brad's salary, my wife and I feel good about their progress in life. Elaine always remembers us with little cards and gifts on birthdays and anniversaries. It's a comfort.

David is our elder son. He's twenty-seven and a mystery to me. Two years ago he gave up a fairly good job as a designer of furniture. He decided to become a writer. When he was home last Christmas, we heard him typing a few times, but he never offered to show us anything he'd written. I have no doubt that it's good. He has always had a real flair for the arts. But if you've never read a word your son has written and if you understand the kind of money a writer can expect to make, it's hard to work up any real enthusiasm for this occupation.

To support himself while he writes on his novel, he does articles for a magazine called *Dance World*. When people ask me what he's doing, I tell them he writes for a magazine in New York. If they ask me which one, then I'm forced to level with them. I'd have to be a writer myself to describe the sinking feeling I get when I tell this about my elder son. Helen says that my attitude in the matter is unreasonable. All I know is, the first year he worked for the magazine he sent us a free subscription, and it got so I couldn't even stand to see copies on the coffee table. I could hardly believe some of the pictures of the men. Looking at them, you didn't know whether to laugh or cry or get angry or what.

My wife also informs me that there are two kinds of dance, ballet and modern, and that David's specialty is modern. Helen says, with lots of enthusiasm, that modern is less costumed and more athletic than ballet. Somehow, knowing this doesn't help.

You might say David and I have never really seen eye to eye. He has always had certain mannerisms and his talents are unlike my own. When he was younger he stayed pale from spending too much time indoors. I kept telling Helen that one day he'd discover the world outside. I said, "Now he keeps a diary, he paints still-life, he reads French like a Frenchman, but believe you me, one day he'll come around. You watch."

I see I might have been wrong. He's twenty-seven years old and I think the only women he ever talks to are waitresses. He lives with some "actor-model" roommate. We had lunch with them in New York. The roommate met us at the restaurant. I was expecting somebody thin who looked pretty much like David. In walks this big, broad-shouldered kid, taller than me and with a suntan and a jaw like a lifeguard's. For a second, I was ashamed of myself for having jumped to certain conclusions. Then the first thing I noticed was his handshake. One of those dead fish. Second thing I noticed was that he'd smashed his thumbnail in something; it was black. Third thing was that all his fingernails were black. Nail polish. I could hardly understand what this meant. I thought it must be for medicinal purposes, because how could anybody do that for decoration? Helen was staring so hard I had to nudge her under the table. Usually she's the one nudging me. Afterwards she said she wouldn't have been so startled if it had been red polish, but black?

Now that we've met Jacques, he seems to be everywhere we look. Helen never forgets a face, and she keeps finding his picture in magazine ads—

"I hear they finally reconciled their differences. They're getting a divorce."

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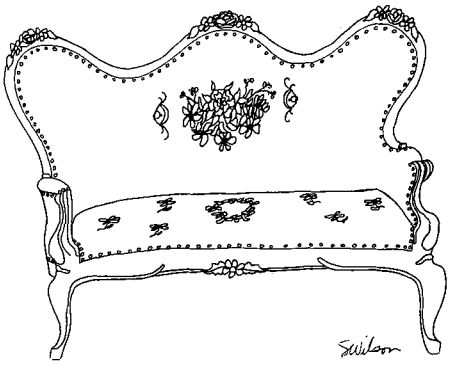
mostly for whiskey and shirts, once for soap. In these ads his nails are never black. I won't get over that. The kid looked like he should be on the U.S. Olympic team carrying a torch—and then the handshake, the nails, and his trying to talk all during lunch about the music of the forties. He kept asking Helen and me about Kay Kyser and his Kollege of Musical Knowlege, and about the Andrews Sisters. Helen surprised me by remembering the name of each Andrews Sister and knowing which one had died. She entered right into the discussion. He asked her how it felt to have heard "Tangerine" when it was new, and Helen was sitting right there telling him. Jacques kept saying over and over again, "What a period, what a period!" For a person like myself, who loved the forties, the silliness of this kind of conversation made me sick. As if anybody like that could ever understand what it meant to be alive then.

You send your sons to the best schools possible, and you hope that their friends will be bright kids from similar backgrounds. Sometimes I wonder what my son and this type of person have in common. Then I take a guess, and right away I'm wishing I could forget my own conclusions.

I was not going to mention it, but as long as I've built up this much steam I might as well. Last spring, David came down to his brother's wedding in Baltimore. We were glad he came. It was right that he should be there, but I won't even begin to describe the person, the creature, he brought along with him. Everyone who saw this particular person immediately got very disturbed. This particular person somehow managed to get into and spoil about half of Bradley and Elaine's wedding pictures. Elaine's parents were obliged to find a place for David and his guest to stay during the weekend of the wedding. They were certainly very gracious about it and never said one word about this person's appearance. But Helen was so upset and embarrassed she cried most of the nights we were there. Because of the strain, she looked terrible at the wedding.

OF course, it was Helen who was always telling David he was gifted. She was enrolling him in adult art classes with nude models when he was twelve damn years old, buying him twenty-dollar picture books full of abstract paintings, driving him fifteen miles to the next town because our local barbers couldn't "cut with the curl." I told her she was spoiling him, but beyond that what could I do? I'd always said that the boys should have nothing but the best. No, I'm definitely not blaming Helen. After all, that's one reason you make your money, so you can spoil your kids in a way you weren't.

You start off with a child, a son, and for the first six years he's on your side. It's clear there's nothing wrong with him. He's healthy, and you're relieved. He's pretty much like all the others. Not quite as noisy, maybe not quite as tough, but that might be a good sign, too. Then things somehow get off the track. He's coming in with a bloodied nose once a week, and you know damned well that nothing happened to the kid that did it. He's inside listening to records when he ought to be outside playing with the others. His face starts looking unlike yours and hers. You come home from a hard day's work and find him sitting in a high-backed chair cutting shapes out of colored paper and spreading them out on the rug. You wonder for a moment if this pale kid can be fourteen years old; can he be half your responsibility, half your fault? Of course, there are times when everything seems well enough. He takes out girls. He learns to drive. His tenor comes and goes, then comes to stay. One day you see he's nicked himself while shaving, and all the time you feel you should be grooming an heir he grows paler, taller, and more peculiar. He locks doors behind himself and startles you in the dark hallways of your own house. You're afraid of his next phase—afraid how the finished product will compare with the block's other boys, with his own brother who plays on the Junior Varsity and mows other people's lawns for money.



At the P.-T.A. open house a teacher pulls you aside and tells you, all excited, "David can do anything he likes in the world. How few of us can do absolutely anything we like. He's among the chosen few, and I thought you both should know." His mother beams all evening, but afterwards you find him in the kitchen, at the table, dripping candle wax on black paper. "An experiment," he mumbles as you walk into the room toward the refrigerator. You feel clumsy and you try with your expression to apologize for having barged in like this through the swinging door. But, after all, you tell yourself, it *is* your kitchen and your table, that is your son. The "anything" his sad teacher promised gives you more distress than comfort.

He drops calling you just Dad and changes you to Father. One night you turn on the television and hear him say, "Television is for fools," and dash out of the room, offended by your need to see the news. You expect more from him as he gets older, but the distance grows. He reminds you of a thin, peculiar fellow you knew slightly in the Army, a bookworm nobody spoke to.

Till last New Year's Eve, I felt I'd had a pretty good track record as a father. I mean, I knew I'd made some mistakes, but somehow, over the years, you forget specifically what they've been. David had come South for Christmas for the first time in two years. Helen and I got home from the party at the Club. We were slightly drunk.

THE CONSENT

Late in November, on a single night
Not even near to freezing, the ginkgo trees
That line the pathway let go all their leaves
In one consent, and neither to rain nor to wind
But as though to time alone; the golden and green
Leaves litter the lawn today that yesterday
Still spread aloft their fluttering fans of light.

What signal from the stars? What senses took it in?
What in those wooden motives so decided
To strike their leaves, to down their leaves,
Rebellion or surrender? And if this
Can happen thus, what race shall be exempt?
What use to learn the lessons taught by time,
If a star at any time may tell us, *Now*.

—HOWARD NEMEROV

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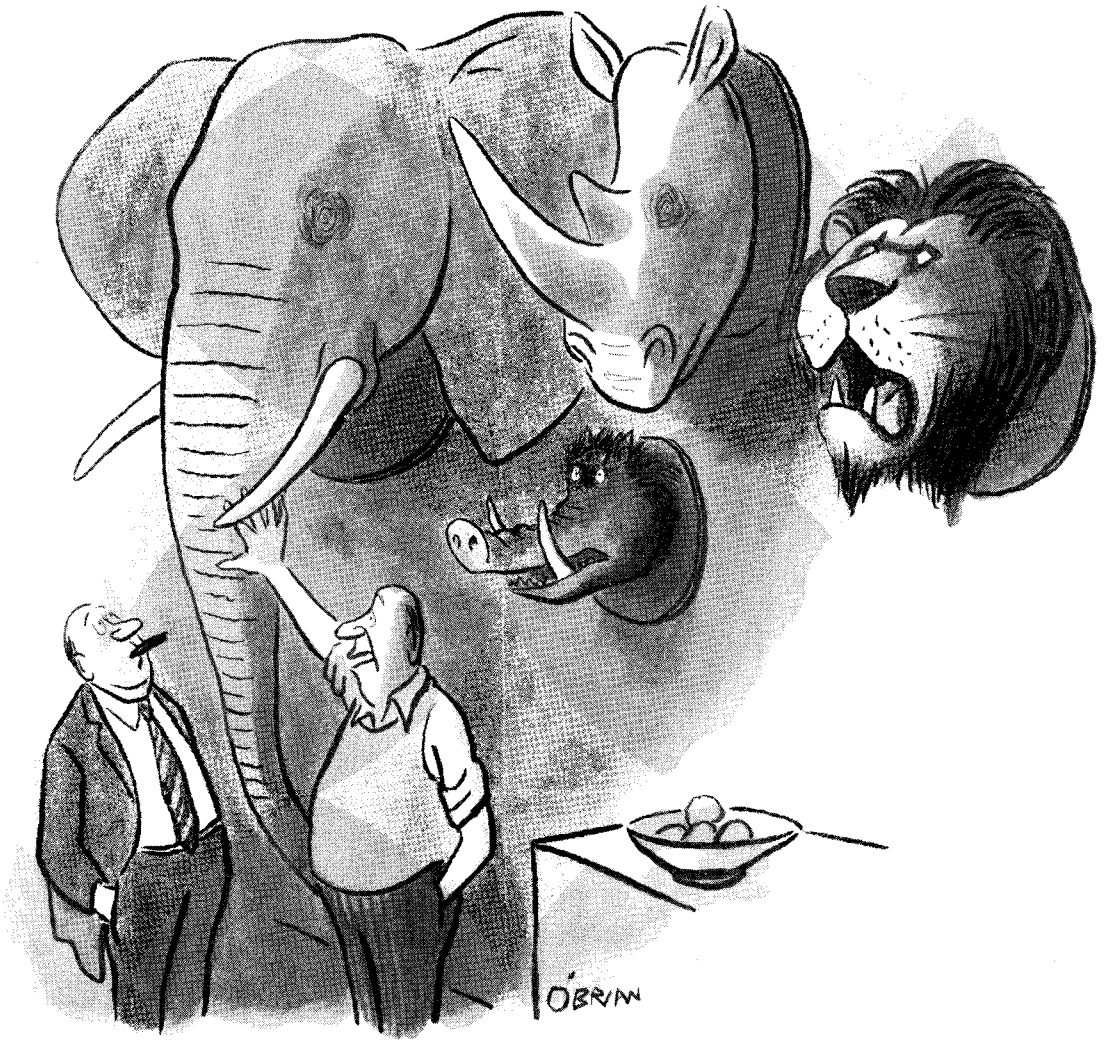

"I got the first three for only twenty-seven fifty. My sole obligation is to purchase six additional species from the dozens to be offered over the coming twelve months."

• •

David was sitting up reading when we got in. He was curled up on the living-room couch in a floor-length maroon bathrobe he'd worn most of his visit. He was reading something he'd brought down from New York. He laughs at our books and magazines, picks up Helen's novels and giggles at them and puts them down again.

Charlie Fentress had announced his daughter's engagement at the New Year's Eve party. The band played a few bars of the Wedding March. Bradley and Elaine weren't engaged yet, and Brad had decided to spend Christmas with his college roommate on St. Thomas. Only David was home. Edward and Mildred Fox took Helen and me aside at the party to say they just wanted to let us know they were going to be grandparents. They were hugging each other and they both had tears in their eyes. The band played "Auld Lang Syne." It seemed everyone was being honored and rewarded by their children but us. David had laughed at our suggestion that he come to the party and see his old friends. "What would I talk to them about?" he asked. "The pill, kindergarten car pools?" His quickness with words has made him all the more upsetting. But we got home and there was our son on the couch. There he was. His hair cut in a shaggy expensive way, and wearing a silk bathrobe. He looked over his shoulder at us as we stood in the foyer taking off our coats and rubbers with a little drunken difficulty.

"How was the prom, kids?" he asked and turned back to his book. I walked into the living room. On the coffee table before the couch I saw a bottle of cognac I'd paid twenty bucks for, three years earlier. A snifter was beside it and a lot of wet rings, some of the cognac spilled on the tabletop.

"Who told you you could open that bottle?" I asked him.

"Father, it's New Year's Eve. Let up a little." The back of his head was still toward me.

"Look what you've done to that table. Your mother breaks her back keeping this place decent and you act like you're at the God-damned Holiday Inn."

It's easy enough now to say I shouldn't have cuffed him. But I felt like doing it, and I was just drunk enough to do what I felt like doing. He hadn't even bothered to turn around while I was talking. I took a backswing while he was reading. Helen said, "Richard!" in a warning tone of voice, but, like me, she really didn't think I'd do it. I smacked him with my best golfer's swing right across his fashionable haircut, and knocked him off the couch onto the floor. It scared me as much as it seemed to scare him. For a minute he lay blinking up at me, mouth open, on the carpet. We were like that for a second. His mouth open, mine open, and Helen with both hands pressed over hers. Then she was all over me, trying to hold my arms like I was going to kill him. He got up, straightened his robe, and marched upstairs. The whole thing was so sloppy it made me sick. Even with all I'd drunk I couldn't sleep.

The next morning there was to be a New Year's Day church service at Trinity Episcopal. Helen had asked David to come with us, but we didn't think he'd get up, since it was before his usual rising time, which was anywhere from noon till three. Helen and I were eating breakfast. We were dressed for church, eating without talking, trying not to think about the night before, but thinking about it anyway.

We were both staring down at our eggs and coffee when David came downstairs, all dressed for church. His head was bound up in a professional-looking gauze-and-tape bandage that covered most of his hair and forehead. The tanned ears stuck up over the white cap. He looked like someone recovering from brain surgery. Helen was drinking her coffee as he came in. In the middle of swallowing, she went into a genteel coughing fit. David poured himself a cup. As he was add-

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ing cream and sugar, he said cheerfully, "Father, when people at church ask what happened to me—and inevitably they will ask—I intend to tell them exactly who's responsible for this."

I sat staring down the table at him. We were squared off, me at my usual place, he at his. I started chewing on my back molars in a way I hadn't done since the War. He went on drinking his coffee. Once in a while, he'd glance up at me over his cup. He seemed pleased with himself. Helen was staring at him with her mouth half open. She would look from him to me, her face all strained, as if she wanted me to explain him to her. So this is it, I thought. That one over there with the bandages, that's my elder son and heir. I had to decide then whether I would really break his head or if I'd let things go. At some point, you have to decide with children whether you're going to kill them or let them go.

I thought of those foreign-exchange students we sometimes had to dinner when they passed through our town. Odd-looking kids with funny-shaped glasses, sometimes bad teeth, and accents half the time Helen and I couldn't understand. But we always pretended we did. You could tell when they had asked a question, and even though you hadn't really caught it, you still nodded and said "Yes." And when it turned out that the question couldn't be answered with a simple "yes" and they stared strangely at us, at least we'd shown that we had wanted to agree. In the long run, that was all Helen and myself could do for International Good Will.

So at this breakfast I decided to give David the benefit of the doubt. I told myself I'd treat him at least as well as we treat these foreign students who come to dinner for just one night. You didn't even expect thank-you notes from them. These kids' customs were so different from our own, their homes so far from us here. But we were always kind to them, thinking of American kids who'd be in their country someday. So I told myself there at table, if not as a father then at least as a host and an American I should treat David at least as well as one of them. After all, a foreigner is mostly what he's been to us.

Helen didn't want him to go looking like that, but you have to take your own kid to church. Besides, if we hadn't taken him he'd have called a cab and how would that have looked? I'm sure he told whoever asked about his head whatever it was he'd decided to tell.

He left for New York that very afternoon, still wrapped up like somebody with amnesia. Except for Bradley's wedding, we haven't seen him since. I suspect that he's in secret correspondence with his mother, and that's fine and natural, I suppose. Some days she's more tearful than others. In the middle of a meal, she'll fold her napkin, place it on the table, and leave the room.

Someday he'll probably publish a story or a whole book about what a tyrant I've been. I can imagine a chapter listing all the times I ever raised my voice or hit him. Of course, people always believe what's down in black and white before they'll listen to just one man's word about what happened. I have made some mistakes, I know. But I won't accept his verdict of me. I'm not a villain. If anything, I've wanted too much for him, and, considering all the ways you can go wrong with a son, it seems the one he would be quickest to forgive.

"They didn't give me a gold watch. They gave me a corduroy leisure suit."

III—ADDENDUM

IN this drawing I am doing, a tall red man holds the hand of a small white boy. The man wears a decorative uniform: policeman, soldier, milkman. He is much taller than the child, but his right arm has been conveniently elongated, elasticized like a sling or bandage, so it easily supports the boy's white hand.

My art teacher called me out into the hallway on the last day of school and whispered, "You mustn't tell the other children, but you're the best drawer I have ever taught in eighteen years. The most imaginative. Of your age group, I mean." Now, deciding to place the man and boy before a doorway just like that one there, with a similar selection of Mother's houseplants sprouting all around them, I recall Miss Whipple's compliment. I feel fully capable of adding exactly what I intend. When I'm done, people will say, "Look. He's drawn a man, a boy, a doorway, and some plants in pots." There is a comfort in knowing you can make things recognizable.

I have lots of room on this table we inherited from my quiet grandmother, who died last winter in her sleep. It was built to seat a family of ten, plus guests. I am alone here at my usual end. Mother, Daddy, Bradley, and I all have a whole side to ourselves and must speak up to be heard by everyone. Venetian blinds cross the dining-room

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window, and sunshine throws a laddered shadow straight across the walnut surface of the table. The round-ended bars of light rest there in a row, like giant versions of my own crayons.

My brother and his friends are playing baseball in the front yard. They chant their jeers to various Episcopalian cadences. A few minutes back, a foul ball rattled off the roof. The grandfather clock in the foyer musically commemorates each and every fifteen minutes, however uneventful, and my crayon seems responsible for every drowsy sound.

The surface of the table gives a sudden jerk, and the crayoned frond of the potted palm I'm drawing takes an unexpected twist. I look up and watch my handsome father seat himself at the far end of the table and spread his mail like a game of solitaire. Crosshatched with sunlight, his white shirt is dazzling and reflected in the tabletop. From his favorite coffee cup, steam climbs. It twists and plaits itself up through the alternating stripes of sun and slatted shadow. He holds an envelope up to the light and rips into it with one finger. With that same hand, he slapped me two days ago. It burned across my face and swivelled my whole head in that direction. I go back to my control of crayons. Maybe he'll take his bills into the study and leave me here to privately excel at drawing.

His voice startles me. "Why don't you go outside and play with the others? It would do you some good." I continue drawing. Indoor clouds rain blue and purple pellets on the houseplants. "Did you hear me down there?" "Yes sir." "What don't you like about baseball? Are you afraid you'll get hurt or what?" I know I must say something. "I like drawing." A pause. Still watching me, he drinks from his coffee cup. "But it's summer, David. It's a beautiful summer morning and you're seven years old and when . . ." "Eight," I say, not looking up. "What?" "Eight years old." "All right, then, eight, all the more reason. If you've got to draw on a day like this, what's in here that you can't draw just as well outside?" All the floating clumps of leaves have sprouted pots. "I asked you a question. What do you find to draw, sitting in here like this?" A challenge. He thinks I don't even know. Most Imaginative of my Age, and he thinks I don't even know what I'm drawing. Tell him an airplane, tell him an airplane. "You," I say, despite myself. "Drawing me?" Why did I tell? Now he'll want to see it. Casually, he glances again through his mail. "So, you're drawing your dad, huh? Well, let's have a look." I note that he's forgotten all about the baseball game. After slapping me two times in one week, he's crazy if he thinks I'll spend all morning drawing him and then get up and walk to the far end of the table and deliver it. He only notices my drawing when he wants to show that it's a waste of time. I won't let him see this. Absolutely not. Unless it's that or getting slapped again.

"It's really not any good," I assure him.

"Let me see it."

"You won't think it's any good. You'll get mad cause it's not the way you really look."

"Bring it here."

"Well, I drew in the door and plants behind you, and I think you really have to see it from down here at this end, because this is where I drew it from."

"I can turn around and see those," he says, peeved at conceding this. "Bring it here, David."

I concentrate on the black crayon in my damp right fist. I study the picture itself. "Daddy," I begin definitively, "I just don't feel like you would . . . I don't want you . . . to see it . . . yet. I'll show you later, in a minute, later on."

"This is getting ridiculous, young man. I'm asking you to bring that down here to me. Are you going to bring it or aren't you? It's that simple."

I have included him here, but that makes the drawing even more mine, less his. It's the one thing in this house of his that's really mine right now. The man's mouth is a single horizontal line. The boy's a silly U shape. "It's mine," I say quietly.

"You said it was a picture of me."

"It is, but I'm the one that did it

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and it's mine. Please, Daddy, don't make me this time."

A long silence from the far end of the table. "I'm waiting, David. Bring that down here right this second."

Almost before I think of it, the crayon is scribbling. In tight black loops it traps and then eclipses half the page. I choose one figure. The face and hands are lost forever underneath an oily whorl. There is the chanting from the front yard, the scratchy circling of my crayon, less loud as the black wax accumulates. My exertion delicately clinks his coffee cup against its saucer. As I scrawl, feeling sick and elated at this solution I've found, I grind my teeth and stare straight at my enormous father, smaller than usual at the far end of the table. He seems to be sitting for a portrait as I furiously describe a neat black cyclone on the page. His jaw is set. I can hear his breathing. I know the signs. Any second he will lunge down here, grab me by the shirt, lift and shake me, slap me once with that hand the full size of my head, and shove me, stumbling, toward my room, shrieking in my own defense. Now, just as he places both hands on the table to come for me, I stand. I lift the drawing by its upper corners and carry it as if it were wet.

I move toward his chair, the only chair with arms. He is waiting there to punish me for drawing during summer, for drawing anything but him all day, for undrawing myself without permission. I stare between his eyes at the faint inch making two eyebrows one grim horizontal line.

I warily approach him in my acolyte's gait. I hold up the drawing, a white flag, between his body and mine. I am now beside his chair. Seated, he is just as tall as I am standing. On his forehead there are rows of pores, and over that the teeth marks where the comb passed through his hair. His back is pressed straight against the chair, hands still tense on the table's edge. Over his business mail I place my art work. One flimsy piece of white paper with some colored markings on it. His eyes move from my face down to my drawing. He sees the figure there. I hear him quietly exhale. His solid hands reach out and pick the paper up. I am very conscious of the hands. There I am, that's me, I feel him thinking. He has recognized himself. I release my breath and gratefully inhale some of Miss Whipple's wonder at my own imagination. Good for something, it has just spared me a whipping. I've sketched an image of him for himself, while I am permanently off the page, and saved. He is not asking why the uniformed gentleman's longer arm is weighed with this bristling black cancellation. He is now responding to the easy magic of a drawing of a uniform on a tall figure, the horizontal mouth, the buttons and braid.

"So, there I am. . . . Now," he says, relaxing. "Why'd you do this crossing out? What was that under there?"

I have lost interest in the drawing. I stare out the window at the summer lawn where my brother and six neighbor kids are climbing a young evergreen, tilting it almost to the ground. "Nothing," I say.

"So, there I am. Those are sure some ears you gave me. What are these round things here on front? Are those medals? Medals for what?" He hesitates to risk a guess. I look back from the venetian blinds and stare at him. He sits studying the drawing, his face rosy, jovial now. More than anything, I want suddenly to hug him, to move forward a foot or so and throw my arms around his neck. I want to cry and have him hold me. To lift me off the floor and up into the air and hold me. Instead, there seems to be a layer of electricity around him. I know I will be shocked for touching him with no reason. Somewhere in the house an alarm will sound, the grandfather clock will gong all out of sequence, the door chimes will go wild, sirens will howl out of the heating ducts, and foul balls will crash through every window in the place. I look at him and, in answer to his question, shrug.

He holds the drawing out for me to take. He's done with it. Slipping past his chair, I saunter to the back door and, on my way outside, turn around and see him seated in stripes of light at the vacant family table. Sadly, he holds my own drawing out to me as if offering a gift or an apology or some art work of his own. Something changes in me, seeing him like this, but as I pass into the sunlight I fight to keep my voice quite cool and formal and call back, "I'm finished, Daddy. You may keep it now. It's yours." —ALLAN GURGANUS

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DOORMAN—Unusually marked, male, 7 mo. Ex w-kids & house broken, Very Affectionate. AKC. $100. Bef. 10:30 AM & aft. 9 PM 655-6454.—*Adv. in the Wilmington (Del.) Evening Journal.*

Describe the markings.

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TWO STORIES

LATE CAPITAL

MANY of the family tombs are neglected. Iron doors stand ajar rusted into their quadrant tracks, rust flaking from lower panels molded with reliefs of wreaths resting on crossed arrows. Hinges solid as sculpture. Snow of rust on the echoing floors. Nothing to steal. Broken vases. Dry flower stalks, held with green wires. Portable cement wreaths with the word REGRETS running around them. A quiet that is neither of the city nor of open country. The few sounds, such as the barking of an old spoiled dog, seem to be coming from farther away than their visible sources.

Small groups of people, all of them past middle age, cluster on benches, talking. It is the day of rest. It is clear that many of them meet here every week, weather permitting, after visiting the family tomb. On some benches, those at the ends, of either sex, sit forward and talk across those in the middle, which makes them all look as though they were laying plans, in the shade. It also makes them broader. They wear warmer clothes than the day requires. On other benches, everyone sits back and faces out across the walk, toward the tombs, even when someone is talking, which is not always the case.

One woman, plump and merry, comes with a small bright-colored bucket containing scraps from her dinner, which she feeds to the cats that appear at the sight of her, like gods. Then she takes the bucket to the faucet, rinses it, and brings back water for washing out the tomb. She keeps a colored brush behind the door. She has dyed red hair and no hat. She is younger than most of the others. She jokes with the cats. Two other women who have come with her, in hats, sit on a bench and wait. They all know many of the same words.

Beyond high walls, gray streets with movie houses in session, papers blowing past them in the light before rain in the afternoon. At the intersections of the avenues, army trucks are waiting for anyone. Going to other intersections. More trucks come in along the avenues, and stop, and let people off, and other people get on. The green cloth sides of the trucks have been rolled up and tied. There are benches running from front to back, as in the old days. The passengers climb up steps and walk along the benches as though they were on stages, treading the boards, about to receive prizes, and some who are passing stop and watch. The passengers sit facing outward over the heads of the passersby. Double knees all along. They don't know the neighbors to right or left. Not a word. Umbrellas. They read papers or stare at the glare of the avenues, keeping the faces out of focus, waiting, gazing past the new buildings innocent of life.

ON THE MAP

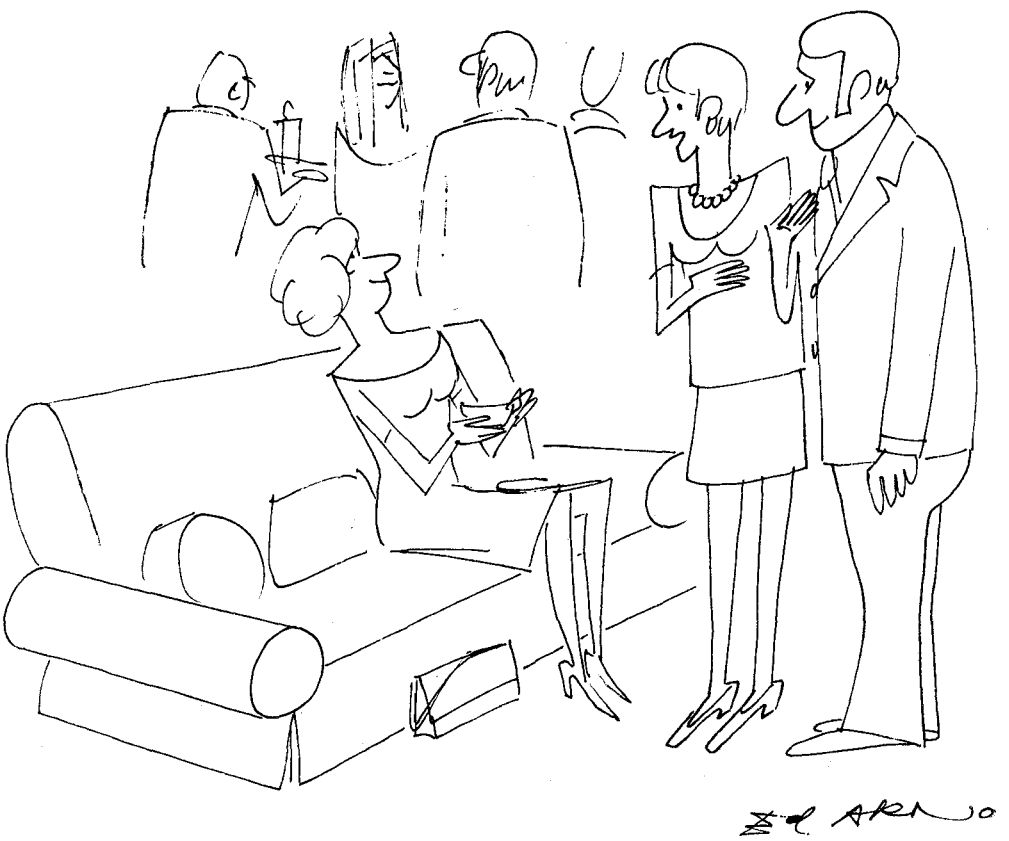
IN a part of the country where my parents lived before I was born, the brick streets are wearing away. At the foot of steep walks often iron railings remain. Beyond many of the railings, then as now, the river. Out in the country, a few miles from there, the river was green. Small fish full of sunlight quivered in it without moving. My father and mother went there on a Sunday with church friends, and after eating they sat under a tree at the edge of the water, and someone who knew them came with a folding camera and they turned their heads away. In the pictures, all rivers are one. Only the surface is visible.

The old one-room brick canal office, which harks back to before the railroad, is closed now. It is a comfort to see it still standing, unnoticed. A thin, white-haired widower, in starched shirtsleeves, collar, and tie, looks after it, to occupy the time. He was born next door and has lived in that house all his life. The canal passes out of town at a different level from the river, with the railroad track on one side, under the glare of a pearly sky that is repeated in the polished surface. The canal is a long white beam. Light hides in itself.

White stone steps descend from the brick sidewalk to the water every block and a half as long as there are the ends of gardens. Brick walls. Fences. Tall stalks lean against each other, late in summer, on a Sunday, forming seeds. In the next town there is still a central square. There used to be a market there—some sect. But it was closed, of course, on Sundays. A church, in the square, with a bell tower. They marked it on their map, which they kept.

After the railroad turns away, the canal enters deep woods. Out there is the old college where they once talked of sending me. The name is familiar, from the beginning. The quiet of the woods, and a spring coolness, even in the clearing that contains the one large building and the smaller ones beyond. Curtains blowing from upper windows. Archers in the dusk, young men and women in traditional white, hardly speaking, smiling, shooting in turn, one at a time, into targets under the far trees, and never missing, while the dew gathers on the grass. The sound of the bows.

—W. S. MERWIN



"I'd like you to meet Marty Thorndecker. He's an economist, but he's really very nice."

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PROFILES

EXPLORER

III—SOME GREAT OVERRIDING PROCESS

Maurice Ewing

"GEOLOGY" is a coinage of the eighteenth century, when the past became a subject for inquiry instead of a dogma of the church. One of the first geological thinkers, Dr. James Hutton, a Scot and a physician who spent all his time diagnosing rocks, wrote of the earth, "No powers are to be employed that are not natural to the globe, no action admitted of except that of which we know the principle, and no extraordinary events to be alleged in order to explain a common appearance. . . . Chaos and confusion are not to be introduced into the order of Nature, because certain things appear to our practical views as being in some disorder." Hutton's was a new view of the earth (though men in every age have believed their ideas to be natural). The urge to disable a fact with revealed truths has been strong in geology, but geologists believe that, unlike earlier doctrines, Hutton's, which came to be called uniformitarianism, is true—and probably they are right, since they often have been tempted not to abide by it.

In the beginning, the world was believed to have been created in six days, which James Ussher, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, established in 1650 as having begun at the civilized hour of 9 A.M. on Sunday the twenty-third of October, 4004 B.C. God created everything and rested; He did not revise His work. He created canyons, sandstone, crumpled beds of rock, beaches far above sea level, limestone caves, buried skulls, and, best of all, fossils. By the seventh day, He had to rest, weak with divine laughter. From medieval times, fossils were a vexation to scholars and theologians. They were stones—like those wept by unicorns or grown on the heads of toads. Though many of them closely resembled certain living things, what the "figured stones" were in reality were "sports of nature." Albertus Magnus described a fossil tree branch bearing fossil birds in a fossil nest. Fossils could not have been alive, because God created the beasts of the earth on the sixth day, after He created the dry land. Therefore, there was no way imaginable (save through heresy) for the remains of the beasts of the earth, much less of the fish of the sea, to have become part of the dry land. It was suggested that figured stones were made by God that man might the more admire His skill, or by the Devil, that man might fall into the sin of thinking them animal relics, or, most ingeniously, that they were the remains of trial creations that God aborted after He looked on what He had made and saw that it was not good enough. The most reasoned and sober opinion of the seventeenth century was that fossils were "*lapides sui generis*, naturally produced by some extraordinary virtue, latent in the earth, or quarries where they are found." In the early eighteenth century, a Frenchman went to the Inquisition for arguing an organic origin of fossils, but orthodoxy had generally fallen back on the strategic compromise of the Flood. There are strong signs that the earth has been revised since the creation, and Noah's flood was the only possible Biblical cause. Diluvialists, as they were called, counted eminent scholars in their fold until the middle of the last century. The Flood, which Ussher had fixed at 2349 B.C., explained just about all mysteries equally well—fossils, canyons, rocks formed under water—and permitted some rocks to be older than others by a few days. Even when such matters were being explained in other ways, the Flood was kept from well-earned retirement, for it provided an alternative to belief in continental glaciers. Only in 1846 did the Reverend William Buckland, no country cleric but a Fellow of the British Royal Society and a sincere scholar, courageously recant the Flood before his fellows and adopt the glacial theory; American diluvialists persisted for some years more. Before diluvialism evaporated, it was fruitful and multiplied; a dozen or so "Noachian" floods were appealed to by at least one authority—there was much to explain—so the ark market was brisk.

For a while in the eighteenth century, the academic world believed in neptunism. In "Faust," angels speak with the tongues of neptunists, while the Devil sounds like one of the opponents of neptunism, who were called plutonists. Neptunism was grand, celestial, serene, like the spheres; plutonism was mean, smoky, and disjointed. In neptunism, religious dogma was replaced with scientific reason, according to Abraham Gottlob Werner, whose theory it was. Werner was professor of mineralogy at the school of mining in Freiberg, a post he attained as quite a young man. His students were inspired as by a prophet, and occupied chairs at universities throughout Europe; his views dominated a generation. Werner thought that all rock—granite, coal, limestone, basalt, and the rest—originated in a former global ocean deeper than the highest surviving mountain; that the ocean had receded slowly, into

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the waters under the earth or perhaps into outer space; and that the rock had been precipitated out, one kind after another. He was challenged over basalt by men who said that it was of plutonic origin, having flowed molten out of the earth from volcanoes. "I hold that no basalt is volcanic," Werner wrote, "but that all these rocks . . . are of aqueous origin." Plutonists described basalts in the Auvergne that preserve all the appearance of having once flowed, like lava. Werner replied that beds of basalt must once have lain over beds of burning coal—the cause of volcanoes—and been melted by the fire. The sensible James Hutton was a plutonist, though he held that all lava was extruded underground, in sills or dikes like the Hudson Palisades, and none by volcanoes. His neat demonstration that granites had baked the adjacent sedimentary rocks was one of the early classic proofs in geology. After decades of argument, neptunism was demolished when several leading disciples of Werner finally visited the Auvergne; they adopted the plutonist interpretation. Geologists became inveterate travellers. (Werner said he would have to see the Auvergne for himself, and never went. In his later years, he stopped reading professional journals, writing letters, even opening his mail; for months he was unaware that he had been elected to the French Institute.)

Hutton's ideas, known to only a handful of friends in his lifetime, became after his death the kernel of Sir Charles Lyell's uniformitarianism. It was a great many years before Lyell's "Principles of Geology," published in 1830, could be improved by anything but detail. "This earth, like the body of an animal," Dr. Hutton had written, "is wasted at the same time that it is repaired." Geologists could see that rains and rivers wear down the earth, and that, indeed, the very substance of mountains is sediments worn off in a yet earlier time, crumpled, turned to stone, and lifted above the plains. Anyone who drives along a highway cut through the shoulder of a mountain can stop and see as much. The earth has lived four and a half times a thousand million years, through cycle after cycle of growth and decay, whose remnants are recent Alps, old Appalachians, and mountains so ancient they are only stumps. But if the earth is like the body of an animal, what quickens it? A hundred years ago, the Irish geologist and seismologist Robert Mallet suggested that the globe was shrinking. He supposed that the earth was getting cooler, and he thought that the solid crust, or surface layer, would have to crumple like the skin of a drying apple, creating mountain ranges. Mallet computed a shrinkage of six hundred miles in the earth's circumference since its formation. Many geologists rejected the theory immediately, but they had nothing as satisfying to propose in its stead. The theory was, according to some authorities, still at the heart of geological thinking eight or nine years ago, though in 1889 the geologist Clarence Dutton announced implacably, "It is quantitatively insufficient and qualitatively inapplicable; it is an explanation which explains nothing which we wish to explain." Great chains of mountains are still rising today, while others have long grown cold. Why? And why are the ranges long and narrow, instead of being, perhaps, round? Why are there mountains at all? Why are there earthquakes? What is tearing the earth apart, and why in California when not in Connecticut? None of this could geologists explain with any assurance, or agreement, even a few years ago—though they could tell the history of the earth in some detail—and, curiously, it has been the exploration of the

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floors of the oceans which, beginning about 1966, started supplying the answers.

THAT the ocean floors, which constitute two-thirds of the earth's surface, are no longer terra incognita is due in great part to the relentless curiosity of Maurice Ewing, who died last May, at the age of sixty-seven. Ewing began staking out the bottom of the sea forty years ago. He always wanted very badly to understand the earth, and he spent most of his life exploring it. In 1949, he founded Lamont (now Lamont-Doherty) Geological Observatory, an offshoot of Columbia University, which has become the leading institution in the world for exploring the earth at sea. Ewing had an insatiable appetite for information about the earth (year after year he sent two ships around the world and kept them at sea eleven months in twelve), and he institutionalized it in Lamont, which has gathered a large portion of the important information about the earth under the sea. His methods revolutionized investigation of that part of the world. As director of Lamont, he provided the means for others to work, and as a teacher he often formulated the problems they worked on. His own discoveries were numerous, and superlative enough to establish a reputation in half a dozen fields of science. Two, in particular, underlie the entire fabric of global geology as it has come to be understood in the last few years: the nature of the earth's crust under the oceans, where it is both different from and thinner than the continental crust, and the extent of the Mid-Ocean Ridge, the most important geological feature in the world.

"Do you know any geologists?" Ewing said one evening a number of years ago as he sat in the stern of a ship, watching the light fade over a tropical lagoon. "Annoying fellows. I'm a physicist. Geologists spend their time poking around trying to explain this or that little detail. I keep wanting to say, 'Why don't you try to see what's making it all happen?' It's as if you set a battleship in front of these men in dugout canoes and after a few years they found out how you get the lights to go on. We go to the empty areas of the oceans, making as many kinds of measurements as we know how to. Once we survey a place, we know what to come back and look for. It sounds hit-and-miss, but with some intelligence and a little luck it's a lot more. We can't look at enough. It's my view that we won't know where the most interesting places are until we've seen all of them. It may sound egoistic to want to survey everything, but that's what we do want. So we can say of the ocean, It is thus and so. We're tracing such monstrous differences across the ocean floors that some great overriding geologic process must be involved. It makes the work terribly exciting right now. I don't want to explain things to people—I want to understand them. Is there a pattern? When will I see

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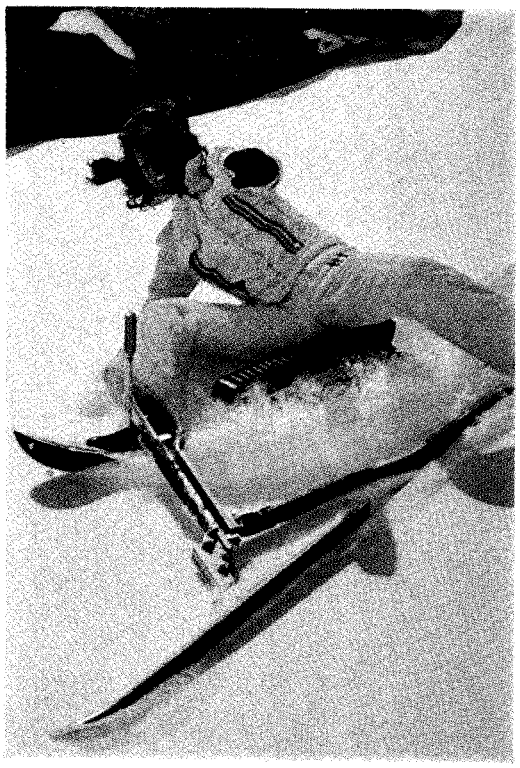

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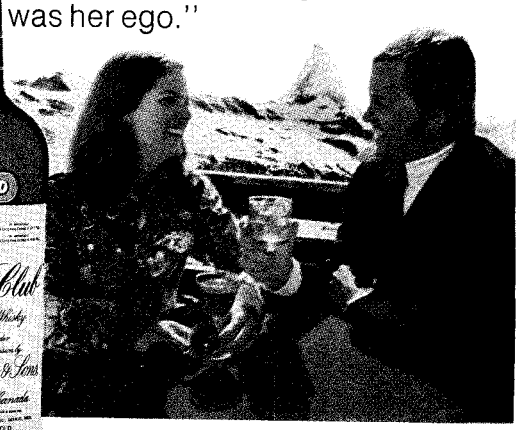

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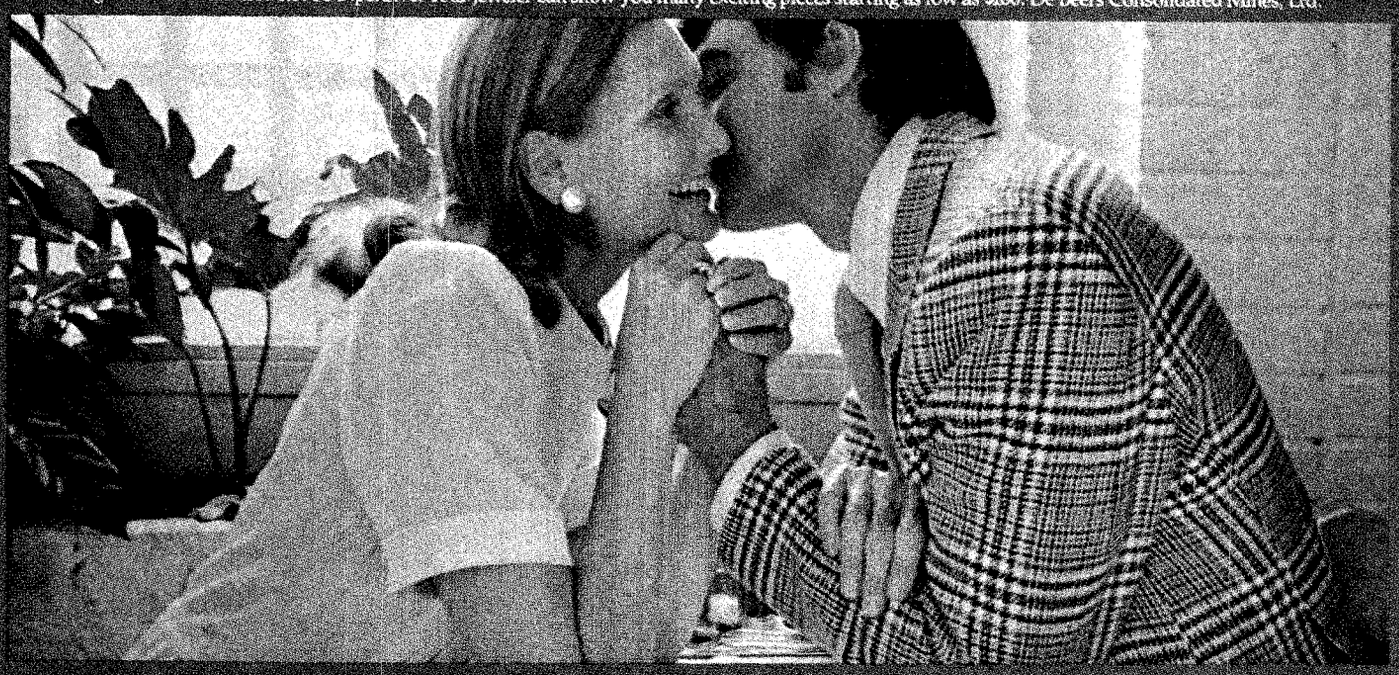

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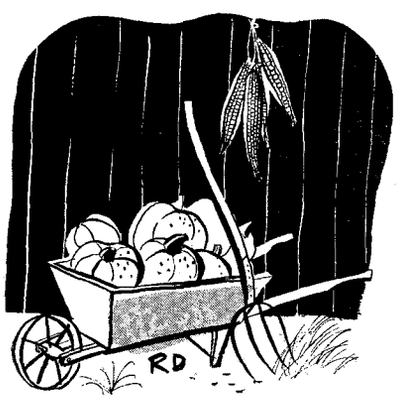
it? I feel every night when I go to sleep that surely I'll see it when I wake up."

In 1956, Ewing and Bruce Heezen, who was then a student at Lamont and is now a researcher there, made a laconic and elegant association between depth soundings and earthquake data, showing that a narrow belt of earthquakes coincided with a rift valley in the center of the Mid-Atlantic Ridge—a wild, ragged range several miles high and about a thousand miles wide, whose peaks lie nearly a mile beneath the surface of the ocean—and, further, that the earthquake belt continued out of the Atlantic into unsounded areas and was, in fact, worldwide. The earthquake belt is forty thousand miles long. It runs through every ocean. Wherever ships have crossed it, they have confirmed Ewing and Heezen's prediction that a ridge—the Mid-Ocean Ridge, as it came to be called—would be there as well. The Ridge rises above water at Iceland, Tristan da Cunha, the Galápagos, and other islands. It comes ashore into the rift valleys of East Africa, out of the Gulf of Sinai into the Dead Sea, and into the Imperial Valley of California; the earthquake belt goes northwest from the Gulf of California along the San Andreas Fault. One geologist said during the sixties, without overstatement, that the Mid-Ocean Ridge was the most exciting geological discovery in several decades. As it was mapped, it became obvious that the Ridge is the largest single feature on earth, equal in area to all the dry land. The frequent occurrence of earthquakes along its entire length shows that it is neither dormant nor mature but still active. For more than a decade, the nature of the Ridge and its effect on the remainder of the world were the leading problems before marine geologists and geophysicists.

Exploration during the fifties showed that the ocean bottom was not the uniform, motionless, monotonous, almost featureless accumulation of sediments it once was thought to be. On the contrary, something momentous was going on there, and a handful of scientists at Lamont and elsewhere groped for what it was. A Lamont paper on sediments in the oceans observed that they were unbelievably thin, compared with what had been expected in a world several billion years old. The sediment in the Atlantic is only fifteen hundred yards thick, and the sediment in the Pacific is half that. And no one, anywhere, had come up with a piece of sediment that was really old. For years, it had been assumed that if you could only find the right slope there would be unimaginably old sediments waiting to be sampled, but a few pieces between seventy and eighty million years old—an eighth the age of trilobites, a sixtieth the age of the earth—were the oldest anyone had been able to find. "It dawned on us near the end of the fifties," says David Ericson, a micropaleontologist who wrote about the sediments with Ewing, Heezen, and others, "that in order for there to be so little sediment in the oceans it could not have been collecting for more than a hundred million years, and that something must have happened about a hundred million years ago to renew or drastically reorganize the earth's crust under the oceans." It was a startling, even brazen, suggestion to make about two-thirds of the planet. What was the reorganization? The answer was in the Mid-Ocean Ridge. Maurice Ewing and his brother John, a geophysicist, who is now an associate director of Lamont, wrote in the *Geological Society of America Bulletin*, in 1959, "The formation of the [Mid-Ocean] ridge requires the addition of great quantities of basalt magma [molten rock material] and raises the question of its source. . . . We suggest that a convection current system [a form of circulation according to the principle that hot fluids rise and cold ones sink] has contributed the basalt magma and applied the extensional forces to the crust to produce the axial rift. We assume that all [continental] crustal material was collected into one hemisphere by [an] initial current system. The second current, [which] is assumed to persist to the present . . . broke the continental mass into fragments which moved [into] the present pattern." Here was a renewal of the sort the sediment samples implied—the moving continents wiped out an old ocean floor and left a fresh one in their wakes.

Wandering continents—continental drift—were the widely scorned idea of Alfred Wegener. Wegener was not a geologist but a meteorologist—a fact that later seemed significant to critics—and others before him had thought of mutable continents. Yet it was he who formulated the idea in acceptable geological terms—uniformitarian rather than diluvial, that is—and who attracted professional discussion. In "The Origin of Continents and Oceans," published in 1915, he wrote, "The first concept of continental drift came to me as far back as 1910, when considering the map of the world, under the direct impression produced by the congruence of the coastlines on either side of the Atlantic. At first I did not pay attention to the idea because I regarded it as improbable." In 1911, however, he saw evidence for a land connection between Brazil and Africa and was sufficiently impressed to begin looking for more. In his book, he assembled a vast quantity of evidence, of varying quality, and constructed from it a coherent hypothesis. During the Permian period, at the end of the Paleozoic era, there was an ice age in the Southern Hemisphere. Glaciers covered large parts of South America, Africa, Australia, Antarctica, and India. If the continents were then in their present positions, the extent of the glaciation was enormous; one authority calculated that there is not enough water in the world to have made that much ice. While the southern continents were under ice sheets, the northern ones were tropics, with the rain forests that later became rich coal fields. Spitsbergen was like the Amazon Valley. The planet's surface appears to have had a cold half and a hot half—if the continents were then in their present positions. Between the advances of the southern ice, there grew unique flora—a particular assortment of plants dominated by the giant fern glossopteris, which is now preserved in low-grade coal in South America, Antarctica, Africa, Australia, and India. Geologists and paleontologists were puzzled not just that the same plants had appeared on isolated continents but that the same combinations of them had appeared, when such combinations today rarely persist across as little as five miles of water. Moreover, the same vertical rock sequence—of low-grade coal with glacial till and other strata—also persists from continent to continent across the Southern Hemisphere: an excess of coincidence. It is called the Gondwana sequence, after the place of its first discovery, in India. Wegener was also impressed by the evidence of living things, particularly the more homely and less mobile—like a garden snail that is found only in eastern North America and Western Europe, and could hardly



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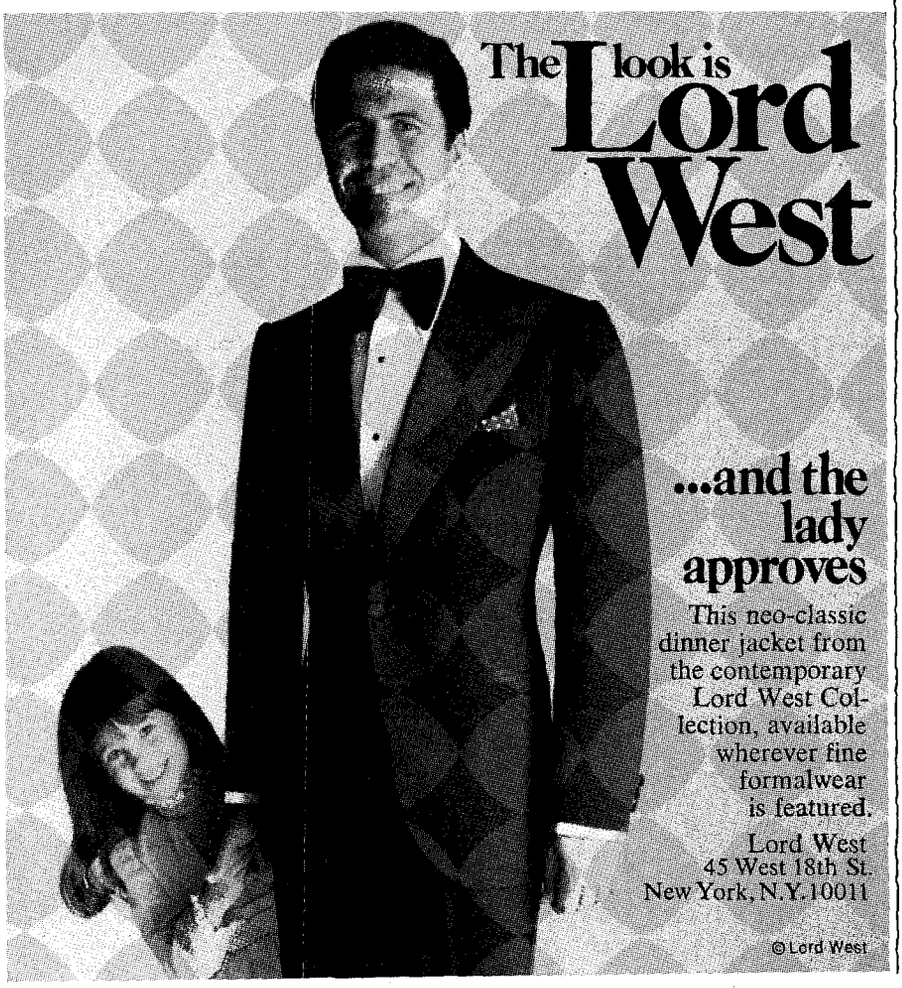

have ambled round by way of the Bering Strait. Oldish genera of worms are found on both sides of the South Atlantic, younger ones on only one side. Australian mammals were also instructive. Neither marsupials nor their fossils are found in Asia, though they or their fossils occur on all the other continents except Africa—and marsupials could not migrate between Australia and the rest of the continents, as they are arranged today, without passing through Asia. Marsupials haven't yet got from Australia to the nearby islands of Java and Sumatra, and Asian rodents and bats began to invade Australia only in the last few million years. But there are marsupials in South America, though Rio de Janeiro is as far from Australia as from the North Pole, and some of the marsupials on the two continents have some of the same parasites. Wegener concluded that there was only one, jumbo continent in the Paleozoic era, and, from the dates of his evidence, that it began to break up during the Mesozoic era into the present continents. Antarctica, Australia, India, Africa, and South America, like the wedges of a pie, had had a common center near South Africa, which was at the South Pole. The separating continents barged their way through the ocean floor like ships in pack ice; at their bows were earthquakes and young, growing mountains, and in their wakes new ocean floor was formed. In fact, the Pacific, on which the drifting continents hypothetically encroached, is today ringed by earthquakes, volcanoes, and new mountain ranges.

Wegener candidly admitted that his evidence was circumstantial; he did not know what force moved the continents, and his few suggestions were flimsy. And though he believed he had proved that the act had been, and was still, going on, there were experts who contested most of his evidence. For that matter, no one has yet shown that the evidence, and more like it that has been added since, exclusively supports continental drift; it can be interpreted in other ways. It applies to percentages of species and strata—large numbers but not, apparently, majorities. Someone with doubtful motives suggested that someday a fossil might be found one half in Brazil, one half in Africa. The similar coastlines were called coincidence—if a continent did move, its coastline would be distorted, surely—and it was said that western Australia makes a nice match with eastern North America, geographically and geologically. Many geologists found Wegener

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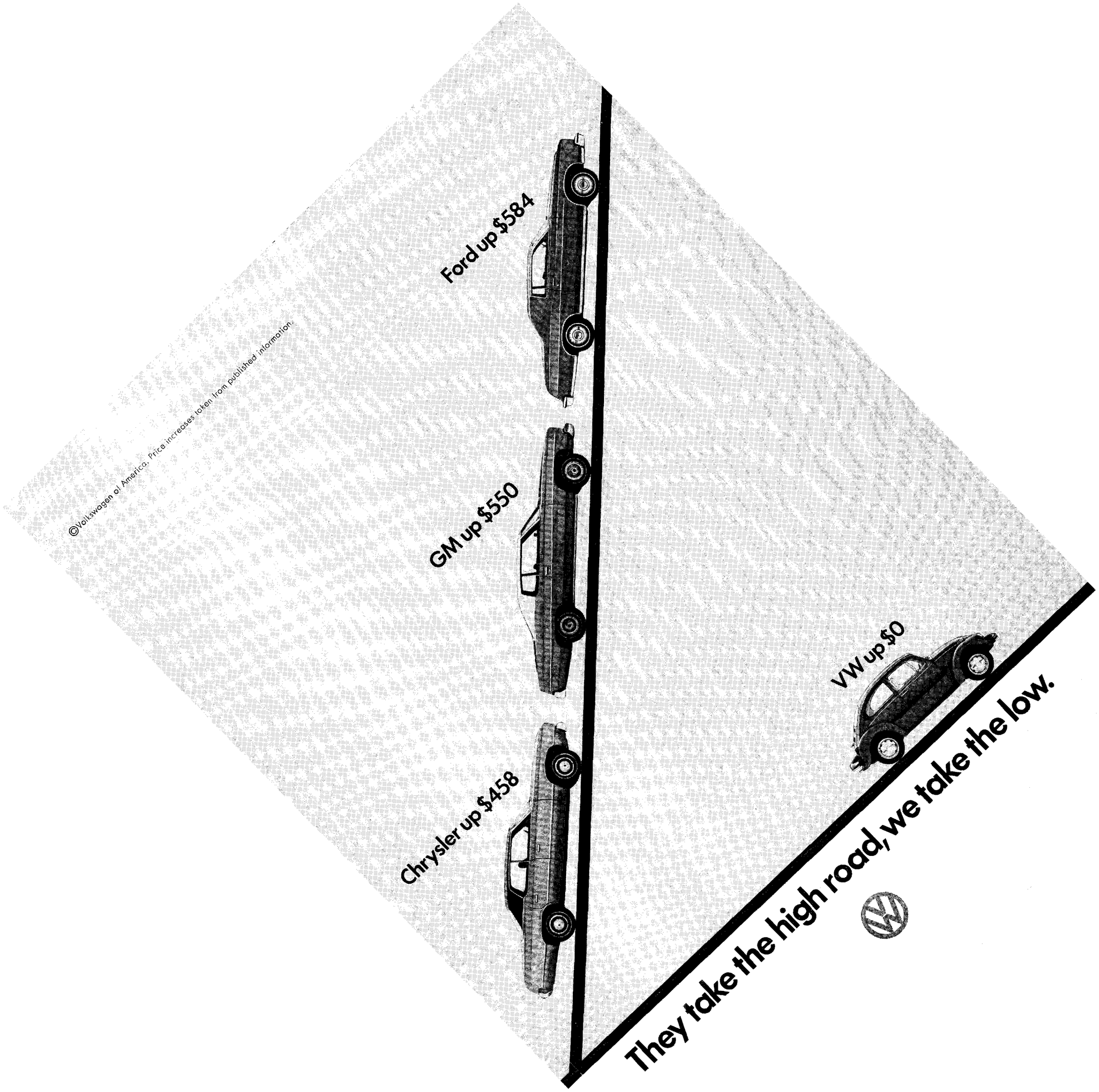

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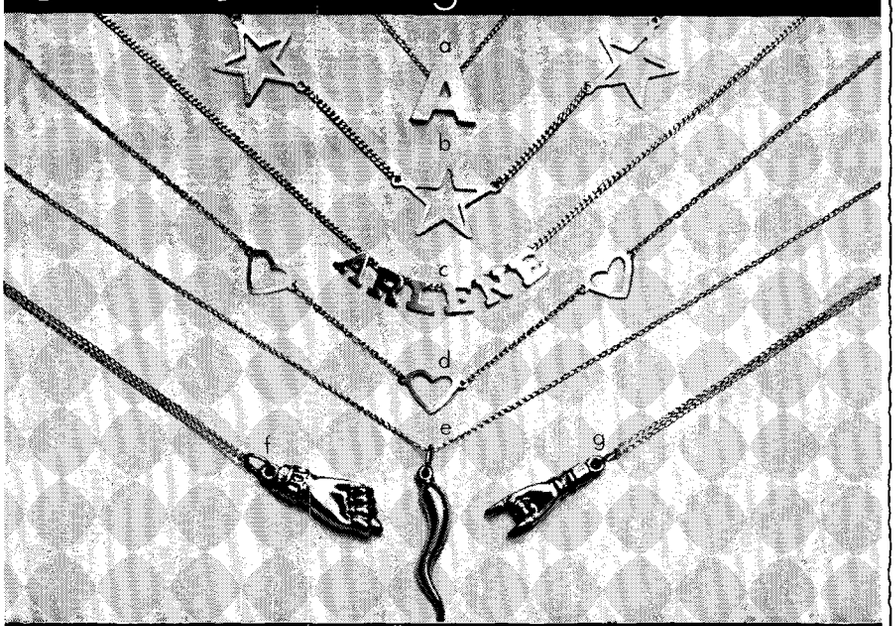

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annoying—not worth discussing but necessary to discuss, nonetheless, because he developed a following among laymen and Southern Hemisphere geologists. "Contrary to all available physical and geological evidence," the geologist Walter Bucher wrote of Wegener, "he blandly postulated that the basalt of the oceans is so weak that it cannot resist deformation even under the action of almost infinitesimal forces . . . a masterpiece of special pleading." The eminent geophysicist Sir Harold Jeffreys did not even bother to invent his own refutation. In his monumental volume "The Earth" (whose latest edition an irreverent colleague reviewed under the heading "An Earth"), Jeffreys announced, "We may apply to the theory the words used by Dutton about the thermal contraction theory. It is qualitatively and quantitatively inapplicable. It is a theory which explains nothing which we wish to explain." During the forties and fifties, Bruce Heezen has said, a young geologist who wanted to get or to keep an academic job in this country could not support continental drift cautiously enough. The late crystallographer Sir Lawrence Bragg once said that his showing of a paper of Wegener's to a well-known geologist afforded the only occasion on which he had ever seen a man actually foam at the mouth. A wise man might have found the reaction to Wegener a reason for believing him, though Wegener really was wrong in many respects. "Altogether, the polemics on continental drift are a sobering antidote to human self-confidence," a geologist reflected recently. "Practically all the arguments against it and many for it now appear to have been fallacious." Ideas are currency in science, but they are paper money, worthless without good coin to back them up; even quacks may have the right idea for the wrong reason, but making an idea seem indispensable instead of expendable requires some genius.

WHEN an international oceanographic congress convened in New York City in 1959, a number of the best minds in marine geology were there, including J. Tuzo Wilson, who was then at the University of Toronto and is now director of the Ontario Science Center, one of the most creative men in geology; Sir Edward Bullard, of Cambridge University, who had done pioneering work at sea and on the theory of the earth's magnetism; the late Harry H. Hess, of Princeton, one of geology's global thinkers; Henry Menard, of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, who al-

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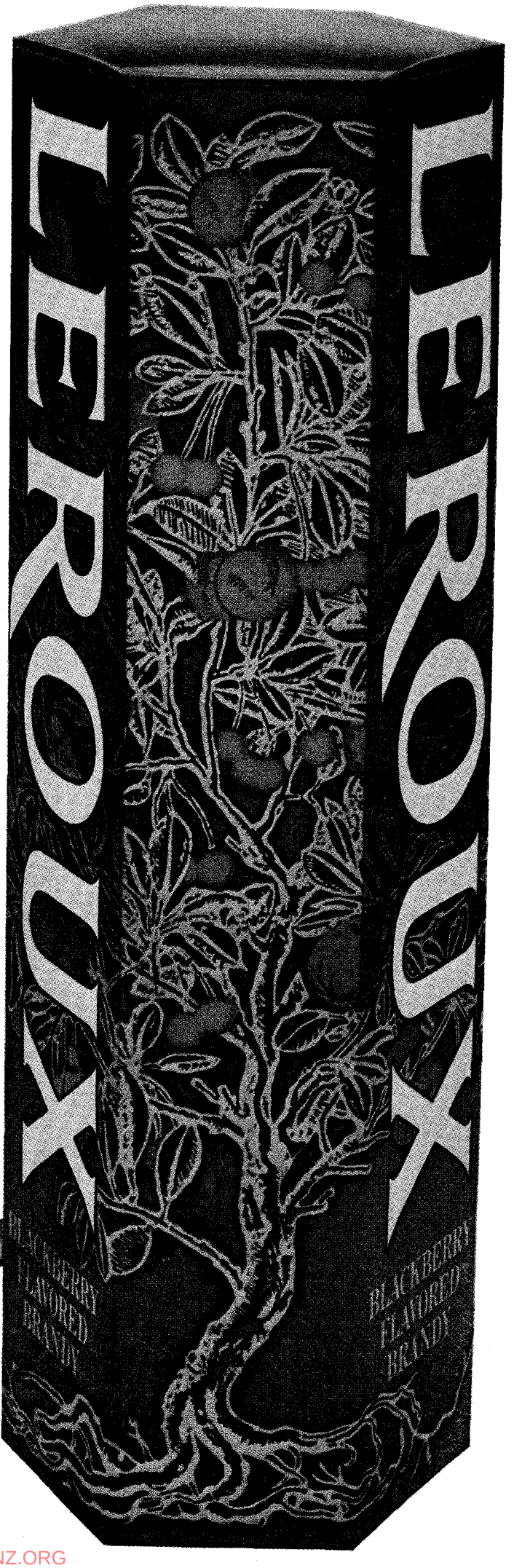

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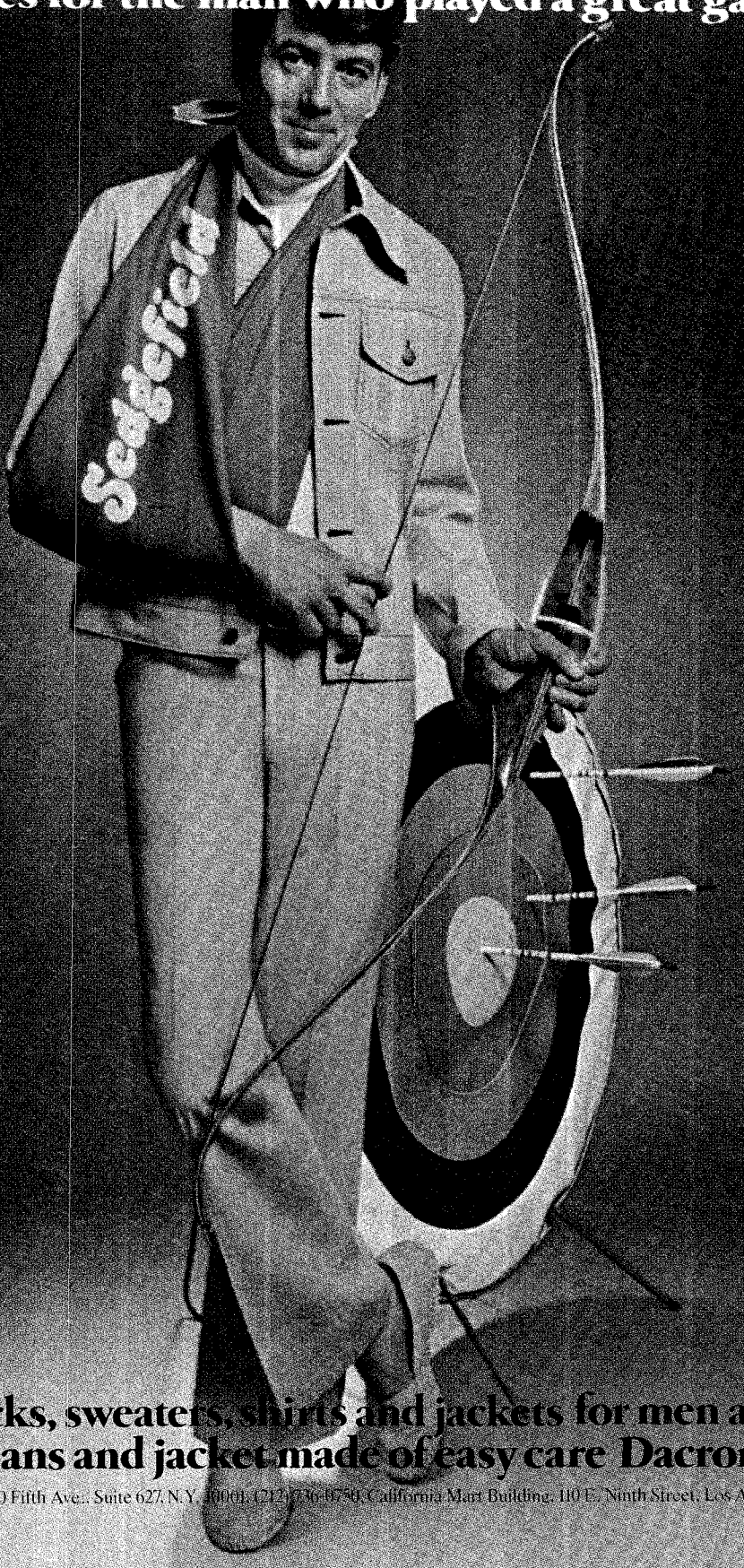

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most single-handedly was discovering and explaining the seafloor geography of the Pacific; Robert Dietz, who was then a Navy oceanographer and is now with the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, an inventive student of both land and ocean geology; and Ewing and Heezen. Most of them believed that the Mid-Ocean Ridge must be the source of some sort of wholesale motion of the earth's crust, like continental drift. What form of motion was quite unknown—except that it was not Wegener's—and was the subject of the liveliest curiosity. So tentative that it got no more than passing mention in the papers delivered, the question was discussed in the halls. Too much was known about the ocean floor—this, indeed, was one reason for having a congress—for geologists still to be able to imagine almost anything they wanted on the bottom, as they once had. The Mid-Atlantic Ridge, for example, was not a heap of detritus that the continents left behind when they parted, as Wegener had asserted. And the continents were not plowing through the seafloor like icebreakers, with brand-new seafloor forming in their wakes. The Mid-Ocean Ridge was emphatically the youngest part of the ocean floor, and was still active. Besides, Ewing remarked, "they can't move their continents through our ocean floor without leaving marks." Bruce Heezen and J. Tuzo Wilson had spoken of an expanding earth, in which the growing Ridge and the separating continents were results of the growth of the earth's surface as a whole. Ewing, Sir Edward Bullard, and Harry Hess thought that thermal-convection cells in the earth's mantle (the layer under the crust) were making the ocean widen at the Mid-Ocean Ridge—specifically, at the rift valley—while an equal amount of crustal shortening and destruction occurred elsewhere. Henry Menard preferred a similar but more limited process, which did not displace continents. In 1956, in their first paper describing a worldwide ridge, Ewing and Heezen had written, "It must be borne in mind that the rift zone may be the primary feature of the combination, and the ridge simply a consequence of the rift." In a later paper, Heezen and Ewing said that the history of the rift's development was contained within its length. The first stage is the African rift valleys, which are ten to fifty miles wide. The next stage is the Gulf of Sinai. (A continuous rift zone runs through all these areas.) Then the Red Sea. Later the Norwegian Sea. Finally, the Atlantic Ocean. "In the Jurassic

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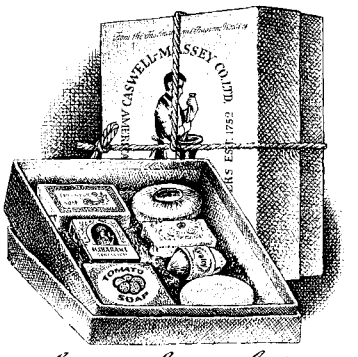

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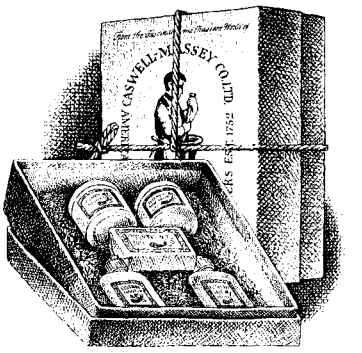

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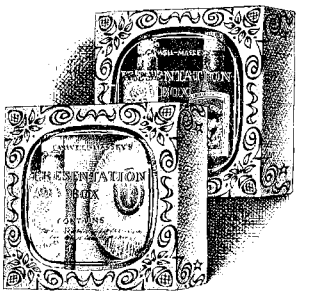

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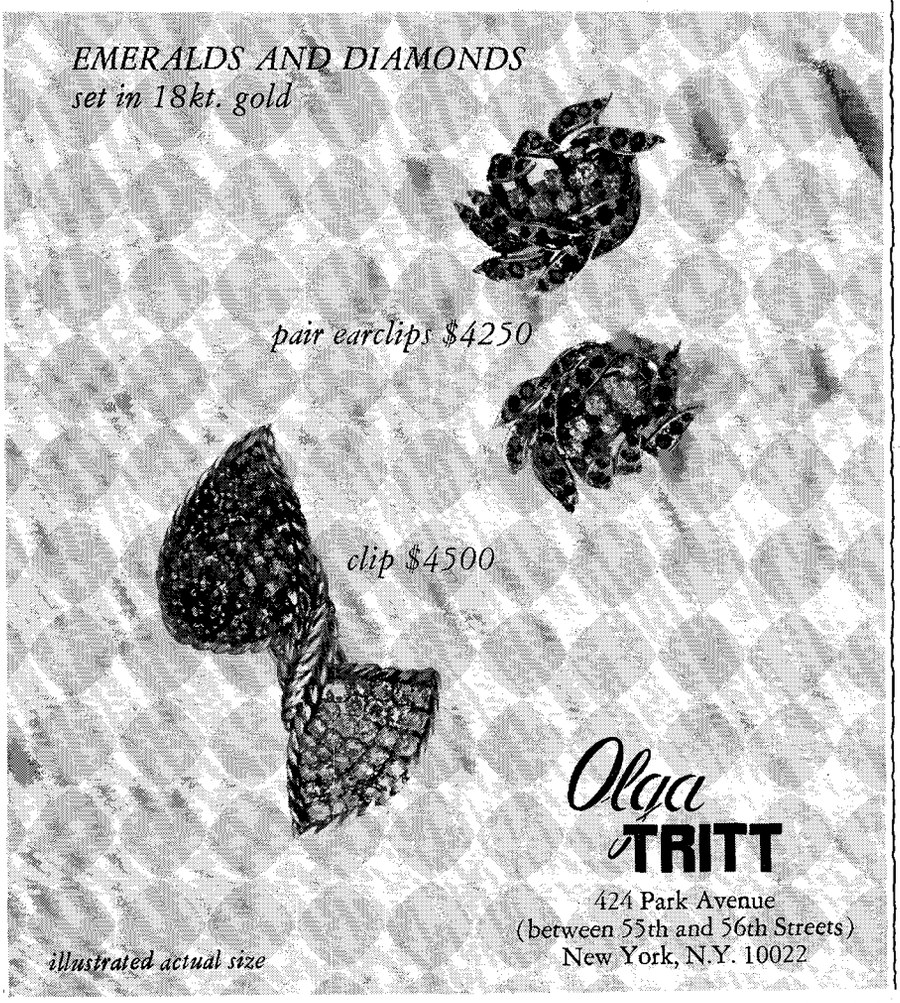

period, a hundred and sixty million years ago, the Atlantic looked like the Red Sea," Heezen has remarked. "By the Cretaceous, it looked like the Gulf of Aden—wider, the ridge getting buried in sediment. At the end of the Cretaceous, sixty-five million years ago, it was as wide as the Norwegian Sea." While some geologists believed that the Mid-Atlantic Ridge and the other familiar sections of the Mid-Ocean Ridge were just another mountain range, like the Andes (indeed, some geologists did not yet believe that there was an oceanic crust thinner than the crust of the continents, though Ewing and a colleague, Frank Press, had demonstrated in 1949 that there was), there was plenty of contrary evidence, accumulated on cruises of Lamont's ship Vema. John and Maurice Ewing wrote a paper about the composition of the Ridge. "Johnny and I were able to say the Ridge is not at all like mountains on the continents—which are belts of folded sediment," Ewing said later. "Beneath a thin layer of basalt, the Ridge is composed of rock about halfway between basalt and mantle rock—something found nowhere else." The evidence was unpalatable to many. Marshalling all the evidence, Heezen and Ewing wrote a paper that lacked their earlier diffidence. "We wrote that paper just to get everyone off our backs," says Heezen. "And it did. They just forgot about us."

After the oceanographic congress, Harry Hess and Robert Dietz wrote papers describing a variation of continental drift that was in accord with everyone's new information about the seafloor. It was a daring variation at a time when moving continents were considered improbable, because instead of modifying Wegener they upped his ante. Hess called his paper an "essay in geopoetry," suggesting a good deal of uncertainty; Dietz named the process "the spreading seafloor." Hess and Dietz's continents, unlike Wegener's, moved passively with the seafloor instead of through it—the entire seafloor was conceived as being in motion—and it was convection in the mantle that moved the crust about. According to them, the seafloor spread away from both sides of the rift valley, where new oceanic crust was formed from the rising magma of the convection currents; the convection currents descended at mountain ranges and at oceanic trenches (which are the deepest places in the oceans), and the oceanic crust riding atop them was destroyed, making room for what was manufactured at the Ridge. This mutation of the theory was generally ac-

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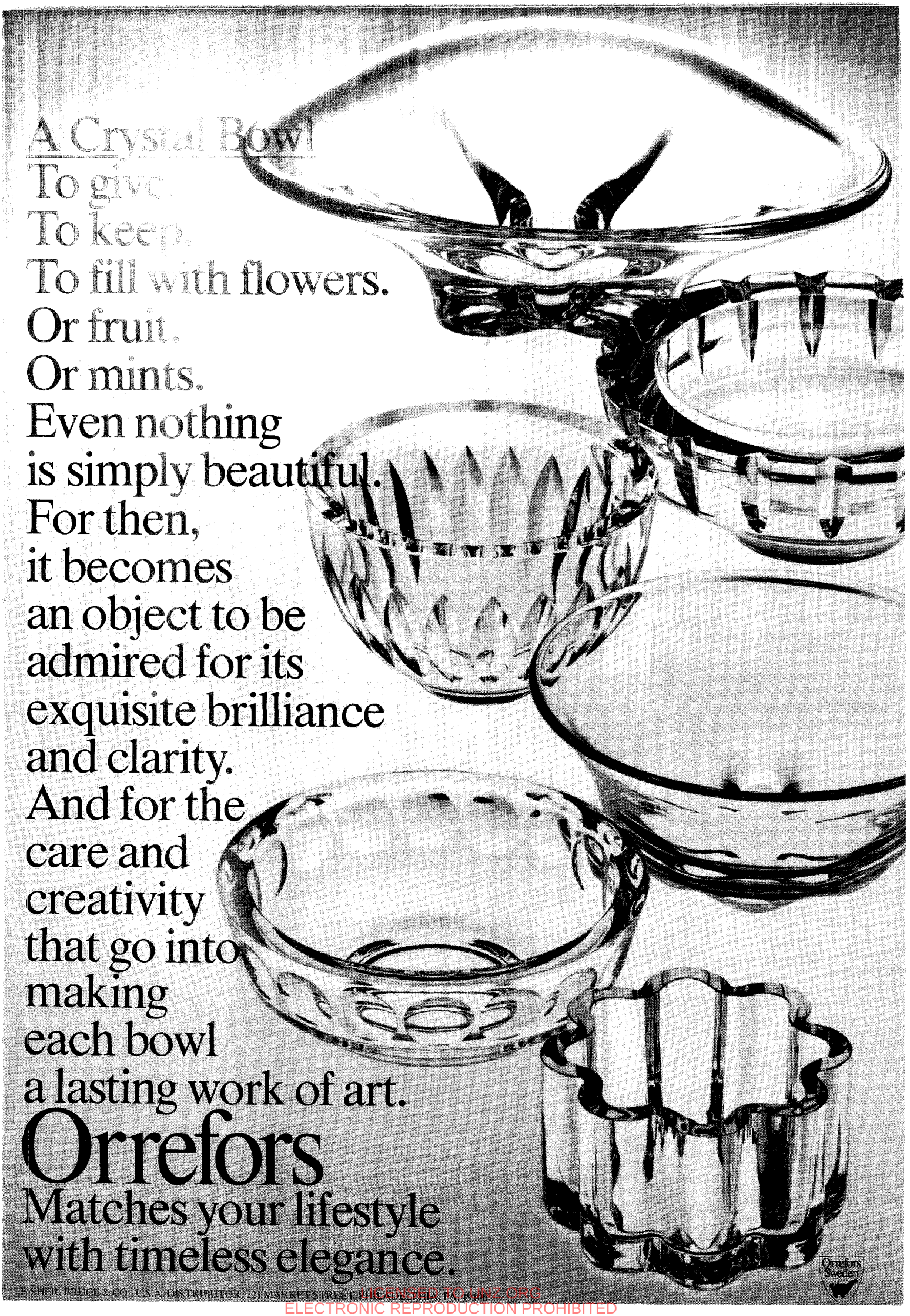

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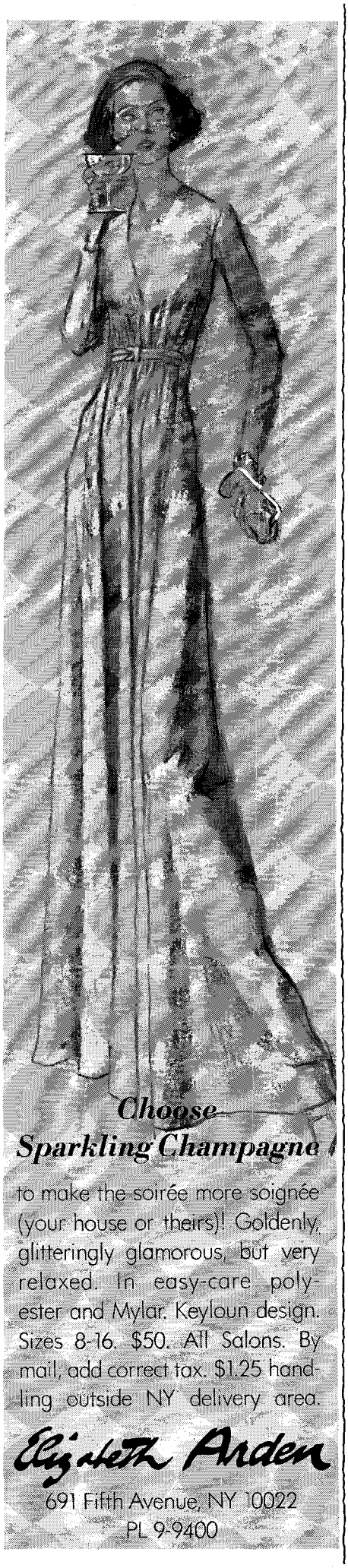

cepted as the form in which continental drift was to be proved or disproved. It differed from Wegener's not only conceptually but in its incorporation of the oceanic crust and the Mid-Ocean Ridge. Curiously, the Ridge itself became one of the chief causes of skepticism. It was easy to see how the Atlantic could widen. But with a worldwide ridge it was difficult to see how there could be widening everywhere—east-west here, north-south there, other directions in between. In the North Pacific, the Ridge is right next to California but eight thousand miles from Asia. Africa and Antarctica are encircled by the Ridge; with no intervening trenches or mountain ranges, they should be getting smaller to accommodate seafloor spreading. To resolve such dilemmas, Bruce Heezen championed the idea that the earth is expanding. He maintained in the fifties and sixties that while the growth of the Mid-Ocean Ridge is fairly straightforward and well documented, it is not possible to find a compensating reduction of the crust—about thirty-five cubic miles a year. Others have picked up the idea from time to time, and there are venerable quantum equations that permit an expanding earth. The fatal flaw in the idea is that it requires expansion more or less since the earth's formation, while the Mid-Ocean Ridge and the ocean basins are demonstrably very young. In the early sixties, however, there was room for considerable uncertainty. Indeed, papers suggesting global expansion continue to be published.

"There was a kind of marvellous tension for several years," says a scientist at Lamont, "knowing the ocean must be very young, knowing the Ridge was there cooking. You had a feeling every time you went to sea that there were secrets there and we were very close to the answers, and that this cruise might sail right over one." It was so simple to say that magma rises out of the earth at the rift valley and the seafloor spreads away—carrying the continents along—and later disappears into the trenches. But the ocean floor did not look simple—not even, and perhaps especially not, the Ridge itself. The closer researchers at Lamont and elsewhere looked, the more complicated the entire ocean floor began to appear; and in a few years the simple pattern of convection and seafloor spreading had come to seem hopelessly naïve. Vema and Conrad, another of Lamont's ships, began crossing the Indian and Pacific Oceans on world voyages, and soon Lamont researchers were writing with as much familiarity about the Coral Sea as about the Caribbean. During her first round-the-world cruise, in 1960, Vema found the Mid-Ocean Ridge "magnificently there" (as Bruce Heezen exclaimed afterward) on a dozen crossings of the Indian Ocean off Africa and below Australia—remote areas, scarcely touched by research ships, or by any ships at all. By not concentrating his voyages on specific areas, as other people did, Ewing developed a comprehensive view of the world and acquired information about undescribed areas that made them become interesting.

In the nineteen-thirties and forties, Ewing had explored the ocean floor with seismic-reflection measurements—exploding TNT at the surface and timing the return of the echoes—but the measurements were difficult to record and process and were made only intermittently. In 1960, John Ewing developed the seismic-reflection profiler, which automatically converts echoes into a continuous tracing of strata beneath the seafloor. With it, Lamont began to see for the first time the disposition of ancient layers within the ocean-bottom sediments—ocean floors of past ages—and the shape of the crust beneath all the sediments. The layers and the crust could be followed and mapped with the profiler just as the present ocean floors are followed and mapped with echo sounders. The layers in the sediment have now been traced through both the Atlantic and the Pacific. They look like buried plains, completely flat and of enormous extent. To Ewing, the flatness of the old layers was a strong argument that they had not been disturbed since they were formed—and how could the thin ocean crust have been shoved hundreds of miles by seafloor spreading without the sediments' being in the least rumpled in the process? (This remains one of the mysteries, or miracles, of seafloor spreading.) The profiler also shows that there are even more buried layers, just as flat, at the bottom of trenches; and here, according to the advocates of continental drift, an irresistible force was meeting an immovable object. Such findings did not win new supporters for seafloor spreading.

The Ridge, too, became more complex. In 1962, ships from Lamont and the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution found the Mid-Atlantic Ridge to be offset near the equator by as much as several hundred miles along fracture zones, or faults. Huge fracture zones had been mapped in the Pacific

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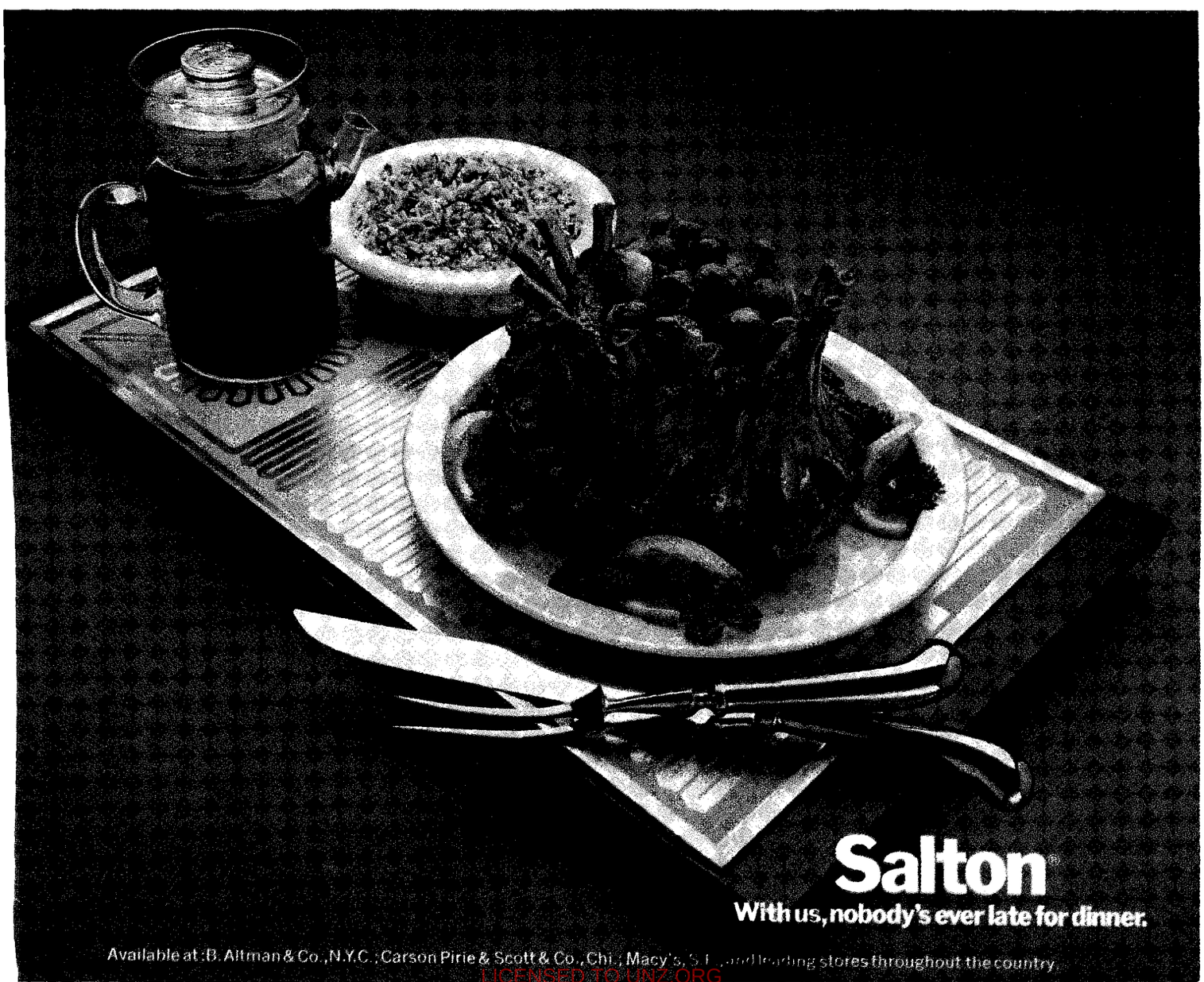

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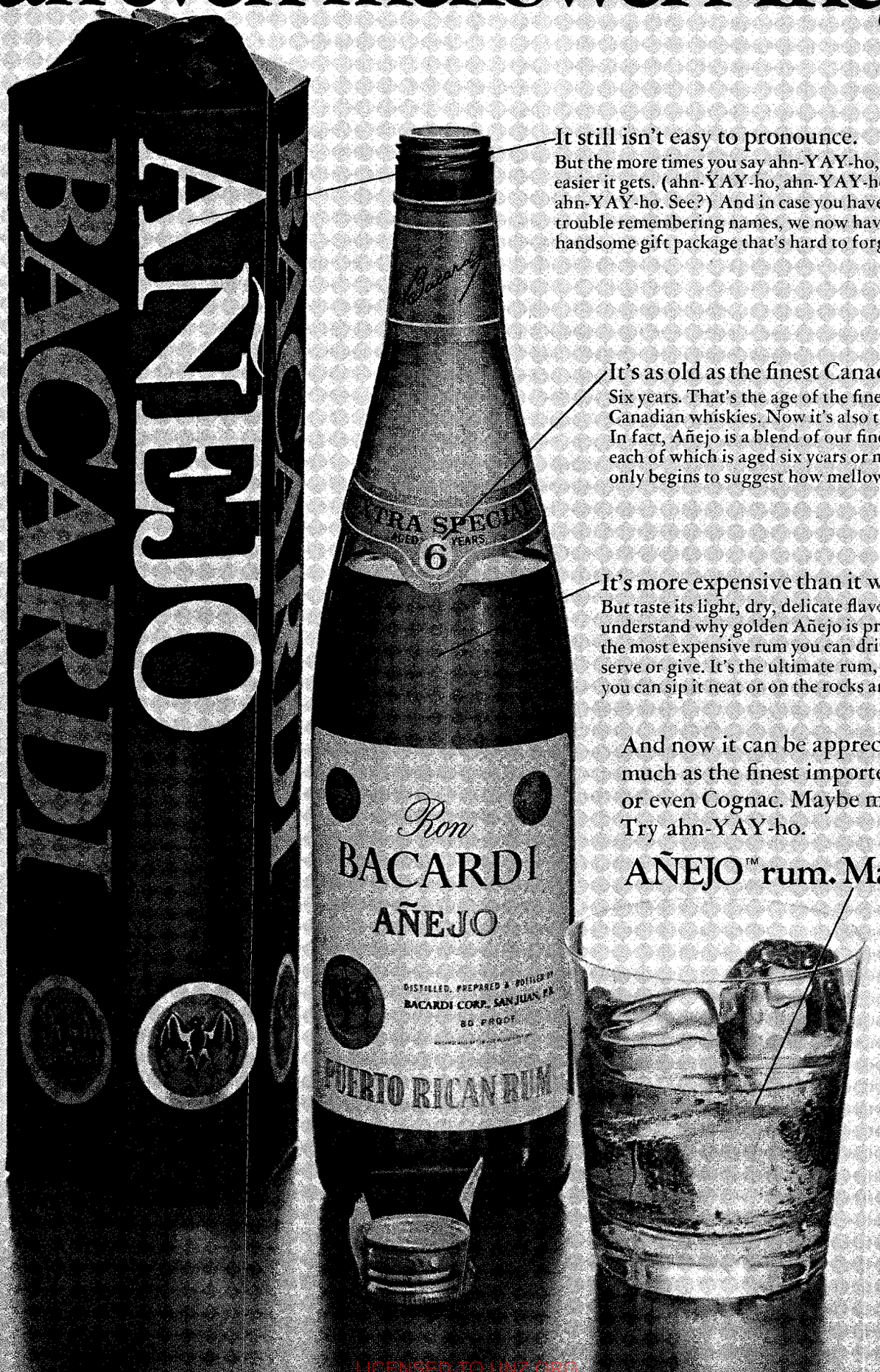

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through the late fifties by Henry Menard, at Scripps. But no one had known that they were a characteristic of the Mid-Ocean Ridge. The new discovery, Heezen and Ewing wrote in 1962, "is a fact of certain but unknown significance." It was soon clear that the Ridge did not wind its way through the oceans sinuously like a snake but zigzagged like stairs; between the fracture zones that offset it sidewise, the Ridge was straight. It was soon clear also that, as with a stairway, the direction of the whole was not always the direction of the parts. There was confusion in many geological camps. What if the segments of the Ridge were so oriented, say, between Australia and Antarctica that they could never have separated those two continents? With vast lengths of Ridge virtually unseen, and offset by unknown numbers of fractures, exploration turned briefly, as it had several times before, to the study of earthquakes. And, by coincidence, there now existed new computers and a new worldwide network of seismograph stations, built to spot nuclear tests (and modelled after one established by Ewing and his colleague Frank Press in the late fifties to study earthquake waves), that could locate earthquakes precisely enough to reveal a few of the steps and offsets in the Ridge.

THE magnetic field of the earth has only recently been extensively used to study it, though interesting things like ore deposits have been discovered through local variations in intensity, either high or low, that they cause in the field. "We've been the main pusher of magnetics at sea," Ewing said early this year. "Magnetometers were developed for the Second World War. We used to talk then about the fun we were going to have afterward, taking all these instruments that were being developed and doing science with them." Ewing began towing magnetometers behind ships in 1948, getting continuous measurements of the field and finding local variations, or anomalies; since then, every Lamont cruise has towed one, because Ewing insisted on it, even through years of apparently fruitless effort. In 1952, Ronald G. Mason, of Scripps, borrowed Lamont's magnetometer and towed it in the Pacific, and later he built one of his own. The Mid-Ocean Ridge is volcanic and therefore highly magnetic, and Lamont found an obvious magnetic high over the rift valley; but, except for that one, it was unclear for years what was causing the local variations that the magnetometer was responding to. Enthusiasm for making magnetic meas-

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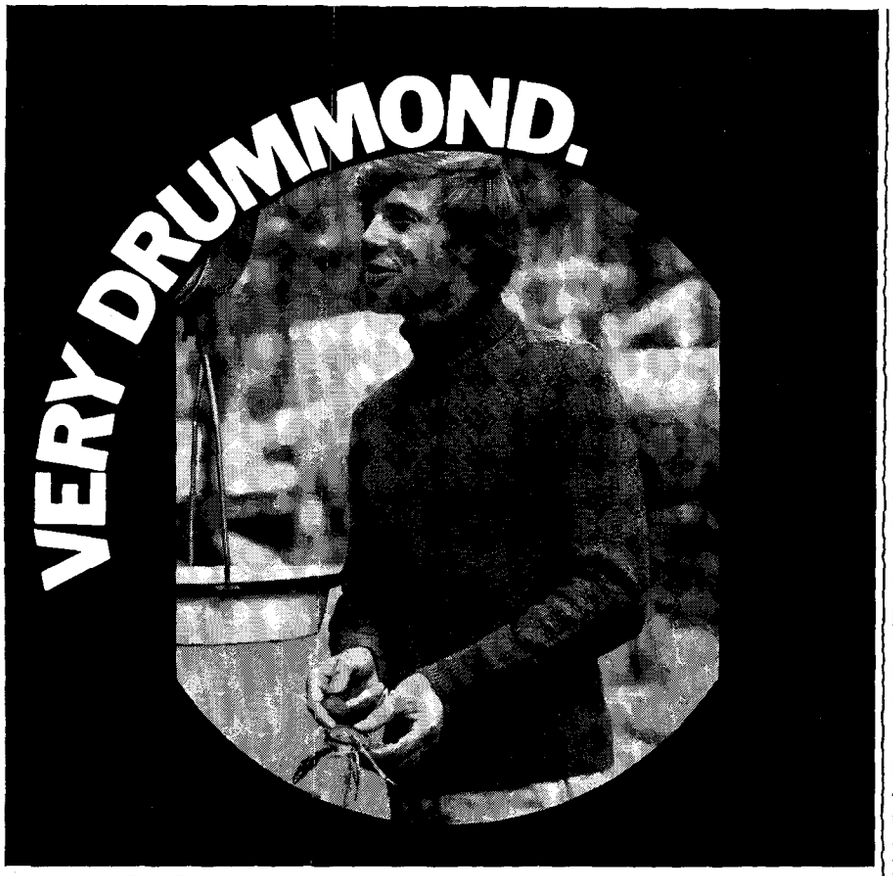

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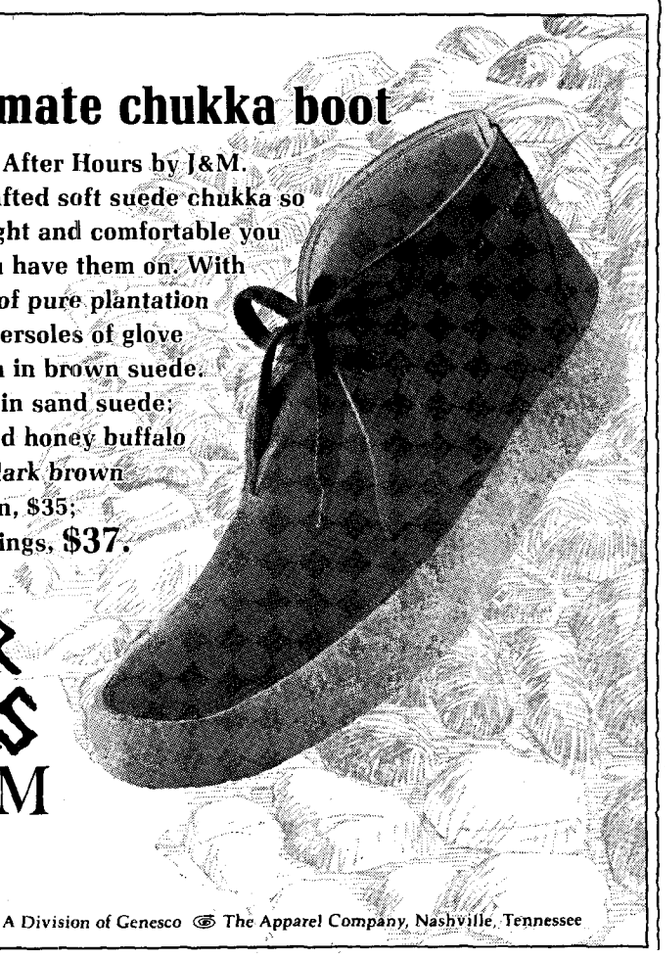

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urements at sea waned so much at Scripps that in 1955 the opportunity of letting a government ship tow their magnetometer was nearly ignored. The ship was making a detailed topographical survey—steaming courses five miles apart—of a two-hundred-by-fourteen-hundred-mile area between San Diego and British Columbia. When Mason plotted the data that the magnetometer had registered, he had a startling pattern, unlike anything seen before—stripes of high magnetic intensity alternating with stripes of low intensity. As the ship continued on its monotonous way, the pattern filled the entire quarter-million square miles it surveyed. The pattern stimulated the liveliest interest and speculation. Electric currents in the crustal rock were proposed to explain the anomaly pattern, but were themselves in need of even more explanation. No physical connection between the anomalies and the Mid-Ocean Ridge (between Oregon and Baja California, the Ridge appeared to have vanished underneath the continent) was seen for several years. "If they hadn't been messed up with the continent," Ewing later said of the magnetic anomalies off California, "they would have been understood immediately."

The magnetism of the earth has been described but not explained; experts complain that it is the planet's most described and least understood property. William Gilbert, physician to the first Queen Elizabeth, showed that the earth's field behaves like a simple bar magnet, or dipole. He carved a magnet into a sphere, observed the field on its surface with iron filings, and found it similar to the earth's. This is still as good an elementary description as any. For several centuries, it was assumed that the earth is a permanent magnet, but it is not. Rocks and metals that are permanent magnets lose their magnetism when they are heated beyond a certain temperature, called a Curie point. The earth is both hot and liquid inside—an embarrassing discovery, made around 1900, that left the magnetic field apparently existing for no reason. The best bet today is that the field is produced by some sort of fluid dynamics in the core—which the magnetohydrodynamicists will hit upon eventually. Mars has no core and no field; neither has the moon. When lava cools below its Curie point, the ferrous particles in it align themselves with any magnetic field present—the earth's, in the absence of anything stronger—and thereafter are a sort of fossil of that field at that time. Measuring a fossil field is an exceedingly

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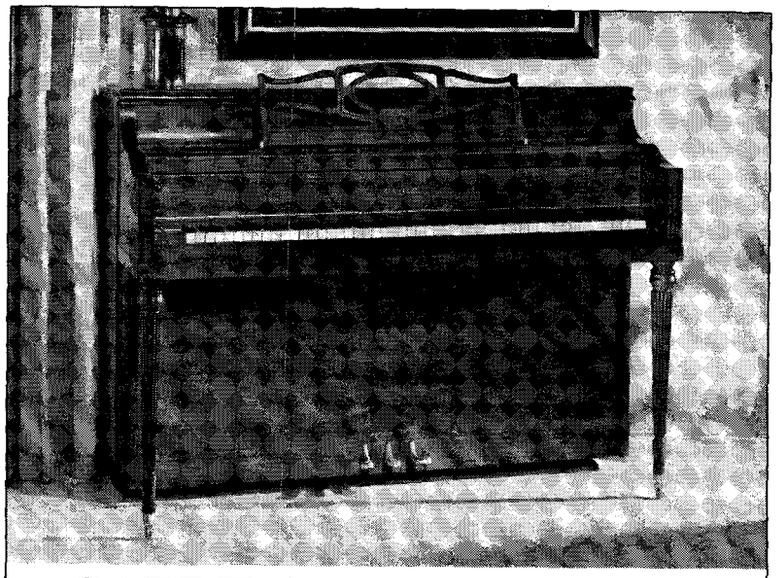

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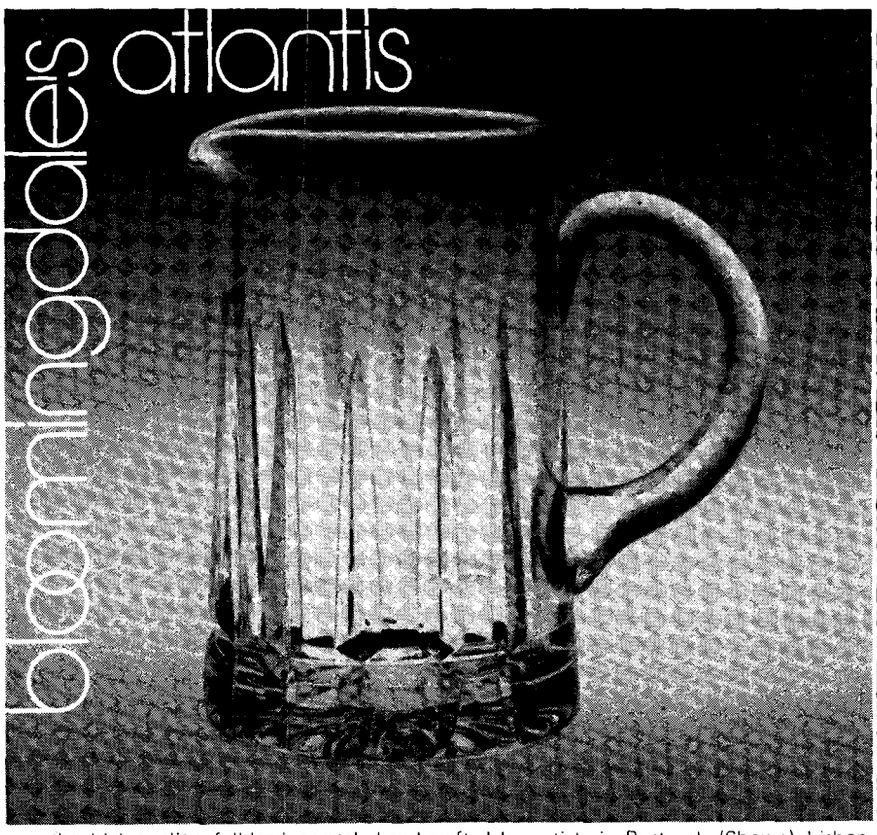

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delicate operation, which was not often performed before the fifties, but when it was done it revealed that there had been significant changes in the field. An English group found that the relation of the North Pole to India had changed progressively by twenty-five hundred miles since the Jurassic period, a hundred and fifty million years ago, either because the Pole moved or because India moved, or both (or, according to Sir Harold Jeffreys, because the rock samples were affected by being broken off with a hammer). By 1955, a group of researchers at Cambridge University had developed, with a huge quantity of rocks from all over Europe and covering a span of hundreds of millions of years, a consistent magnetic history of the continent that was hard to argue against. S. K. Runcorn, the leader of the group, wrote, "Appreciable polar wandering seems indicated. There does not as yet seem to be a need to invoke appreciable amounts of continental drift to explain the paleomagnetic results so far obtained." Two years later, however, he did invoke continental drift, to explain why North American lavas record a different path of polar wandering from the European.

Even more bizarre than a planet with wandering poles is a planet with reversing poles. Seven hundred thousand years ago, and—with the exception of a few relatively brief intervals—for more than a million and a half years before that, the north magnetic pole was in Antarctica; it will eventually return there, creating navigational difficulties. In accordance with the general mystery of the magnetic field, why it makes the excursions it does has not been revealed to magneticians, though it leaves plentiful signs of its passage. Reversely magnetized rocks—that is, rocks whose magnetic polarity is the opposite of the polarity that the earth's field has—were discovered in India in 1855, in France in 1906, and in Japan in 1929; by the nineteen-fifties, it was becoming clear that at least a large minority of magnetized rocks were reversely magnetized. One way such rocks could be created is by the polarity of the earth's field itself having been reversed at the time they became magnetized. Rather than suppose that the earth's field might reverse itself, some researchers suggested that the rocks were self-reversing; several theoretical models were offered, and several self-reversing rocks were discovered and made to reverse. However, in the early sixties three researchers, Allan Cox, Richard R. Doell, and G. Brent Dalrymple, of

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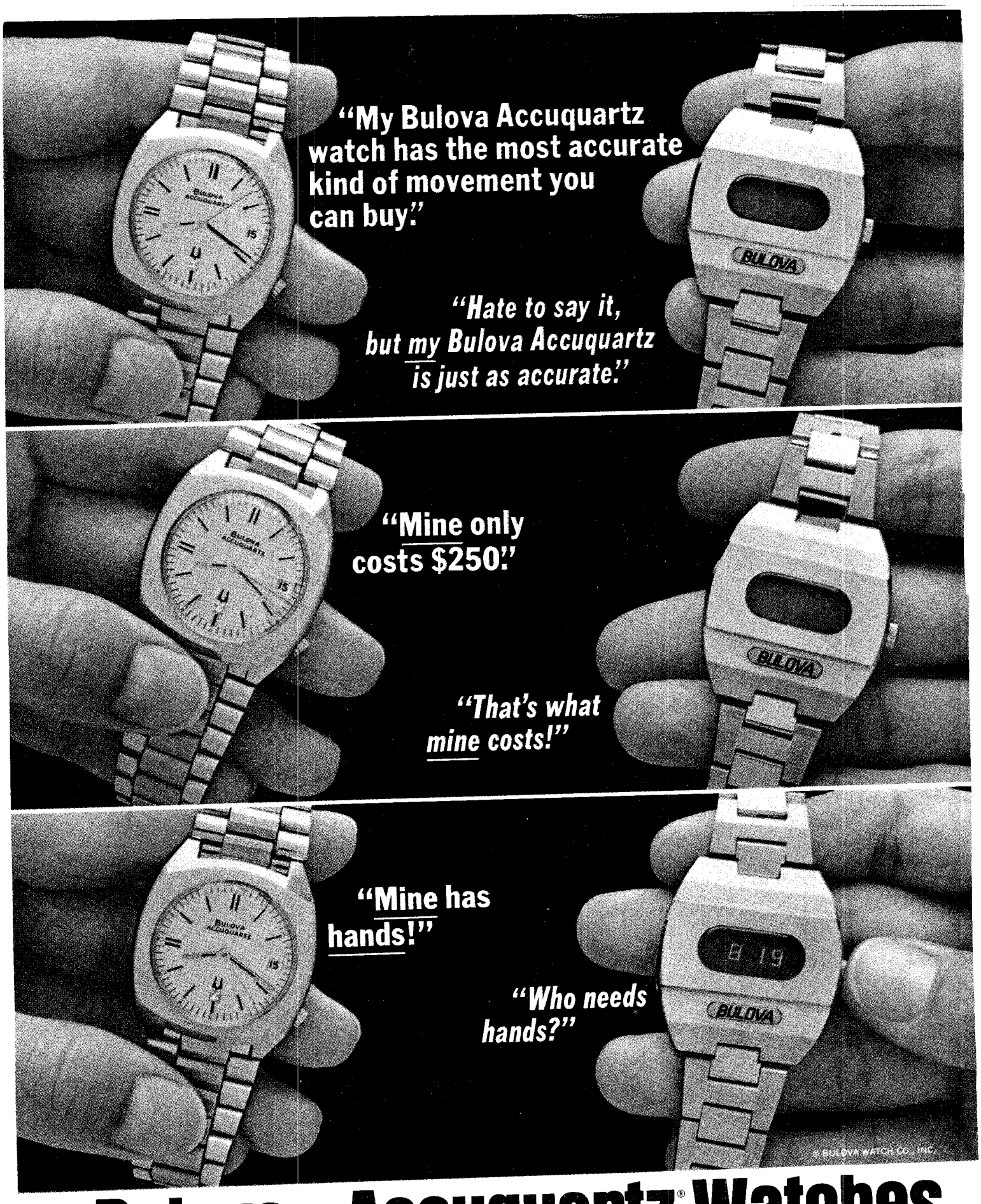

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the United States Geological Survey, reported on large numbers of sample rocks from places all over the world which embodied the same sequence of nine reversals at the same times (from radioactive dating) during the last three and a half million years. At one time, all fresh lava flows had been reversely magnetized everywhere; at another time, all had been normally magnetized. Sediment heated by the lava had the same polarity as the lava. Such a regular, worldwide, repetitive pattern could not be coincidence. Today, most scientists agree that the field reverses from time to time, though an occasional rock may perform the service for itself. Cox and his associates wrote, "The idea that the earth's magnetic field reverses at first seems so preposterous that one immediately suspects a violation of some basic law of physics, and most investigators working on reversals have sometimes wondered if the reversals are really compatible with the physical theory of magnetism." Neil Opdyke, a paleomagnetician at Lamont, recalls that in the sixties he and his colleagues often endured being called paleomagicians. One gets a history of reversals by drilling down through accumulated lava beds. Chronologies have been constructed and are still being extended; detail keeps being added. The poles have switched position with some regularity for nearly a billion years—the present extent of the evidence. The field was almost continuously the same for some fifty million years during the Permian period, when the first reptiles were appearing, and again during the Cretaceous, when the dinosaurs were disappearing. More recently, however, reversals have been relatively frequent. There appear to have been intervals of reversal frequency (and also of predominantly reversed or predominantly normal polarity) lasting several hundred million years. Although the present state of affairs is understandably called normal, reversed intervals have accounted for an equal part of the world's history. By and large nowadays, the field stays the same for about a million years, an interval that the paleomagneticians call an epoch; but the epochs may be punctuated by shorter intervals of opposite polarity, called events, which last only tens of thousands of years. ("Periods," such as Permian and Cretaceous, are part of the traditional geological nomenclature, developed from the study of fossil groups, whereas the terms "epoch" and "event" have been applied particularly to magnetic intervals.) At present, we are in an epoch that has lasted nearly seven hundred

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thousand years and is called the Brunhes, after an early finder of reversed rocks. The preceding epoch, the Matuyama reversed, lasted a million and three quarters; before that, there were the Gauss normal and the Gilbert reversed, each lasting about a million years. In the mid-sixties, when the known history of reversals extended back only about three and a half million years, just two events had been discovered—the Olduvai normal event, near the beginning of the Matuyama epoch, and the Mammoth reversed event, in the Gauss epoch. There were seven reversals in the entire chronology.

In the fifties and early sixties, attempts at Lamont to show polar wandering or continental drift with lava samples from the ocean (from seamounts) proved inconclusive. But research ships each year produced tens of thousands of miles of magnetic profile of the ocean floor, and there clearly were large variations in magnetism across the Mid-Ocean Ridge in the North Atlantic and Indian Oceans. What caused the variations, however, was not clear. They reflected topography—any sort of volcanic feature meant a magnetic variation—but they reflected more: a seamount, for instance, produced a strong anomaly, but the anomaly might be positive and it might be negative. There was a whopping anomaly at the crest of the Ridge, from which the ups and downs gradually subsided toward the flanks.

In 1963, a few months after Cox and his colleagues published the first of their overwhelming evidence for field reversals (but before there was any clear calendar of them), F. J. Vine and D. H. Matthews, of Cambridge University, proposed that the magnetic anomalies of the Mid-Ocean Ridge were caused by a combination of reversals of the earth's field and seafloor spreading. If seafloor spreading occurred, strips of molten lava rising from the Ridge would cool at the crest, be magnetized according to the polarity of the earth's field at that time, and then be split and pushed to either side of the Ridge by fresh lava rising from below. If the field reversed itself, the lava that rose afterward would have the reversed polarity. As the process was repeated over the course of time, the result would be alternate strips of normal and reversely magnetized seafloor on either side of the Ridge. Vine and Matthews wrote, in *Nature*, "If spreading of the ocean floor occurs, blocks of alternately normal and reversely magnetized material would drift away from the centre of the ridge and parallel to the crest of

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it." Dietz had described "strips of juvenile seafloor" forming at the Ridge, and these, differently magnetized, would create a magnetic pattern like the magnetic stripes found in the Pacific off California. The seafloor would record reversals of the field as tree rings record wet years and dry years. This was a remarkable piece of imaginative thinking, but no one seemed to believe it might be true. Vine and Matthews had some magnetic profiles of the Ridge in the Indian Ocean, and by programming a computer with their theory they produced theoretical profiles that were fairly similar to the real ones. The demonstration was considered interesting but not good enough to be convincing. In the meantime, a United States Navy aeromagnetic survey, Project Magnet, made fifty crossings of the Reykjanes Ridge, the segment of the Mid-Ocean Ridge immediately south of Iceland, and Lamont obtained the data. When the crossings were correlated, they produced a pattern of parallel stripes, like those in the east Pacific; and one side of the Ridge was nearly the mirror image of the other, at least in the two-hundred-mile-square survey. This was in accord with Vine and Matthews' idea: if strips of magnetized seafloor were being created on the Ridge and then split and pushed to either side by new strips rising from below, the result should be that one side of the Ridge would be the mirror image, magnetically, of the other. No one had ever correlated profiles of the Ridge into a pattern before; if the east-Pacific pattern turned out to be characteristic of the Ridge, that would be a major discovery. Though the Navy had supplied better evidence for Vine and Matthews than they had supplied for themselves, detailed examinations in the next year or two made their idea seem less ravishing. The anomalies were symmetrical about the axis of the Ridge, but the one at the crest of the Ridge was apparently of quite a different breed from the ones farther away, though the anomalies of the Ridge flanks had been created at the crest if seafloor spreading occurred. No one was able to imagine a mechanism for turning crest anomalies into flank anomalies. There were also certain technical difficulties in producing any anomaly at all by seafloor spreading. Nonetheless, Vine and Matthews was the only hypothesis around, and other papers referred to it, if only in such (for scientists) savage terms as "dubious" and "untenable." A scientist at Lamont said recently, "The Vine and Matthews theory was interesting, but they hadn't the data to back it up." "Not many took it seriously here." Vine himself wrote, "At the time this concept was proposed, there was very little concrete evidence to support it, and in some ways it posed more problems than it solved." An ardent advocate of continental drift once dismissed an idea as "the biggest joke since Vine and Matthews."

SEAFLOOR spreading became an established fact, and not wishful thinking, in 1966, at Lamont. One ideal piece of evidence turned up there—not surprisingly, considering the hunger with which Ewing and Lamont gathered evidence—and once the pattern was seen in a single bit, it was quite visible in others, of which great quantities were soon brought out of Lamont's files. For a number of people, there was a period of almost unbearable excitement, lasting about two years and spreading to other geological establishments. Some people think it the most remarkable period in the history of geology. Today, young men speak like old war veterans, with the feeling of having lived through an era the like of which will not be seen again. By the end of 1968, a hypothesis called plate tectonics, which incorporated the ideas of seafloor spreading and continental drift with the mechanics of how they were accomplished, was accepted almost universally among those who had heard of it. By 1970, it had suffused and was reshaping traditional geology; the impetus for mountain building was accepted as coming from seafloor spreading, and geologists are now trying to read its history and consequences in the rocks of folded mountains of the West Coast, the East Coast, and the Mediterranean. Today, a paper on continental mountain building that took no note of plate tectonics would be surprising.

The mystery of the earth's surface began to unravel at Lamont during the winter of 1965-66. The scientists there were then agreed, with near unanimity, that something of great significance was happening on the ocean floors, and that it was not seafloor spreading. "Ewing found the oceanic crust, and that seemed to assure the permanence of the continents and oceans," says Xavier Le Pichon, who was one of the younger and more prolific men at Lamont, and who has since become chief geophysicist at the Centre Nationale pour Exploitation des Océans, in Brest. In press was a series of impressively researched articles, in-

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stigated by Le Pichon and signed by him and a number of other authors, on all aspects—magnetism, topography, gravity, temperature gradient—of the Mid-Ocean Ridge. All the articles concluded, after painstaking examination, that the evidence pointed away from seafloor spreading. "We are not geologists, and misinterpreted the evidence—particularly the profiler—often," says Le Pichon.

Ewing had been encouraging people to study magnetism, and late in 1965 some graduate students found magnetic-field reversals in sediment cores—long tubes of sediment from the ocean floor brought up in a device Ewing liked to call a cookie cutter. For many scientists, it was this discovery that established field reversal as fact, for sediments and lavas have almost nothing else in common. "There's a big literature of freak lavas, but when the cores confirmed, and extended, the reversal story we'd got from lavas, there was no further doubt as far as I was concerned," Ewing said later. "I had tried to get the cores studied for about ten years. First one man was on it; his conclusions were inconclusive. Then another man. Then Neil Opdyke came; he was doing paleomagnetism, but of old rocks. I gave him a long talk, said you have here an unequalled opportunity."

Neil Opdyke had worked in one of the first laboratories to pursue polar wandering, and he was an early believer in continental drift. Ewing, though he disagreed with all of Opdyke's driftist conclusions, had sought him out and hired him from the University College of Rhodesia. Opdyke is enthusiastic about the results his group at Lamont obtained. "It was one of the high points of my scientific life," he says. "I had asked John Foster, a graduate student of mine, to look at some specimens. He thought he had to use cores in which there was red clay—in fact, we all did—because it was assumed that this clay contained iron oxide, which would be magnetic. He measured a few specimens without results, and let the project lag. Later, we found out that red clay is the worst kind of sediment to use." Foster, who is now with the Canadian Geological Survey, in Ottawa, had been deputed to build Lamont a device for determining the magnetic orientation of samples. He had completed his Mark III model of the device—a spinner, it was called—which looked like an old-fashioned towel roller with some metal grids around one end. "One day, another graduate, Bill Glass, came in with a friend who was on his way

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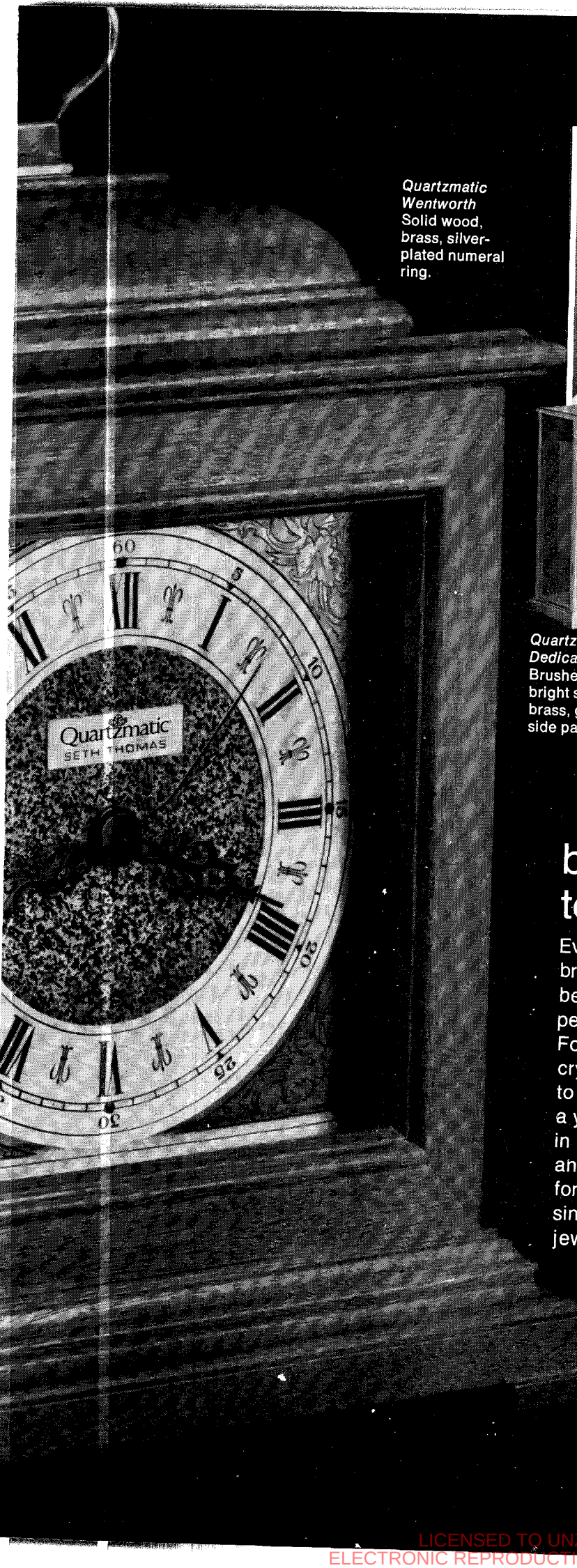

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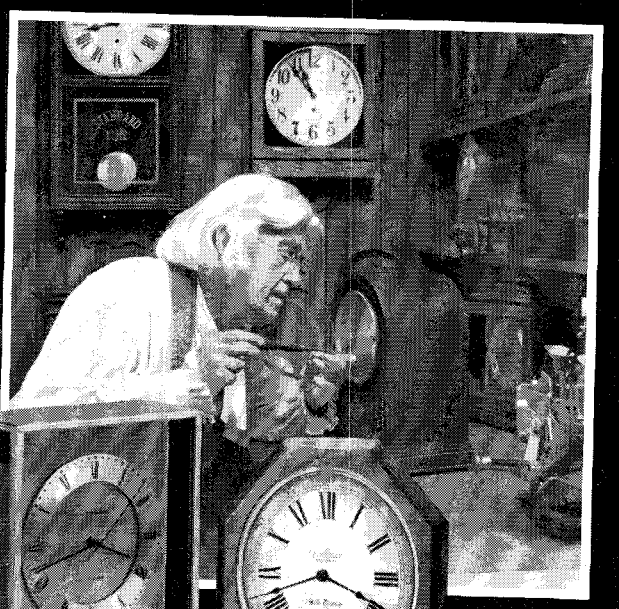

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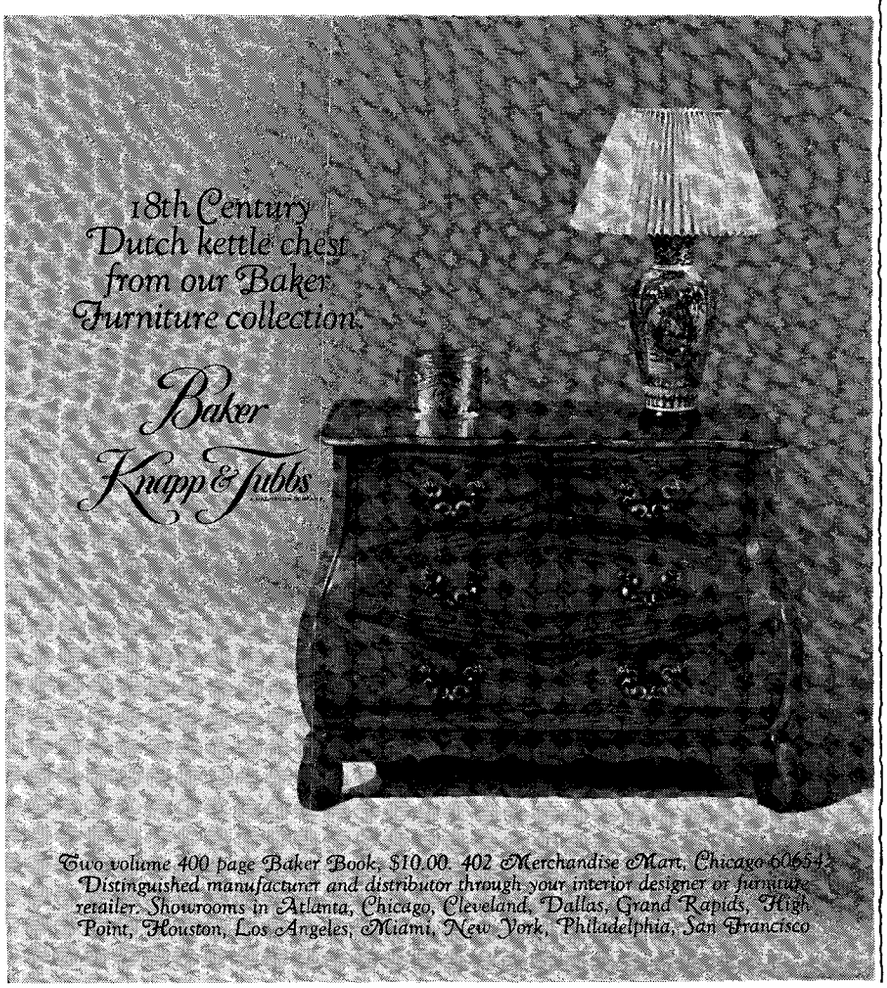

to a new job," says Foster. "His friend was interested in building a spinner like mine. Glass had a piece of mud from a core; his roommate had been studying the fossils in it. Could we detect any magnetism? We tried, and got an unmistakable response. We were excited, because other attempts had failed. We had the luck to have everything work right the first time. We ran to the core lab for more samples. We cut three samples a metre apart from a core that had already been studied and dated, through fossils, from top to bottom. The middle one of the three clearly was reversely magnetized. We went to supper and then worked into the night. Neil wasn't convinced at first."

"I told them it wasn't enough just to measure," says Opdyke. "You have to demagnetize, too. Otherwise, you're open to the charge that you measured a recent addition to the sample—an overlay, the effect of some occurrence subsequent to the formation of the sample. The samples had to be magnetically washed of all but permanent magnetism."

"We worked at night until we got good results," says Foster. "Within a week, Neil realized that something first-class was happening and took charge. It was the most exciting time I've ever spent. We had an advantage over people studying lavas, because sediments collect continuously, and we filled in gaps in the historical record and found reversals too short to show up in lava flows. We found that the field reverses very quickly—within just a few thousand years. It gets steadily weaker, reaches zero, then increases with the opposite polarity."

During the winter, spring, and summer of 1966, Opdyke and his graduate students did the tedious work of buttressing the findings already made. They worked through a dozen cores—each from sixteen to forty feet long—that had already been painstakingly analyzed, dated, and correlated by fossils. Samples were taken every four inches and measured; when a reversal was found, continuous samples were taken. One by one, reversals appeared in each core, were dated by fossils, and were found to correlate not only from core to core but with the existing chronology established from lavas. The cores reached much farther into the past than the chronology from lavas did, and Opdyke and his group slowly approached a time when they would leave familiar ground.

Before that happened, there was excitement across the hall, where the magnetic pattern of the seafloor at last

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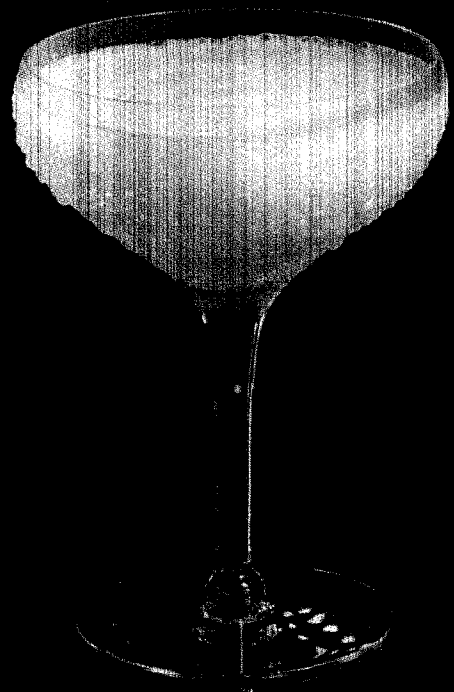

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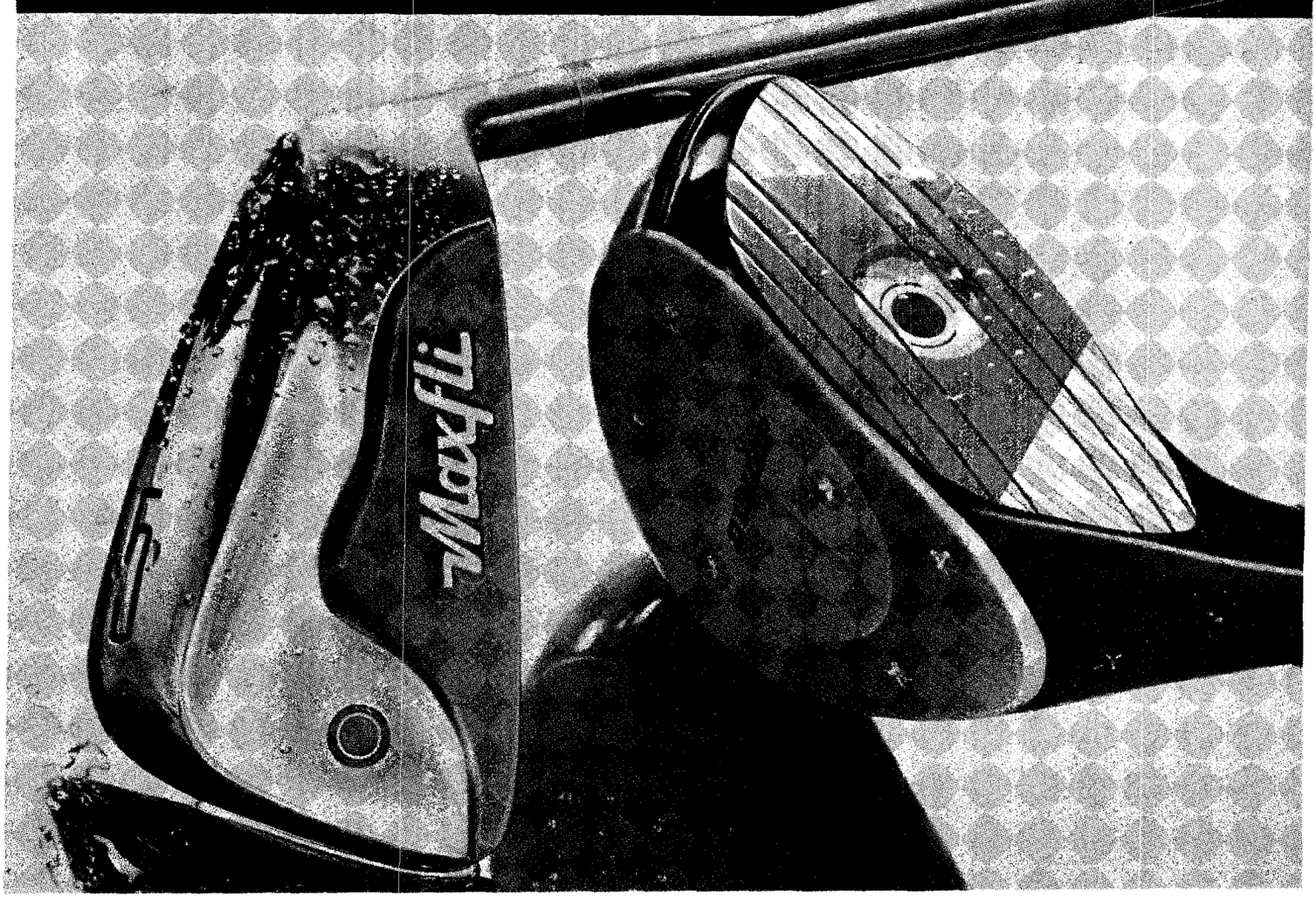

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began to make sense, and the two magnetic investigations began to influence each other. In January, Walter Pitman, a graduate student (he has since become one of Lamont's senior scientists and adjunct professor of geology at Columbia) with an office opposite Opdyke's rooms, got three magnetic profiles of the Mid-Ocean Ridge from Lamont's computer, which had reduced them from a great many yards of paper to convenient size and had subtracted the normal effects of the earth's field, leaving only the interesting aberrations. The profiles had been made in the far South Pacific, aboard the National Science Foundation's ship Eltanin, which used to hover about Antarctica and did marine geophysics under Lamont's direction. Pitman had only recently returned from a voyage on her during which two of the profiles were made. Ships, even research ships, had rarely visited that remote part of the ocean, and information about the Mid-Ocean Ridge there was scarce. Great pains had been taken, while the profiles were made, to keep the ship's course straight, and perpendicular to the Ridge, in order not to distort perspective. Nonetheless, Pitman approached the profiles without great anticipation; there was no reason to expect anything unusual. He and his boss in the marine-magnetics department, James Heirtzler, who has since moved to Woods Hole, had already sent off for publication the abstract of a paper they planned to deliver at the annual meeting of the American Geophysical Union, in April; it looked so routine that hardly anyone came to hear the paper Pitman did give, which was something quite different. That January, Pitman glanced over the two profiles made while he was on Eltanin, and passed on to the third, made on the previous voyage, Eltanin-19 (the name by which the profile came to be known, though some of Pitman's colleagues call it Pitman's magic profile). That one stunned him. Even to an untrained eye, the Eltanin-19 profile does not look haphazard or coincidental. To anyone who has tried unsuccessfully for years to stare meaning out of data, it has a special excitement. It is too smooth, too regular, the variations of one side too faithfully reproduced on the other. Even to eyes glazed by the brassy interchangeabilities of mass production, its perfection is visible. Later on, when it was shown about, a man at Lamont said, "This is so perfect that I know seafloor spreading couldn't have done it." Norms are human obsessions; nature rarely bothers to construct one. The Eltanin-19 profile is probably the

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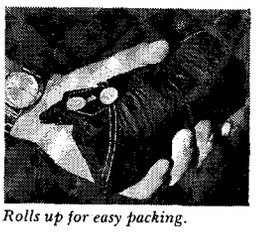

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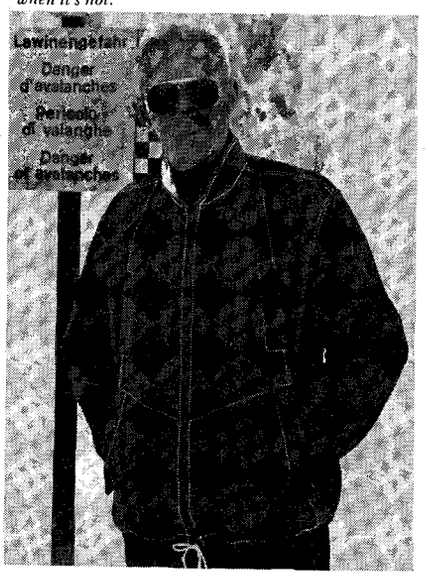

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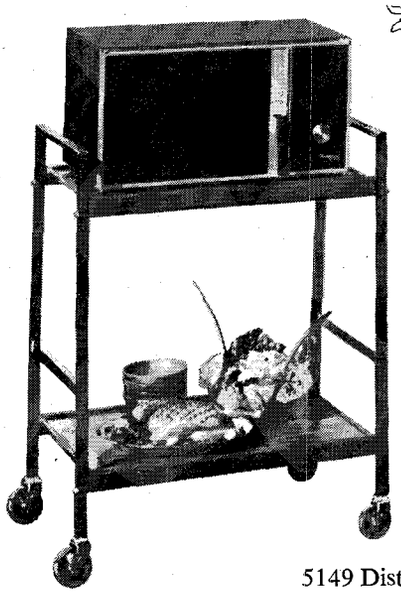

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most remarkable piece of evidence to come along in any field in some years. It consists of vigorous peaks and valleys of magnetic intensity arranged in obvious symmetry, size for size, cluster for cluster, about the center of the Ridge. To an educated eye, it embodied, almost too well, the Vine and Matthews hypothesis and seafloor spreading.

"It hit me like a hammer," Pitman said recently. "In retrospect, we were lucky to strike a place where there are no hindrances to seafloor spreading. We don't get profiles quite that perfect from any other place. There were no irregularities to distract or deceive us. That was good, because by then people had been shot down an awful lot over seafloor spreading. I had thought Vine and Matthews was a fairly dubious hypothesis at the time, and Fred Vine has told me he was not wholly convinced of his own theory until he saw Eltanin-19. It does grab you. It looks just the way a profile ought to look and never does. On the other hand, when another man here saw it his remark was 'Next thing, you'll be proving Vine and Matthews.' Actually, it was his remark that made me go back and read Vine and Matthews. We began to examine Eltanin-19, and we realized that it looked very much like a profile that Vine and Tuzo Wilson published just before our data came out of the computer. Their profile was from the North Pacific—from the Juan de Fuca Ridge, a segment of the Mid-Ocean Ridge which lies off the Juan de Fuca Strait, south of Vancouver Island. We said, 'Isn't this interesting?' If the pattern was the same eight thousand miles away, there was the more reason for thinking that it was determined by something worldwide like field reversals—Vine and Matthews' idea. Vine and Wilson had tried to relate their magnetic profile to the known history of magnetic reversals, but they had failed—in part because, as it turned out, that history was still incomplete. One brief interval of magnetic polarity—an event, as they're called—hadn't been found yet. Without it, you couldn't get a fit between the history of reversals and a profile without false assumptions or distortions. But we were lucky. Just then, Opdyke began to put together the history of reversals from sediments, and pretty soon he found the missing event."

With a chronology of reversals of the earth's magnetic field, which was then complete, Pitman and Heirtzler attempted a demonstration that would

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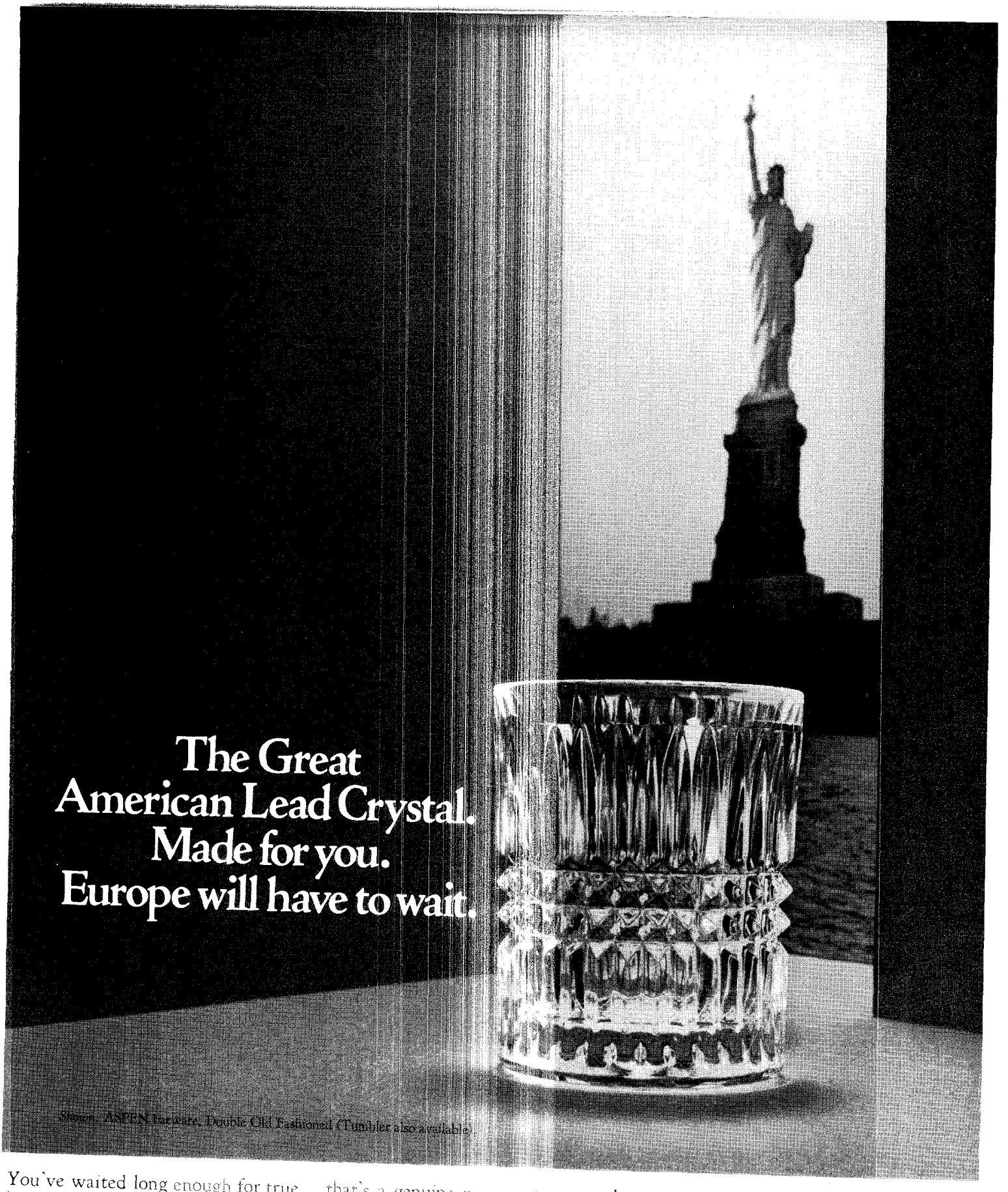

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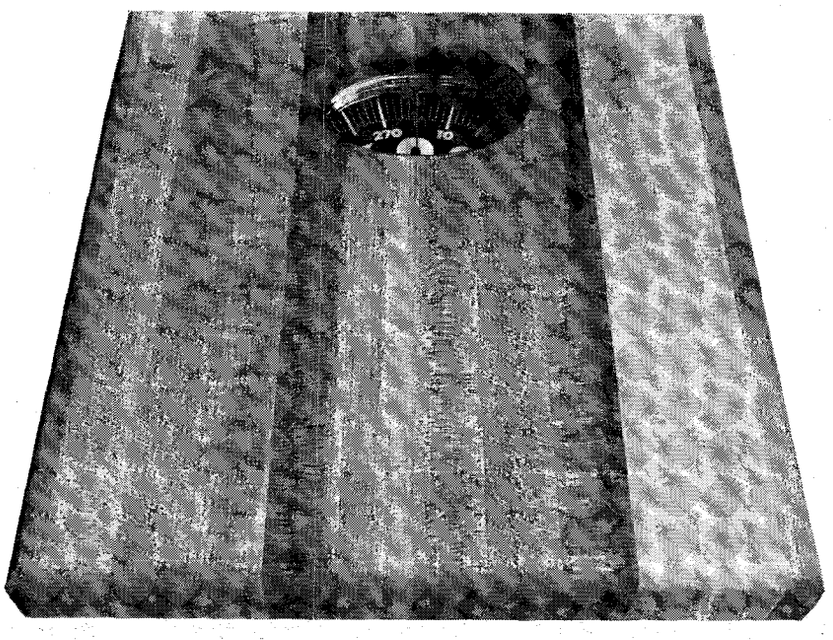

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show whether magnetic reversals and seafloor spreading really did have something to do with the Eltanin-19 profile, as they so abundantly appeared to. "Now we had a good time scale, and we used it to make a model of recent seafloor spreading in the South Pacific," says Pitman. "It was the crudest kind of model—just alternate blocks of normally and reversely magnetized seafloor. We decided arbitrarily that the magnetized layer was two miles thick, whereas it now appears to be less than one. We also assumed a spreading rate of four and a half centimetres a year on each side of the Ridge. It was a crude model, but it fit. We programmed a computer to produce a profile from it, and the profile almost exactly matched Eltanin-19. That gave us the confidence to make a profile for one centimetre a year, at different latitude and longitude, and that profile matched the magnetic profiles of the Reykjanes Ridge, below Iceland. It was an important match—not only because our model was still good halfway around the world from where we started, in the South Pacific, but also because those Reykjanes Ridge profiles had been used against seafloor spreading. Lamont had published them with arguments on why they didn't fit the Vine and Matthews hypothesis, but everyone had remarked on their rough symmetry. I don't think Vine himself had the nerve to claim the Reykjanes Ridge then. There's no rift valley there, and everyone thought rifting had to go on in a rift valley. There's no rift valley in the South Pacific, either. It's one of the ironies that the rift, which started everyone thinking about continental drift again, isn't found where seafloor spreading is working most smoothly—just where it's slow and difficult. Slow spreading makes for the big topography, but the beautiful, even magnetic pattern comes only with fast spreading—and puny topography.

"After the missing event was found, we knew what a profile meant, and what we could do with it. The magnetic history that had been worked out in lavas went back only a few million years and occupied only a very small, central part of our profiles. Heirtzler calculated that the anomalies farthest from the center of the Ridge must be about eighty million years old if the seafloor had always been spreading at the same speed. We had to translate the remaining anomalies into intervals of normal and reversed magnetism and show that the same things worked in every ocean all over the world. If it

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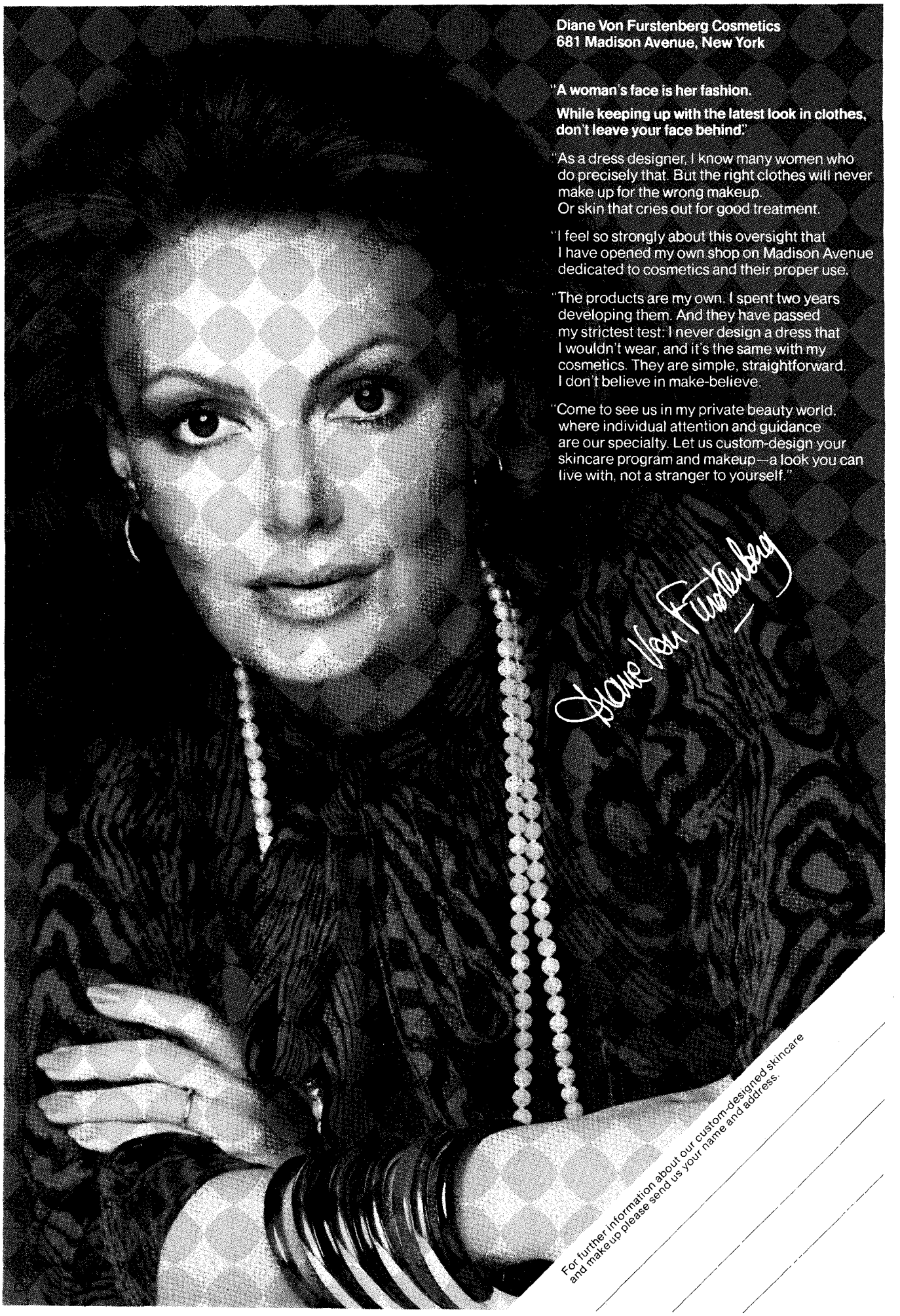

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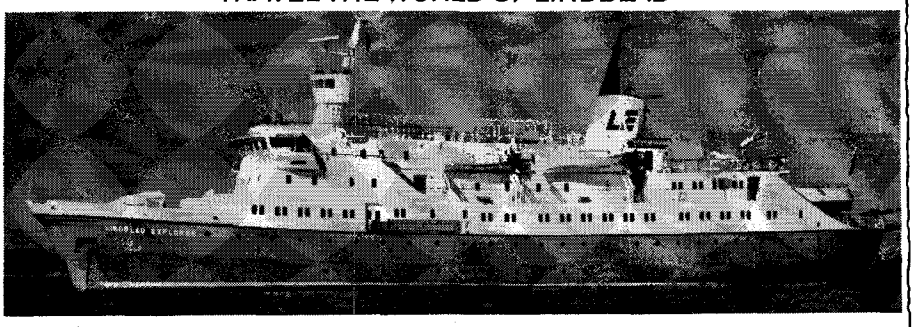

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did, good, but if not, the whole theory might be wrong and we might be deceiving ourselves. We weren't really thinking at all about what it meant until we were through—except for Heirtzler's immediate conclusion that the ocean is practically all brand-new. We were getting out all the magnetic profiles that had ever been made across the Ridge, and a bunch of us were looking at them. And for a few months Neil's group and ours practically lived in each other's laps. His pattern—the chronology he was getting from sediments—and our pattern were always the same. By spring, he'd got back to the end of the Gilbert reversed epoch, three and a third million years. That was as far as Cox and his group had gotten with lavas. But just a little farther on in our profiles there was a conspicuous group of four high, narrow anomalies that I had called Four-Fingers Brown, after a famous gangster in Newark. One afternoon in June, Neil and I together ran the samples from the Gilbert section of a core through the spinner, and at the bottom of the core the reversals came booming in—Four-Fingers Brown. That was the first confirmation Heirtzler and I had of our sequence. Until then, we'd been showing that our pattern matched someone else's. This time, it was the other way around." The underpinnings of any science are shared experiences, whose discovery makes science exciting to scientists. The embodiment of the same tale in the age of lava flows and, vertically, in deposits of mud and clay and, horizontally, on the flanks of the Mid-Ocean Ridge was a level of identity that had never been achieved in geology before; it gave geologists a great deal to do, and gave their statements a new assurance.

In June of 1966—after Four-Fingers Brown—Pitman and Heirtzler were sufficiently satisfied with their findings and provings to call in a few people to look at what they had. Two, Jack Oliver and Lynn Sykes, were seismologists and taught in Columbia's Geology Department. "Sykes and Oliver," says Pitman, "went roaring back to look at their data."

"It was beautiful," says Sykes. "They'd made transparencies of a thousand-mile length of the Eltanin-19 profile. By taking two of them and turning one around and putting it over the other, you could see vividly the symmetry of the profile. Some other people's work had been suggestive, but the Pitman profile was what really made people believe Vine and Mat-

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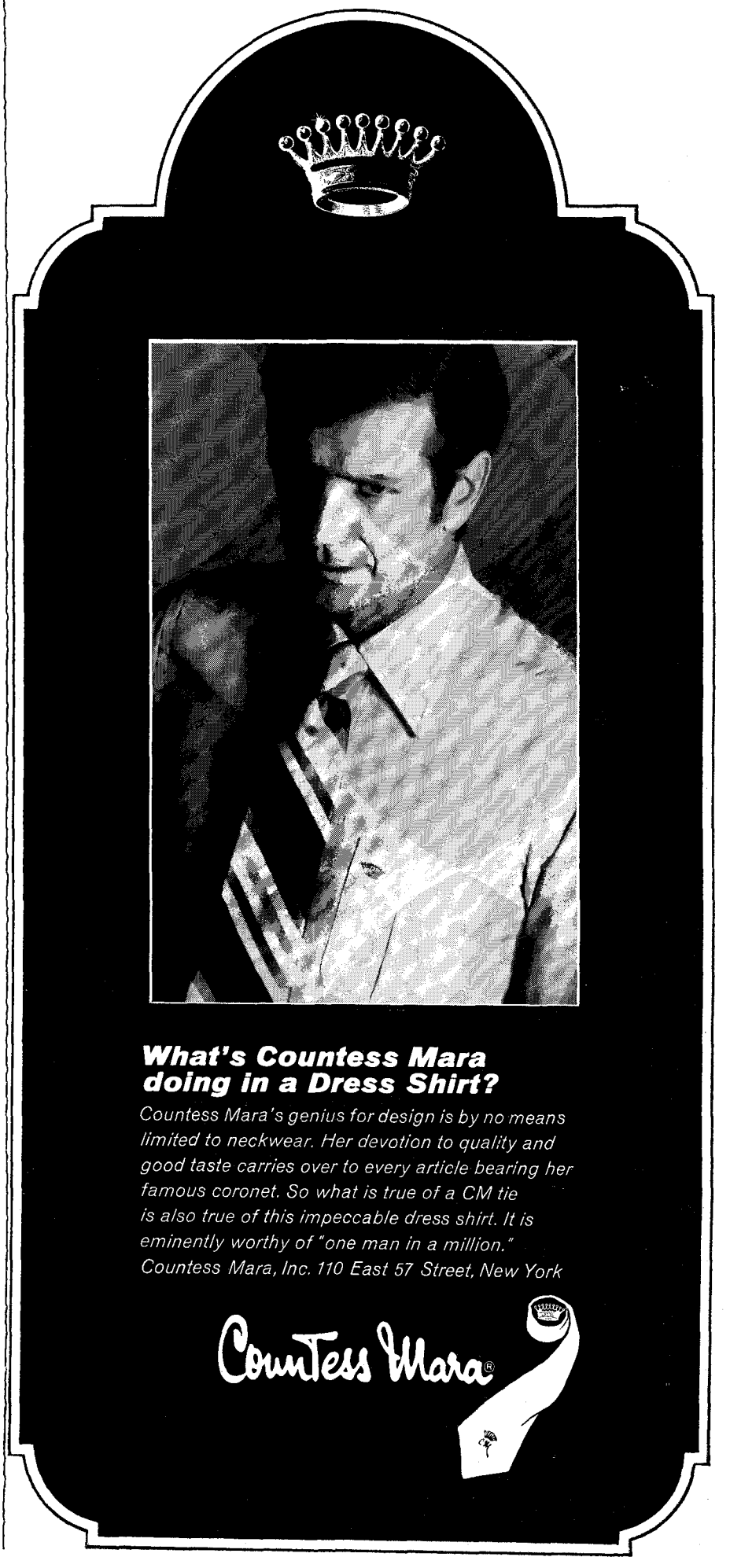
thews—hit you that this really was so. I don't think they quite realized the import of what they had when they called several of us in." The seismologists were able to show, with their records of earthquakes, that one large segment of the earth's crust is being pushed, or drawn, under another at the submarine trenches, and also at certain mountain systems, like the Andes—the process that removes old oceanic crust from the surface of the earth as the Mid-Ocean Ridge generates new crust. "In the early sixties," says Sykes, "seismology here was on a vein that was about mined out, and we decided, Oliver, Bryan Isacks—another seismologist—and I, to set up a study of Tonga, because it has so many deep earthquakes. Though it wasn't clear what problem this would solve. Deep earthquakes were first observed in the nineteen-twenties, but they weren't believed possible until the thirties. To get any earthquake, you have to have something hard that can rupture. It was thought that down deep, in the mantle—the layer beneath the crust—high temperature and pressure should melt everything. The Japanese showed that, possible or not, deep earthquakes do occur. In 1964, when we set out our first instruments in Tonga, it was still a mystery why. Deep earthquakes occur only under trenches and island arcs. They lie in distinct zones dipping down from the trenches, under the island arcs—which are volcanoes—to a depth of six hundred miles. In our first papers, we assumed that the zones were about a hundred miles thick, but we found that they are really only about fifteen miles—very thin indeed. After we put in our instruments around Tonga, we noticed a few things right away, such as that—this was Bryan Isacks—the high seismic frequencies were travelling along the plane of the zone. This we hadn't expected at all. High efficiency in transmitting waves means hardness, coldness—all that the mantle was supposed not to be. So we knew we had to revise our ideas about what a deep-earthquake zone is like. It all came together in a model late in 1966. By then, all our thinking was influenced by what was going on in magnetics over seafloor spreading. Jack Oliver had been toying with the idea that this zone was a piece of something different hanging down there. Well, waves also propagated very easily along the seafloor fifteen hundred miles to our seismic station in Raratonga. All of a sudden, it became simple and obvious. We were led to the conclusion that the



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earthquake zone is the same as the seafloor, and then—Pitman had just given evidence for seafloor spreading—that the seafloor is being pushed, or pulled, down into the mantle to form the zone." With less than the usual professional diffidence, Isacks and Oliver wrote, "The evidence is largely qualitative, but it is not subtle and it is definitive. . . . The differences . . . are gross and evident even to the casual observer."

Meanwhile, Maurice Ewing and Dennis Hayes, a geophysicist, looked at profiler records of the trenches and found that they could actually see crumpled sediments scraped from pieces of seafloor that were being pushed or pulled down there. Accounting for how crust was disposed of had been the greatest vulnerability of the theory of seafloor spreading. Ewing said later, "We'd had from the start the idea that the crust was pulling apart. When we found the rift, I wrote Felix Vening-Meinesz, the Dutch geodesist, who made the first gravity measurements at sea, who had thought there was convection in the earth, that this proved it. What we couldn't understand was how crust was gotten rid of. It's hard to see why. I repeatedly hammered the table and said, 'These trenches are empty.' Well, that's where the steel hits the rolling mill, and we can see where the sediments are scraped off against the inner wall as the crust dips under." Here—in the confirmation by earthquake waves and profiler records of the story already read in magnetic anomalies—was another, more striking, one of the identities that excite a scientist and that have been so lacking in geology. Lamont changed almost overnight from the most dangerous enemy of continental drift to its most fruitful advocate. And Lamont had over half the magnetic and profiler data on the ocean basins and eighty per cent of the cores waiting to be examined for evidence of seafloor spreading. Lamont had been gathering this data for years, in every part of the world, even when it was of no apparent interest, because of Ewing's belief—and insistence—that everything should be examined to find out what was interesting. After a visit, a geologist wrote Ewing, "I see why it is that your geophysicists were so largely responsible for the explosive development of plate tectonic data and concepts." At a meeting at Lamont, the geophysicist S. K. Runcorn, an advocate of drift for over a decade, remarked genially, "I feel like a Christian visiting Rome after the conversion of Constantine."

"IT took us a long time to work out the implications of what we had just done," says Walter Pitman. "To people who had essentially rejected an idea for years, as we had rejected seafloor spreading and continental drift, every ramification of it came hard. We had to get used to the concepts we were dealing with. But Opdyke knew what it all meant—he knew damn well. When I first spoke on Eltanin-19, at the American Geophysical Union meeting in the spring of 1966, he went around telling people—Runcorn, Cox—that they'd see something to blow their minds. Not many people came—the abstract was so dull—but those who did come were convinced. That was the catalyst. Then NASA sponsored a meeting in November at Columbia, and that broke down all the resistance. We all presented our evidence for the first time. One man who had been violently against continental drift just got up and walked out. But I remember that Menard, from Scripps, who had also opposed it, sat and looked at Eltanin-19, didn't say anything, looked and looked and looked. At the next A.G.U. meeting, in 1967, when we gave four papers on the complete magnetic pattern, it was a question of breathing room. There were three special symposiums on seafloor spreading, and thirty people spoke, where only Opdyke and I had spoken the year before. There was no opposition." One prominent geologist attributes "the wholesale, overnight conversion of American earth scientists to continental drift" to that meeting. By the following autumn, J. Tuzo Wilson was sounding nostalgic. "It is only ten years since Ewing and Heezen recognized that the mid-ocean ridges are continuous and of great size," he told a symposium in Zurich.

Several writers proposed the theory that the spreading seafloor moves as a solid plate rotating around some point on the earth's surface—a piece of basic solid geometry. Xavier Le Pichon showed that the earth's surface is composed of seven large plates moving in different directions. The Americas have recently joined into one plate, moving west. Most of the Pacific is moving northwest into the trenches between Alaska and the Philippines. Antarctica and much of the surrounding ocean floor appear stationary. Africa is moving northeast. Eurasia is moving east. The Indian Ocean, Australia, In-

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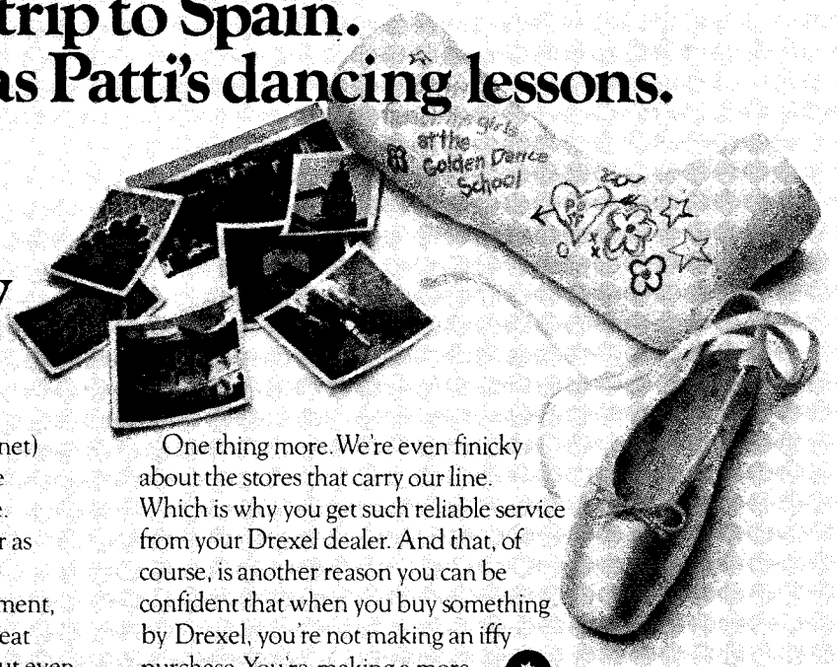
Last year, it was that trip to Spain. The year before, it was Patti's dancing lessons.



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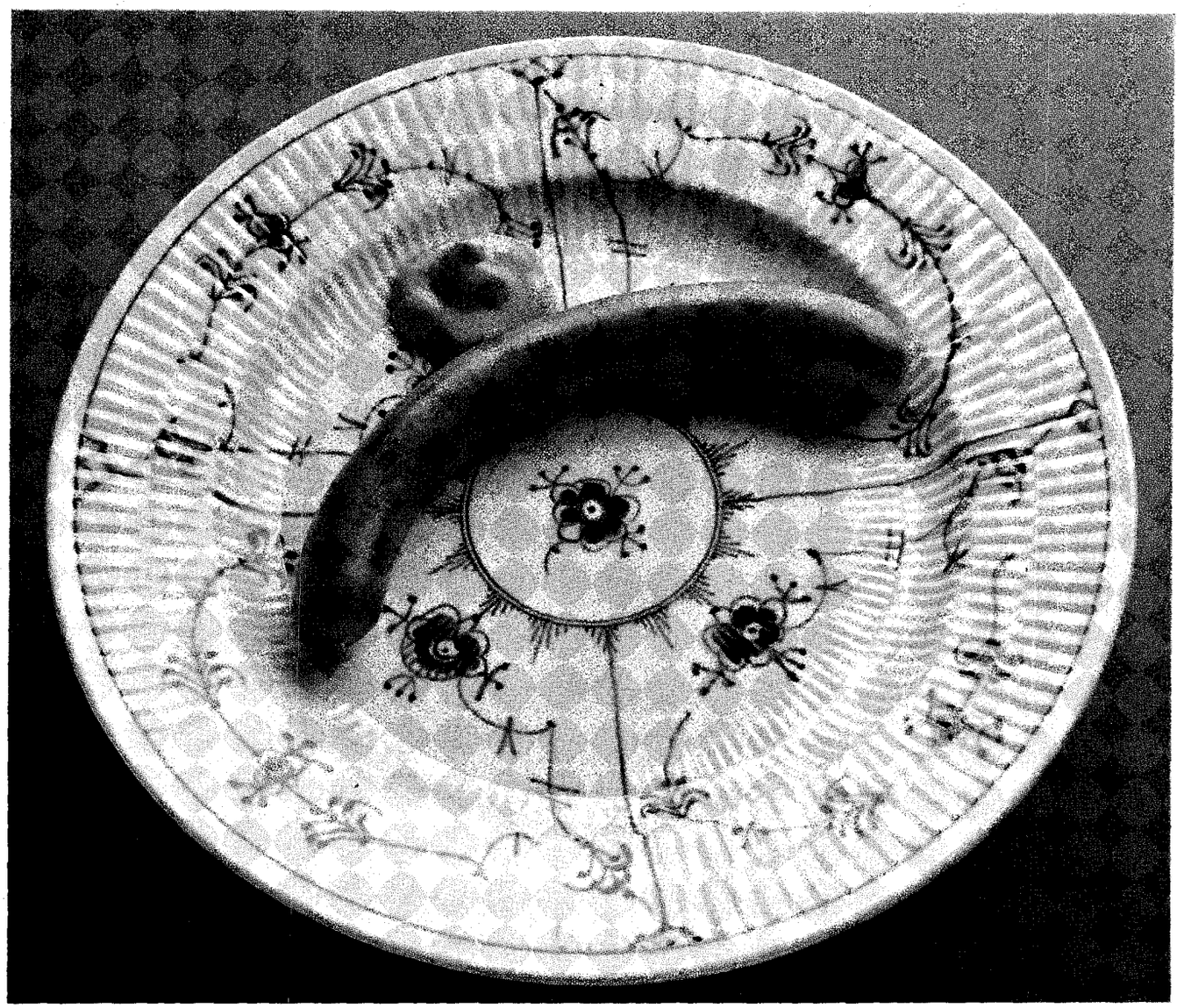

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dia, and Saudi Arabia are moving north. A map compiled at Lamont of the sites of all earthquakes from 1961 to 1967 seems designed to depict Le Pichon's plates. Again nature has been startlingly unsubtle. The earthquakes sharply define the seven large plates, plus a few small plates in the chinks; they run in spidery lines along the fracture zones and the crest of the Mid-Ocean Ridge. There are thick swarms of them at the trenches and mountain belts where plates come together and one plate is, in current parlance, subducted. The earthquakes are all at the plate borders; the plates are white space. By rotating the plates when he had found their poles, Le Pichon was able to translate the rate of seafloor spreading at the Mid-Ocean Ridge into the amount of destruction at the trenches for different plates (which often meet the trenches obliquely). Unencumbered seafloor moves fastest. At New Guinea, the Pacific and Indian plates come together at a rate of eleven centimetres a year, while South America overrides the Pacific at only six. Out of the pendant zones of earthquakes below trenches, Isacks, Oliver, and Sykes wrung evidence confirming Le Pichon's predictions. They summed up all the earthquake and other geophysical evidence in an influential paper they called "Seismology and the New Global Tectonics." The idea of plates is so central that "seafloor spreading" has become a department of "plate tectonics." The rotation of a rigid plate about an axis accounts for the different kinds as well as the different amounts of activity at the Ridge, at the fracture zones, at the trenches, and in the interior of the plate. All parts of the fabric are related and affect one another. Spreading on the East Pacific Rise is matched by activity along the San Andreas Fault and is balanced by consumption of the other end of the plate at Alaska, under which it descends, via the Aleutian Trench, with shattering earthquakes. Periodically, as the two plates disengage in an earthquake, a section of coastline pops up several feet. The meeting of North America and the Pacific floor is also tied to spreading at the Mid-Atlantic Ridge. As the Pacific plate moves northwest, it carries volcanoes away from a source of magma in the mantle; they become dormant and new ones form—for instance, those in the Hawaiian chain, which is oldest to the northwest and active only to the southeast. Cycles of mountain building correspond with cycles in seafloor spreading and can be matched by date. When all intervening seafloor is consumed,

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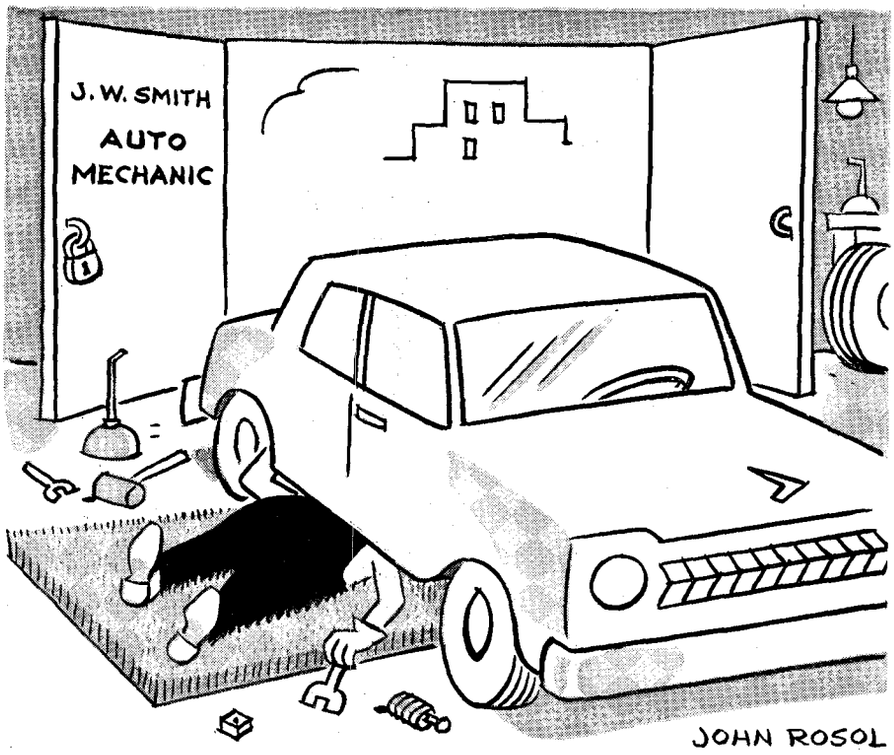

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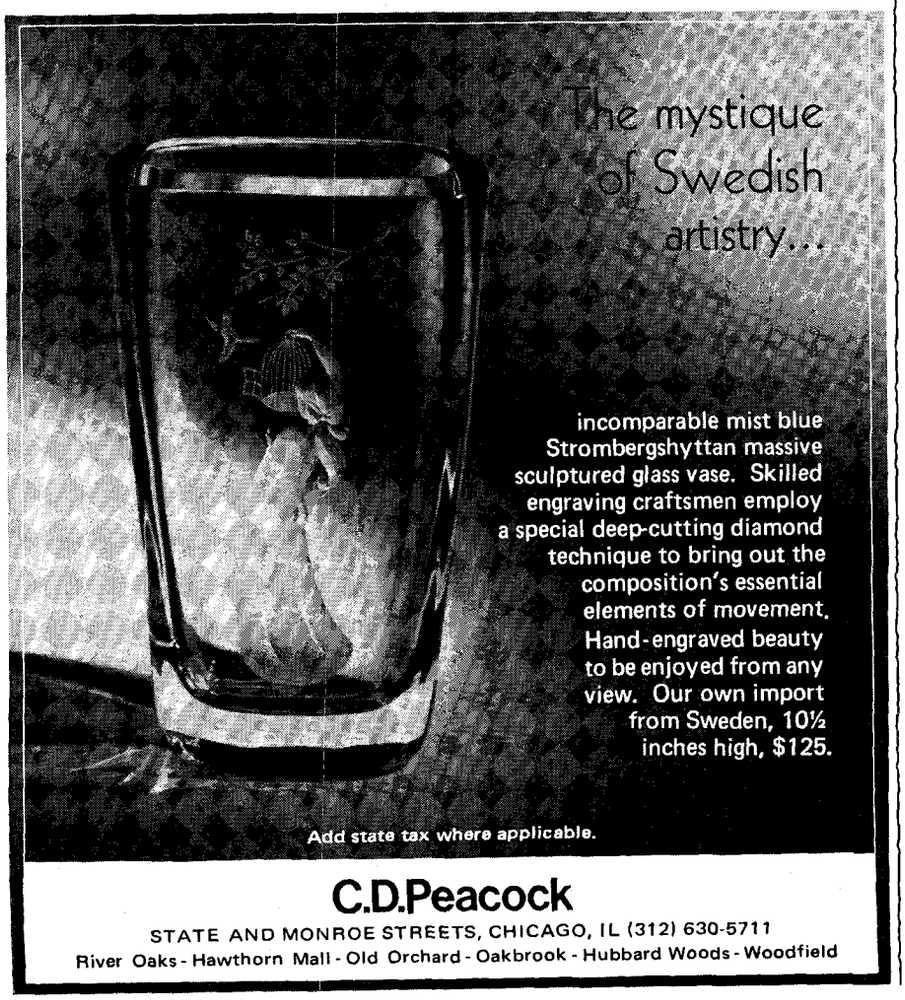

and two irresistible objects, like India and Asia, meet head on, the pattern readjusts. "It would be difficult to overstate the success of these ideas in bringing together the different disciplines that constitute earth sciences," a committee of geologists reported a few years ago. "[It is] a concept comparable to that of the Bohr atom in its simplicity, elegance, and ability to explain a wide range of diverse observations."

When Pitman and his colleagues had the magnetic pattern in the oceans explained, they also had the tale of continental drift—the one Wegener had tried to tell. The diaspora began two hundred million years ago. There was then a single continent, Pangaea, which had assembled out of smaller continents in a former convulsion of seafloor spreading. James Heirtzler, G. O. Dickson, E. M. Herron, Pitman, and Le Pichon described the breakup in articles in the *Journal of Geophysical Research:*

> In lowermost Cretaceous (140 million years ago), [Africa-South America] began to separate from India, Australia and Antarctica along what is now the southwest branch of the [Indian Ocean] ridge. The opening in the Gondwana continent propagated clockwise around Africa, starting . . . near the horn of Africa, and reaching the Atlantic in Aptian times (110-120 million years ago). . . . The split in the South American and African continents may have begun . . . almost simultaneously with the break away of the African-South American block. . . .
>
> [A] second phase of spreading involved the further separation of South America from Africa and the northward movement of India. . . . The spreading on the west side of the mid-Atlantic ridge was smooth and continuous, and South America was able to drift westward over what was then a large Pacific Ocean.

India forsook Australia and Antarctica and went tearing off north, and, after a mere seventy million years, ran into Asia. Following that collision, forty million years ago, there was a lurch and then a readjustment in the pattern of seafloor spreading. Australia split from Antarctica while India lost momentum against Asia. New Zealand separated from Antarctica at a rapid clip and, of late, has been catching up with Australia.

Spreading in the North Atlantic has been slow and hard, and Pitman and Manik Talwani, a geophysicist, who recently became director of Lamont, were three years deciphering the pattern. They had it complete two years ago. North America, Africa, and Europe did not leave each other at once. Africa went (or was left) first, a hundred and eighty million years ago. Dakar would then have been near Jack-

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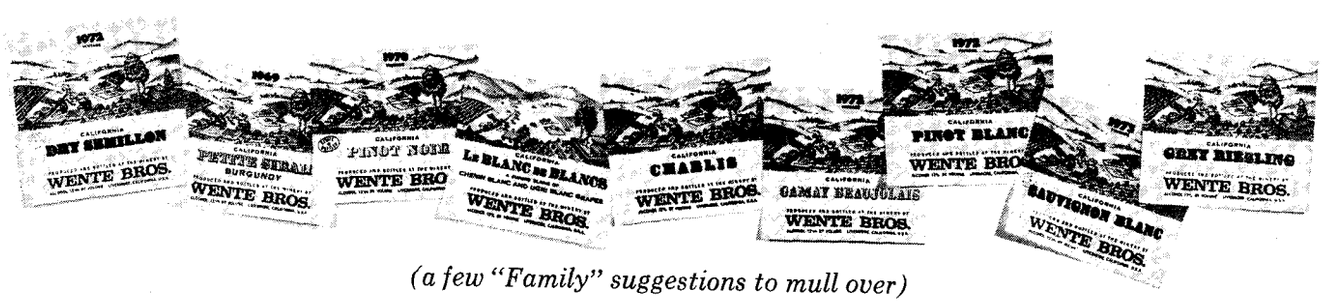

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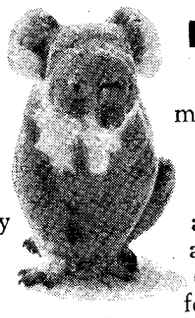

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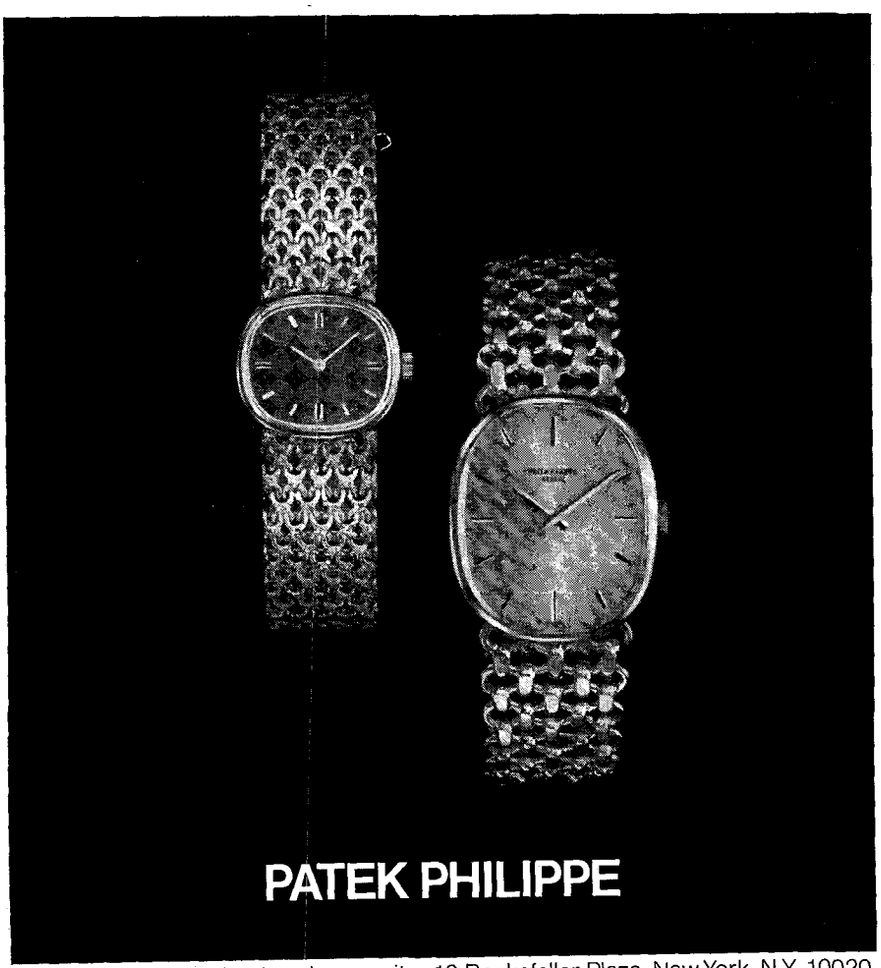

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sonville, Las Palmas near Boston, Tangier around Cape Breton, France off Newfoundland, and England by Labrador and Greenland, there being no Labrador Sea yet. The Atlantic opened rapidly between North America and Africa for almost a hundred million years. Africa scraped past the southern edge of Europe, for a while dragging Spain ignominiously along and so opening the Bay of Biscay. Eighty-one million years ago, Europe and Greenland began to move, opening the Labrador Sea; but after twenty-five or thirty million years the center of spreading moved east of Greenland, which was left behind. Until about fifty million years ago, Europe travelled fast and was gaining on Africa. Since then, they have kept pace, but Africa has steadily crowded north against Europe. The motion has not been easy on the soft underbelly of Europe, which has been repeatedly squeezed. "It's one of the ironies of geology that the Alps, where classical geology began, have the most complicated sequence of orogenies in the world," Pitman said recently, after describing the relative motions between the two eastbound continents. Spain and other small fragments have been traded back and forth. Italy belongs to the African plate. The Alps are where the African plate is thrusting against the European—the plates are being, as it is called now, sutured. With a seismic profiler, the sediments beneath the Mediterranean can be seen, upheaved and crumpled in the embryonic stages of mountains. Africa will presently collide with Greece.

Most of the recent history of the continents and the oceans is stated with some assurance now; the outline of global geology seems clear and is generally accepted. Implications appear endless. Ideas for predicting earthquakes have been reversed. Serious earthquakes are now expected not where there have been frequent mild earthquakes but in adjacent areas where there have recently been none. There, for unknown reasons, strain, instead of dissipating in small earthquakes, is accumulating ominously as one plate moves past another. Several of these spots are found on the San Andreas Fault and in Alaska. The San Francisco area, for example, has fallen fourteen feet behind in its movement along the San Andreas Fault—a debt that is due and payable and may be collected at any moment. Spreading has a few commercial effects. It has been suggested that crustal sinks are a good place to dispose permanently of rubbish, especially the radioactive stuff. The rift valley produces mineral de-

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posits. Sixty per cent of the world's oil reserves lie in basins that have been tacked onto the continents by seafloor spreading; the Arab-Iranian basin, for one, was formerly ocean. Commercial geologists are understandably eager to learn how such parts of the seafloor are incorporated into the continents in the hope of finding more deposits. A valuable salt mine was found in Brazil after similar deposits were found in the once contiguous part of Africa. Practical benefits should continue to appear, but it is still early—nuclear physics was unravelled fifty years ago, and atomic power is still more potential than realized.

Mountain building has been a central and basically insoluble problem in geology since its earliest days. The apparent discrepancy between the simple, localized pattern of seafloor spreading and the extensive, complicated patterns of mountain formation—crust is created and destroyed in zones less than ten miles wide, while mountain ranges can be several hundred miles wide—has been called the chief reason geologists were slow to take seafloor spreading seriously. Spreading does account for the energy, the raw materials, and the timetables of mountain building. Every year, a hundred cubic kilometres (nearly twenty-four cubic miles) is added to the earth's crust at the Mid-Ocean Ridge and a similar amount is removed in one way or another at trenches and mountains. In the last year or two, geologists have begun identifying in mountain systems transformed abyssal-plain sediments, trench sediments, ordinary abyssal sediment, pieces of ocean crust, and, in California and Cyprus, even intrusions of mantle. How these formations get from the seafloor into mountains is not precisely known; they may be scraped off in the trench, as Ewing described the process, or melted off farther down, or buckled up. But in them can be read accounts of the growth and destruction of oceans. Mountains that are active today are the only lasting record of present seafloor spreading; and it is likely that older mountains record the openings and closings of vanished oceans, and the continental gavottes that formed the land into Pangaea and even earlier conglomerations. The Appalachian Mountains and the Caledonian Mountains of Scotland and Scandinavia, which were continuous before the opening of the Atlantic, appear to record the opening and closing of an earlier ocean, beginning in the late Pre-Cambrian period, six hundred million years ago. Northwest of the mountains, Europe and America seem to have

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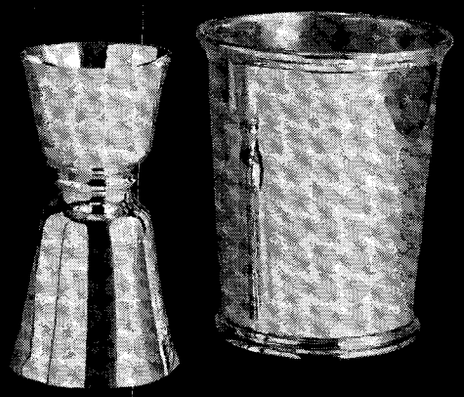

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been one continent; southeast, another. An ocean perhaps like the present Atlantic grew. Later, up to the end of the Paleozoic, two hundred and twenty-five million years ago, ocean crust was consumed beneath the rising mountains—as it is now beneath the Andes—until continents collided and that episode of plate motion stopped. (Similarly, Asia has now all but halted India.) The Urals seem to be another suture of former continents, one that was active until the Triassic, only shortly before Pangaea began to break up. There are what look like Pre-Cambrian sutures in Africa and Russia, and several in northern Canada, apparently relics of earlier hegiras and Pangaeas. There is, however, some contradictory evidence, suggesting that the breakup of Pangaea was a unique catastrophe—that the land had always been in one piece before.

For years, geologists were isolated; men who knew the Andes, the Alps, or the Appalachians had little to offer each other. Plate tectonics has changed that. Almost all large-scale phenomena are part of one fabric. Plate tectonics accounts for many rather simple observations that for a long time left geologists embarrassed for an explanation: why the exceptional areas of both continents and oceans, such as mountain systems, island arcs and trenches, and the Mid-Ocean Ridge, are long, narrow strips; why areas of active mountain building have not persisted but differed from age to age; why mountains have had such a predilection for coastlines; and why their sediments and the forces that crumpled them have come from seaward—indeed, why there are mountains at all. There have been great ages of high sea level, when the continents lay almost entirely under shallow seas, and ages of a vast flourishing and diversification of species. There have been ages of mass extinction as well; at the end of the Permian, two hundred and twenty-five million years ago, less than half the species of animals survived. Such worldwide, wholesale changes of the earth probably relate, directly or indirectly, to seafloor spreading. The suturing of continents during the cycles of spreading would encourage the competition among species, and the extinction of those least able to adapt or compete; when continents broke up, species would diversify. The depth of the ocean floor increases with age; the ridges with the slowest spreading have the steepest flanks. Two years ago, Pitman and Roger Larson, a geophysicist at Lamont, discovered that the speed of seafloor spreading has increased enormously during periods of unchang-

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ing magnetic polarity—a mysterious relationship for which no reason is apparent. Large volumes of young seafloor would raise sea level hundreds of yards. The last period of constant polarity, from a hundred and ten million years ago to eighty-five million, when the speed of seafloor spreading suddenly tripled, was also a period when the oceans spread over the land in huge, shallow inland seas. At the same time, to judge by the vast bodies of granite left from that period, there were paroxysms at the plate boundaries; and at the end of the period there were mass extinctions—the drying out of the shallow seas, in which so many species lived or fed, probably having far harsher effect than flooding.

IT has now been eighteen years since Ewing and Heezen recognized the extent and importance of the Mid-Ocean Ridge and rift. It is virtually certain that new seafloor forms at the center of the Ridge (in the rift valley, where there is an identifiable one), but exactly how it is happening day by day or year by year, and whether over a span of a mile or several miles or many miles, is not so clear. Why it all occurs is even less clear than how, scarcely clearer than before anyone saw Eltanin-19. The expanding-earth idea has been revived from time to time; one writer has suggested that the continents have sufficient gravitational attraction for one another to move themselves at the rates observed; the Coriolis force, the effect of the earth's rotation, has been implicated. Why the plates should have odd shapes and haphazard borders as they do is not at all obvious, nor is it obvious how or where their motion is transferred to them. No one is able to say with any precision how convection, the preferred motive force, can occur in the mantle, or to specify the size, shape, or composition of what convects—if the mantle does convect. At first, it looked to some as though the spreading seafloor were pushed apart at the rift valley by rising magma; now opinion favors the opposite view—that the plate runs downhill into the trench, pulling its tail parts after it. The Ridge is a sort of welt lifted by heat rising in the mantle; the seafloor slides down the slope of its flanks. There is tension at the Ridge, and new magma rises to fill cracks. This is no ordinary convection, though there is a rise and a return; it is far from the convection currents that were originally supposed to carry the spreading seafloor on their backs. "I avoid the term 'convection cells' much as people in the Middle Ages avoided the term 'Dev-

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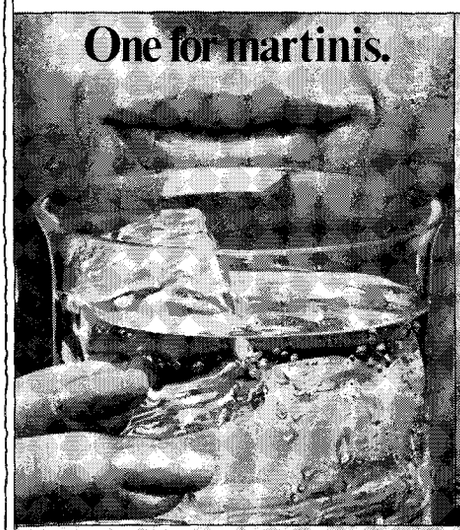

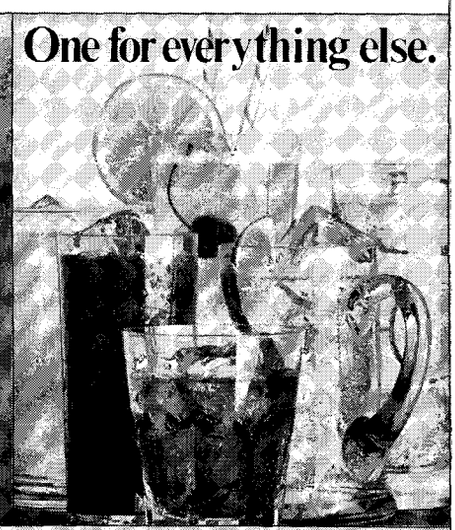

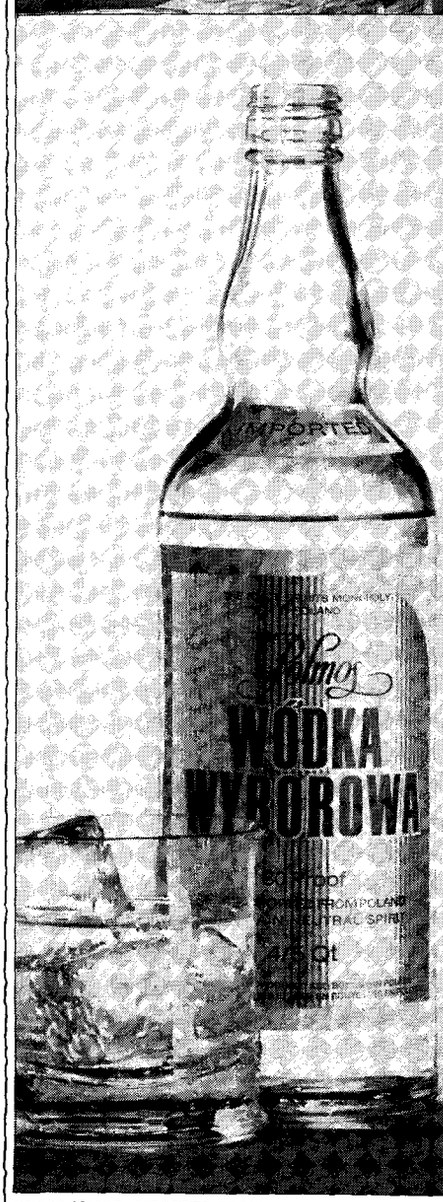

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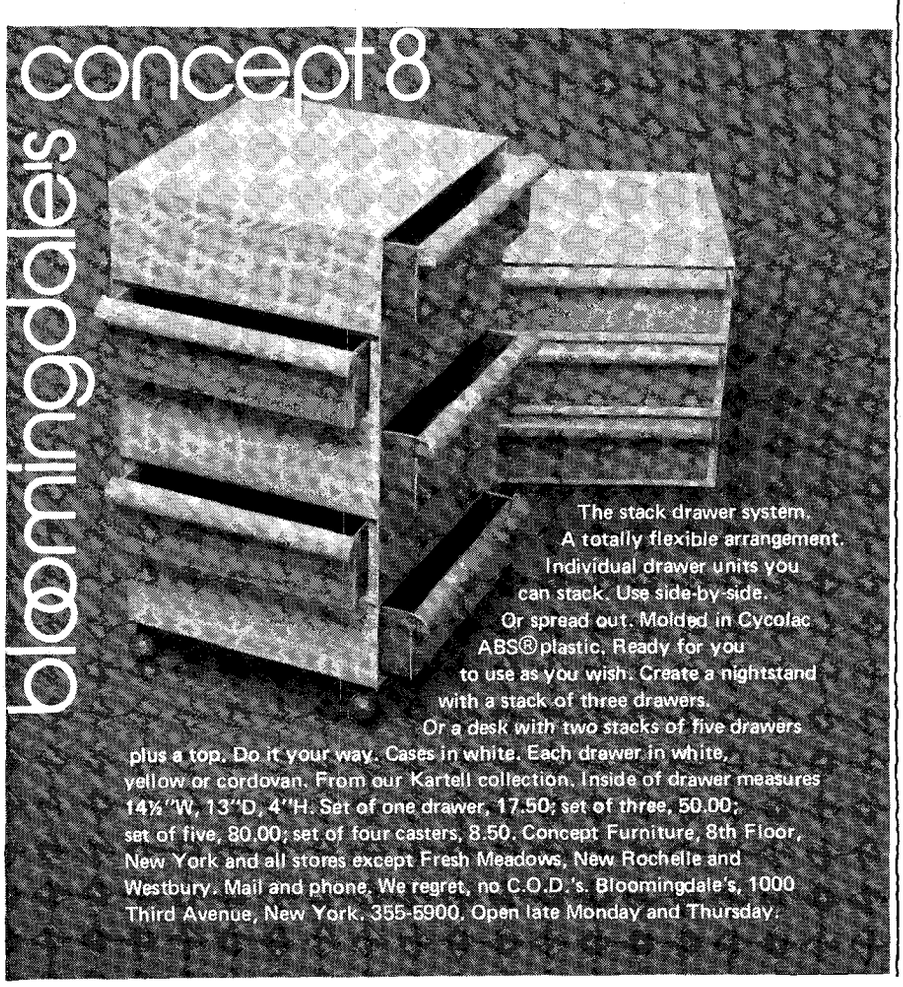

il,'" says one physicist. "All one can say is that material goes down someplace and comes up another place." Talk of seafloor spreading has always assumed that crust and mantle were constantly mixed by the process in an endless cycle of regeneration. But another idea is possible. It was suggested in *Science* two years ago that a zone of soft, flowing material within the mantle is the source of magma for the crust, and that a second zone, of hard material, below the first is the crust's midden; crust congeals out of the one and travels along the surface and down the trenches until it adds itself to the other. The size and proportion of the two zones accord with three billion years of seafloor spreading in the past and the potential for a billion more before the zone of soft, flowing material is used up and the hard zone extends all the way from the earth's core to the crust; thereafter there would be no more mountain building, only erosion. Continental-drift advocates have often spoken of mantle activity as though it existed to create seafloor spreading. This is not likely to be the case. There are fascinating connections between earthquakes and irregularities in the earth's rotation, which probably have a common cause. Magnetic-field reversals and cycles of reversals are implicated with them, and, too, it seems odd that the poles of seafloor spreading cluster near the magnetic poles. Great ripples seem to have run across the continents over hundreds of millions of years. All point toward mysterious goings on in the mantle.

While plate tectonics is a beautifully simple notion, the causes of it and the changes rung on it are not. Plate margins and sutures very likely will be the problem of the next five or ten years in geophysics and geology, and the mantle the problem of the next twenty. "Nothing is going to be as simple as plate tectonics now makes it seem," Ewing said last spring, "just as no atom is exactly like the Bohr atom. But the Bohr atom was an idea capable of sufficient refinement, and so is plate tectonics. There are other things going on in the earth that are just as cunning as this magnetic pattern."

—WILLIAM WERTENBAKER

(This is the last part of a three-part article.)

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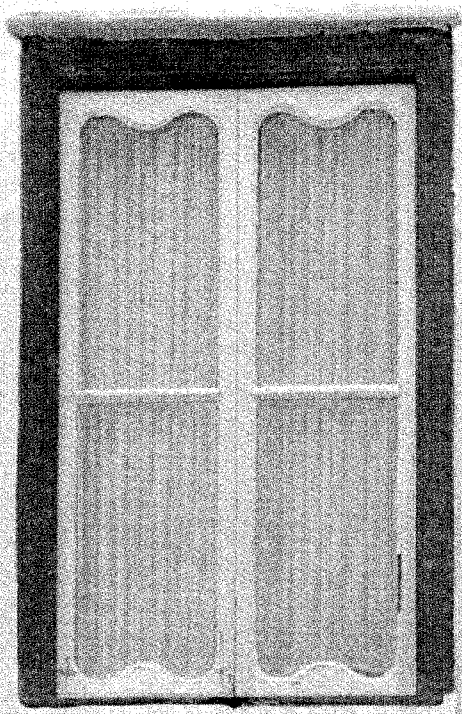

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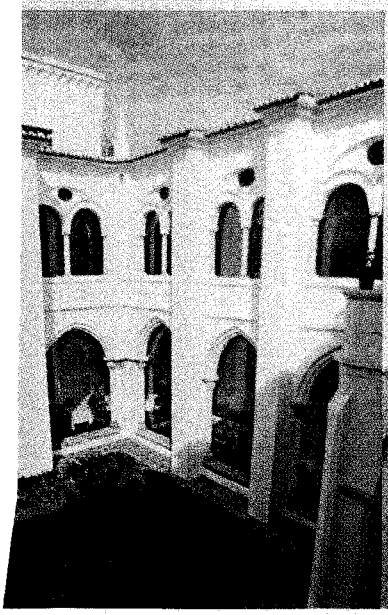

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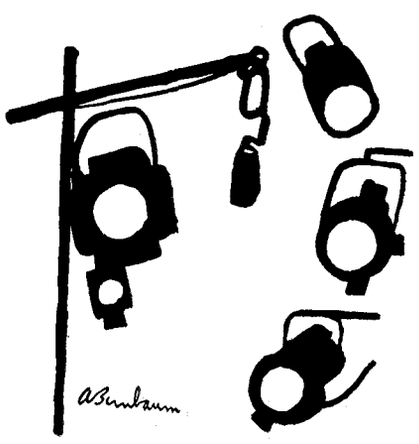
MIGHTY AND DREADFUL DEATH

HONOR MOORE's "Mourning Pictures," at the Lyceum, is a play about a middle-aged woman, the mother of nine, dying of cancer—dying, indeed, of two cancers, one of the colon (operable) and the other of the liver (inoperable). Her double misfortune, like the exceptional number of her children, is so surprising and so gratuitous to the action of the play that one assumes its source to be extra-literary; it must be drawn from some actual event observed by the author, which she has been unwilling, or perhaps unable, to modify in the name of a greater artistry. Much of the highly detailed medical and other information provided in the play strikes me as material requiring to be confronted and disposed of by Miss Moore as a human being and not by Miss Moore as a playwright. I respect her needs, and I am sorry that, if my assumptions are correct, the satisfaction of those needs has led her to write a touching but radically imperfect play. People who, liking "Mourning Pictures" better than I do, praise it to me for its honesty will be mistaking my point. It is not the honesty of the play that is in question, or the integrity of Miss Moore's intentions as a writer; it is simply that she has chosen the wrong means to achieve a certain end.

Cancer is so prevalent—I had almost written that death is so prevalent—that most of us have had some firsthand experience of its causing the death of someone we love. A playwright who takes us, grim step by grim step, along a terrible course already familiar to us and who fails to transform that course by the exercise of a powerful imagination causes us to recollect our former pain and perhaps even to relive it, but we are right to protest that this is not his proper function; he must not induce suffering in us unless it can be made fruitful. A play that begins with a woman's dying and ends with her death, and that is, moreover, recounted scene by scene as if from entries in a diary, is almost sure to make us suffer, but how little nourishment it gives! And when one of the daughters, directly addressing the audience, cries out in anguish to know why anything so dreadful as death should befall someone she loves, we are moved to think, Selfish and ignorant child! What of the dreadfulness of the deaths of the people you don't know? What of the deaths of the people you dislike or perhaps hate? Until you have learned to ask those questions, you will not deserve an answer to your own.

Miss Moore is a very good writer, and there is scarcely a word too many in her text. She has pruned it and left room within it for silences that put me in mind of passages in Eliot's "Four Quartets." Kay Carney has directed the play with a welcome crispness and has been especially adroit in arranging for conversations to overlap and break off in a natural fashion. As the dying mother, Leora Dana is superb, to the point of making her cheerful, upright posture at the curtain calls a distinct relief to me. Kathryn Walker and Leslie Ackerman are excellent as two of her daughters, and Donald Symington and Daniel Landon are charming as husband and son. Philip Carlson plays no fewer than four doctors, managing to keep them separate in his mind and therefore in ours. Standing at one side of the stage, Dorothea Joyce sings seven sad songs along the way, and one happy one. The songs were written by Susan Ain, the bleak setting is by John Jacobsen, the costumes are by Whitney Blausen, and the lighting is by Spencer Mosse.

THE New Phoenix Repertory Company is presenting three plays this season at the Helen Hayes, the first of which, Congreve's "Love for Love," opened on Monday. (It will be followed by Pirandello's "The Rules of the Game," in December, and Carson McCullers' "The Member of the Wedding," in January.) By all accounts, Congreve was one of the nicest men that ever lived, enjoying the admiration and affection of Swift (who, like Congreve, was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin), Dryden, Gay, and Steele, and having no enemy but time. He wrote "Love for Love" in 1695, at the age of twenty-five, and scored a great hit with it. Five years later, he wrote what is now considered his masterpiece, "The Way of the World." It was not a success, and he never troubled to write another play; good for him.



Like most Restoration comedy, "Love for Love" spins like a top around three subjects—sex, money troubles, and family relations. When the top spins its fastest, the three subjects blur into one and give off a pleasing high whine that makes us laugh. A rich father seeks to disinherit his foppish, debt-ridden elder son in favor of his second son, a hearty and mindless sailor boy. The elder son is in love with a wealthy young creature of the court, who appears to scorn him. A penniless widow is prepared to marry anyone in better financial circumstances than she is; meanwhile, she will leap into bed with any convenient passerby. So will the sailor. So will a saucy young baggage named Jenny. So will Mrs. Foresight, wife of an elderly eccentric far gone in horoscopy. So will Scandal, friend of the elder son. So will Tattle, a courtier-ninny incapable of keeping secrets. You will have guessed that, as usual, we are offered too much plot and too little wit for our twentieth-century tastes, and the director, Harold Prince, has attempted to solve the problem as it was solved in "Candide" and, soon after, in "Scapino," by sheer hustle and bustle and by a broadness of acting that we would ordinarily dismiss as outrageous. "Love for Love" exhausted me without amusing me, and this in spite of the fact that its cast includes John McMartin, Glenn Close, David Dukes, George Ede, and Marybeth Hurt.

The scenery, whose disorder approaches that of Julia Trevelyan Oman's incomparable setting for "Brief Lives," is by Douglas Higgins, the costumes are by Franne Lee, and the lighting is by Ken Billington. Some songs by Hugh Wheeler and Paul Gemignani struck me as unconvincing, and for some reason Mr. Prince has allowed Miss Hurt, as Prue, to wear spectacles belonging to our day and not Congreve's. —BRENDAN GILL

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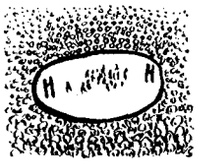

O. J. Simpson, who runs for the Bills, had to turn defense man in a hurry, probably for the first time in his life, a few days back; a Bills pass had fallen into the wrong hands, and Simpson had to come up fast from behind to shut off a Patriots touchdown. In a match that can go either way (it *finally* went to the Bills, by a single point), men like Simpson are the ones who count. A few days afterward, Snickenberger, who runs for Princeton, had to turn defense man in a hurry, probably for the first time in *his* life; a Princeton pass had fallen into the wrong hands, and Snickenberger had to come up fast from behind to shut off (but on this occasion only for a moment) a Harvard touchdown. In this match, which, too, could up to then have gone either way, it was men like Snickenberger who counted. Simpson and his colleagues may, on the strength of their skill at quelling such brilliant upstarts as this season's Patriots, find their way to the Super Bowl, where (could it be?) they will encounter the equally rough-and-tumble Raiders. Snickenberger, whose rapid progress across many a landscape for three falls has been the talk of the Ivy League (or, anyway, *one* of the talks), retires forever this weekend, and without the pleasure of even one winning season, though it should be said that the 1974 Princeton has been an often brilliant upstart. Harvard's Holt, a shadowy figure as late as this October, when he was handling far too many problems against Rutgers, has become the perfect exemplar of the Restic school of trompe-l'oeil—throwing the ball for three touchdowns, running it for another pair and for a two-point conversion, unwrapping (for the further puzzlement of Princeton) brand-new twists and twitches, sending his supporters in multiple lateral motion and his pet receiver *cum* decoy, McInally, into outrageous pass patterns. It was his day of days: Holt 34, Princeton 17. The forthcoming Yale-Harvard match was made in heaven, for on Saturday Yale did in Pennsylvania with ease, and with stringers of the second, third, and fourth degrees, by a count of 37–12, stealing the crafty Vaughn's passes, pinning down the shifty Bellizeare to sixty yards afoot. That made it ten straight for Yale, whose players, all

For tree or thee.

These three Gorham Christmas Tree Ornaments of precious Sterling are for tree or thee because they're also beautiful pendants when worn on a chain!

Gorham's Three Wise Men in gleaming Sterling 3¼ inches tall. $20.

Gorham's Sterling Angel Christmas Tree Ornament to sparkle infinitely. 4¼ inches tall. $20.

Gorham's sleek Christmas Reindeer captured in gleaming Sterling. 3¾" tall. $25. Through special arrangement with American Heritage.

Available at finest jewelry-gift stores and silverware departments. Prices subject to change without notice.

GORHAM Sterling

Do you own a Gorham Original?

GORHAM DIVISION OF TEXTRON, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

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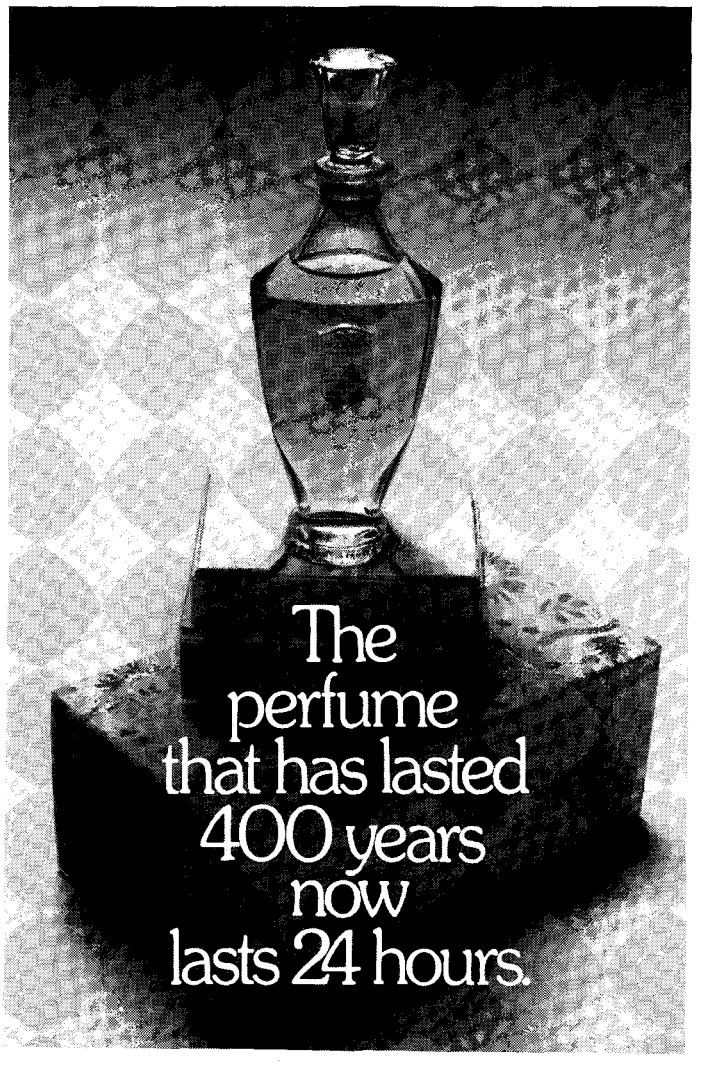
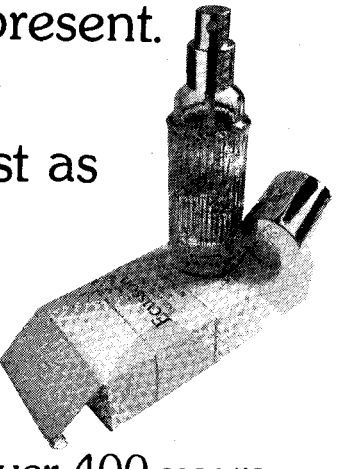


Ecusson has been creating a very special magic between men and women since 1572.

Its past is a richly textured tapestry of kings and queens, poets and artists, courtesans and casanovas.

But just as Ecusson will always reflect that past, so too must it also reflect the present.

So now a single drop of new Ecusson Skin Perfume Spray will last as beautifully throughout the day as it has throughout the past 400 years.



Ecusson

Making beautiful history for over 400 years.

Jean D'Albret • Paris • Londres • New York

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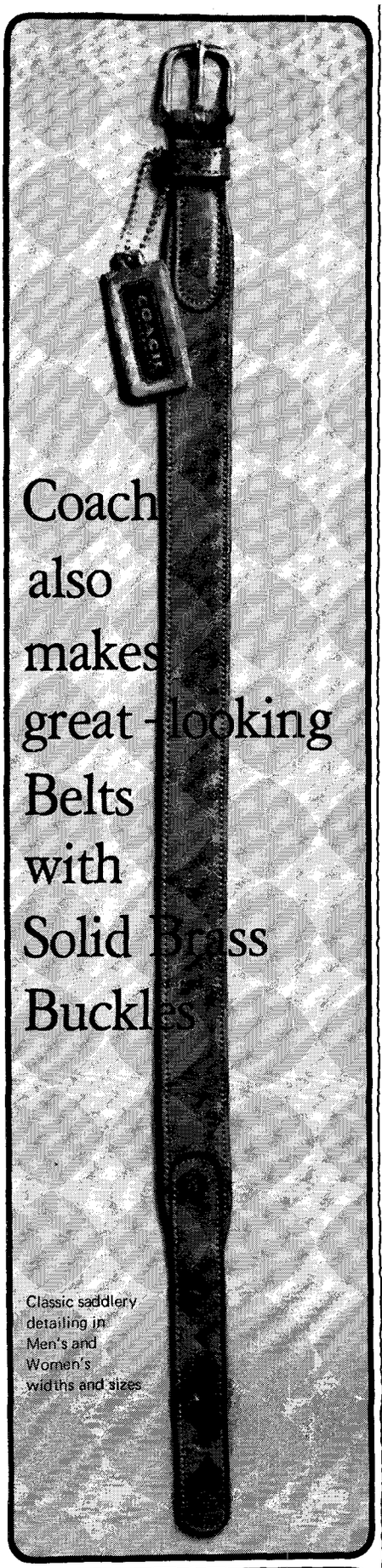
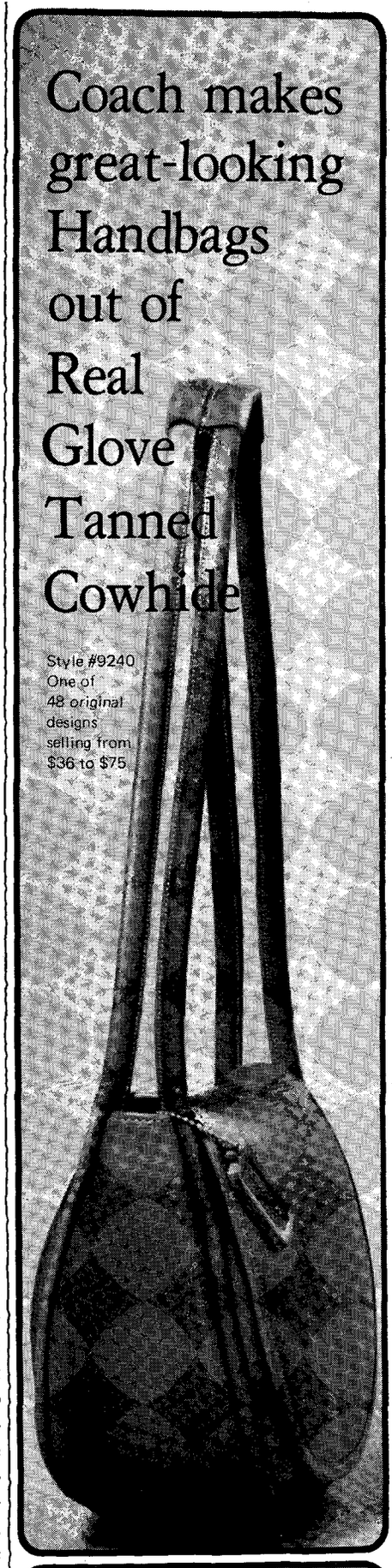


performers of character, had clearly recovered from their attack of aphasia during the meet with Dartmouth the week before. And for Eric Tipton, another man of note, it was nineteen in a row last Friday afternoon, when his hundred-and-fifty-pound Army squad put away Princeton's dittos, 53–6.

The Army varsity, which has had its moments (though sometimes only seconds) of brilliant upstartery this fall, overtook Air Force the next afternoon at the very last minute, 17–16, on the second leg of the three service academies' round robin. The week before, it had unveiled Hall, a freshman, as what looks to be its coming quarterback. Hall made a reëntry against Air Force at the end of the fourth quarter, and with six throws and a keeper brought Army from its twenty to the Air Force sixteen. Twenty-one seconds to go, and so Army unveiled Marquez, an unknown Indian from a minor squad, and four seconds later his field goal flew into the end zone to beat the enemy. The great enemy that day was, naturally, Lawson, whose three field goals for Air Force made it sixteen this season, mostly at much larger distances. Sixty yards is his top this fall. Martin, the head thinker for Air Force, and Smith, the head thinker for Army, are fellow-Princetonians, and they worked together at Air Force. It appeared only fair that the score was so very nearly even.

Navy, too, dipped into its freshman squad for its counterpart of Hall. He is Roban, likewise hitherto unknown. He maneuvered Navy to a trio of touchdowns, and a final count of Navy 28, The Citadel 21. That is today's last report from the naval-military front.

Michigan State 16, Ohio State 13—a careful examination (twice) of the television shots of the final moments of this thumping upsetting of form was made in an effort to decipher what was going on during that reign of confusion. The examination proved only that television will never do as an accurate portrayal of real life. No recourse at all to television is needed, though, to prove that the Redskins under the jurisdiction of Kilmer at quarterback are not quite the Redskins under the jurisdiction of that segment of ancient history known as Sonny Jurgensen. Still, it was heartening to see Duane Thomas, once orphan of quite a storm, pick up a Redskins touchdown for himself the other afternoon against the Eagles, those maddeningly but entertainingly in-and-out mavericks of professional football. —J. W. L.



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"IT'S CUT PERFECTLY."

"I'm always on the lookout for those little extra touches that add so much to a dress. Delicious details like the gored skirt and the sleeveless top on this two-piece dress. It's all polyester twill. Comes in sizes 8 to 18. In this blue, or a yellow version too. Cost me $88. The easy jacket and the soft shaped sash are just two more brilliant facets."

Priced slightly higher in the West.

IT'S TANNER.

L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis
Frances Brewster, Florida—All Stores
Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh
Robinsons of Florida, All Stores
R. H. Stearns, Boston
Charles A. Stevens & Co., Chicago
Or for the store nearest you write:
Tanner of North Carolina, 530 Seventh Ave., NY 10018

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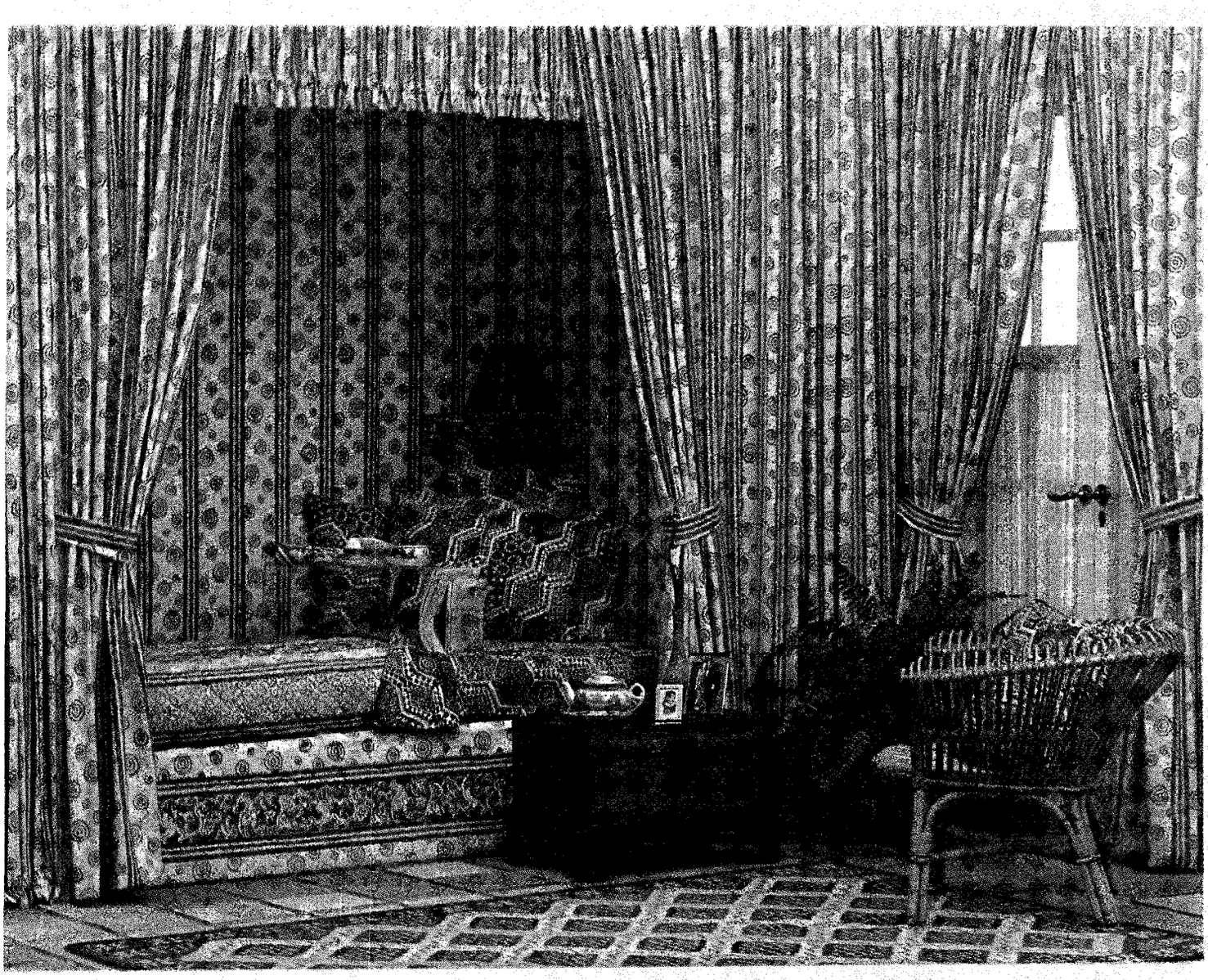
With the Martex Master Plan, you don't get



The patterns: upper left: Bakuba Batik and Bakuba Stripe
Lower left: Bakuba Basket, Bakuba Batik towels; Luxor solid towels
Right: Bakuba Batik, Bakuba Dot. Sheets, 50% Dacron® polyester and 50% combed cotton. Towels, 100% cotton.
For "The Unending House," a new, step-by-step instruction booklet on how to decorate with sheets, send $1.00 to Martex, P.O. Box 912, Madison Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10010

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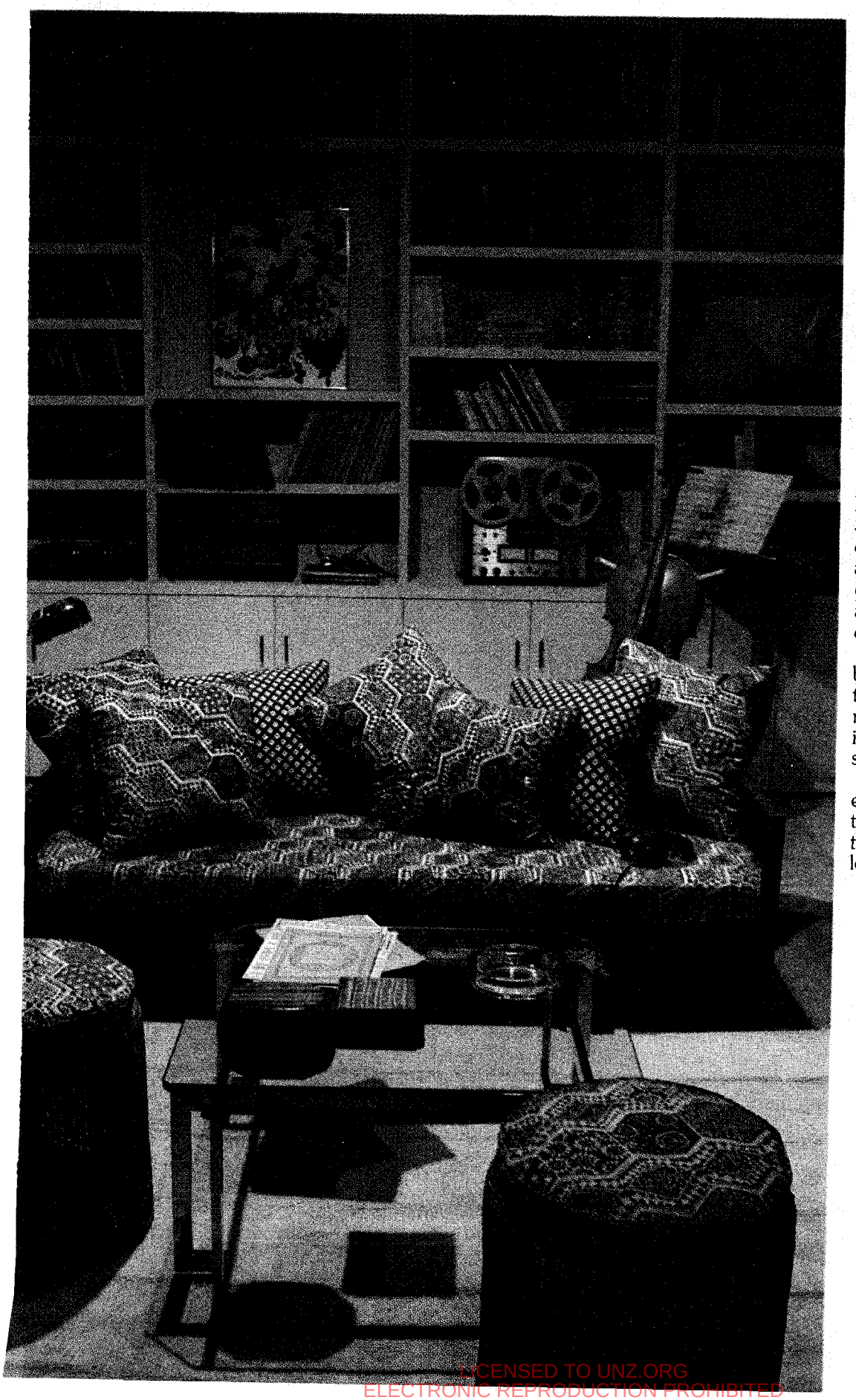
our kind of room. You get your kind of room.



The most important part of your room isn't the furniture. Or the colors on the wall. Or the carpet on the floor.

It's you.

That's why the sheets, towels, blankets and comforters in the Martex® Master Plan come in a range of designs wide enough to reflect any personality. Even one that changes with the season.

Take, for example, our Bakuba Collection® from the Design Works of Bedford Stuyvesant. It includes enough colors, patterns, and—most important—combinations of colors and patterns, to carry off any look.

Whether it's a country bedroom like the one on the upper left. An urbane music room. Or a bath as individual as the one shown here.

In fact, that's the very essence of our Master Plan: to give you everything it takes to make your room look like your room.

West Point Pepperell

Martex.
We change more than just your bed.

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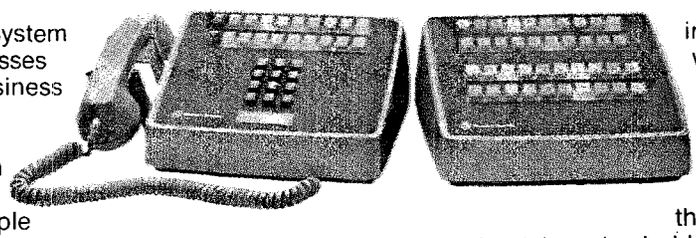
Today, just adding a few buttons won't meet the telephone needs of small business.



The people of the Bell System wanted to give small businesses a phone system with big business service, without making the treasurer cry.

Which meant more than adding a button or two on a business phone. So the people of Western Electric got together with Bell Labs to build a new family of economical key telephone systems.

Western Electric engineers applied what they knew about modular design to these systems.

So adding a new feature is a simple matter of plugging in a new circuit board.

All of which resulted in some pretty useful features. For instance: now a person in a small business can set up conference calls at the touch of a button. Incoming calls can be announced through a speaker built into each desk phone, even when that phone's being used.

If no one's there, a button stays lit to indicate a waiting message. Or someone can be paged through wall speakers around the office. And while that's being done, the caller on hold can be listening to music.

Built for your Bell Telephone Company by the people of Western Electric, these key telephone systems are already doing a lot to help small businesses manage their business better.

Western Electric

We make things that bring people closer.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

SMOKING STILL

NEARLY four years ago, under the provisions of the Public Health Cigarette Smoking Act of 1970, all cigarette advertising was removed from radio and television broadcasts. The basis for the act was the belief of Congress that the country was entitled to protection from the existing heavy flow of advertising over publicly owned airwaves for a product that had been conclusively demonstrated to be a serious hazard to health. And the hope of the sponsors of the act was that the elimination of cigarette advertising from the air (together with the printing of a pointed health warning on every cigarette package) would help reduce the number of cigarettes being smoked. In the nearly four years that have gone by without a single cigarette commercial, what changes have taken place in the nation's smoking habits? The cigarette-sales figures, taken by themselves, hardly seem to afford much encouragement to the anti-smoking forces. In 1970, before the TV and radio ban went into effect, the total domestic consumption of cigarettes was five hundred and thirty-four billion. In 1973, the figure rose to about five hundred and eighty-five billion—the biggest annual consumption of cigarettes in history. Taking into account the sales in 1971 and 1972, this means that in the period in which not a single cigarette commercial has been broadcast Americans have smoked, on a cumulative basis, ninety billion cigarettes more than they did in the year 1970. That certainly appears to be impressive testimony to the habituating capacity of cigarettes, and to the merchandising skill of the cigarette manufacturing and marketing industry.

At the time that the congressional ban went into effect, the cigarette industry was spending two hundred and five million dollars annually on television advertising, almost twelve and a half million dollars annually on radio advertising, and only sixty-four million dollars on magazine and newspaper advertising. What happened to the two hundred and five million dollars in TV money after the ban? By the end of 1971, it had become clear that about half of that money was being shifted over to the advertising of cigarettes in the print media. During 1971, the sixty-four million dollars being spent on cigarette advertising in newspapers and magazines jumped to a hundred and fifty-seven million, and in 1972 it increased to a hundred and fifty-nine million. In 1973, this figure was close to a hundred and fifty-eight million dollars. And there were other uses for the money formerly being spent on TV. Within a year after the ban, the amount of money spent for cigarette advertising on billboards, posters, and the insides and outsides of buses increased more than fivefold—from eleven million seven hundred thousand dollars to sixty million six hundred thousand—and by 1972 the cigarette industry was spending a greater amount on these outdoor media alone than it had been spending on all its magazine and newspaper campaigns at the time of the ban.

Since the TV and radio ban went into effect, however, the cigarette industry has been spending about sixty million dollars a year less on advertising than it did before the ban. And, quite aside from the profitability of products other than tobacco that the industry, which has become increasingly diversified, is putting out, the profits from selling cigarettes have never been higher than they now are. The sales figures for domestic cigarettes have increased by some fourteen per cent since the time of the ban, and they now stand at six billion dollars a year. When one compares this increase with the percentage increase in the number of cigarettes the industry has been selling in the same period—ten per cent—one sees at work an extraordinarily efficient conversion of tobacco smoke into corporate profits. This increase in profitability easily outpaces concurrent increases in taxes and business costs, and it far exceeds the growth of the population in the period concerned. One rate of increase that it does not exceed, however, is that of annual deaths from lung cancer attributable to cigarette smoking; such deaths have increased between 1970 and 1974 by nearly twenty per cent, and now stand at more than sixty-one thousand annually.

Considering that a progression of ever-heavier advertising campaigns is usually regarded within American industry as an indispensable requirement

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On my vacation,
I'll be sailing on the
smooth Caribbean.

You'll see me on
a stretch of silky
white beach.

I want to look in
all the shops.

I want to vacation
in a sophisticated
spot with a foreign
accent.

I want to be seen
in Barbados.

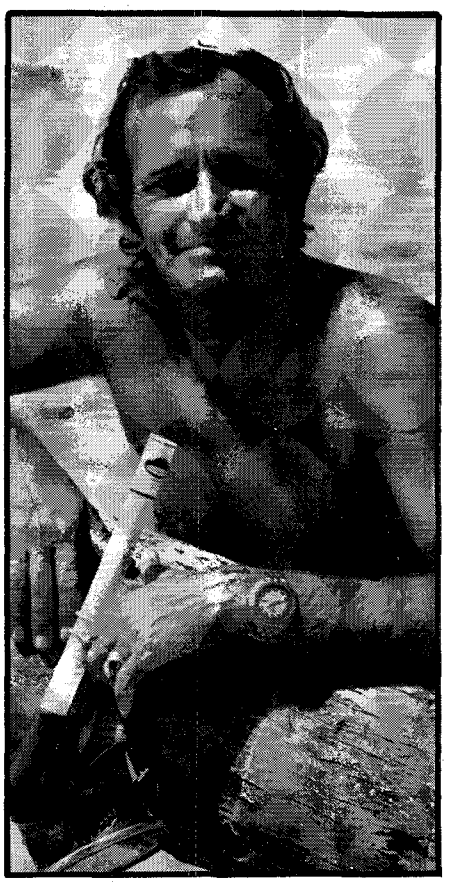
BARBADOS

Just 21 miles long
and a smile wide.

Call or write
The Barbados Tourist Board
800 Second Ave.
New York, New York 10017

for increasing, or even maintaining, the level of mass sales of consumer products, and considering that the tobacco industry has been deprived for nearly four years of the use of the most powerful and, in mass-merchandising terms, the most efficient advertising medium ever known, and also considering that the tobacco companies are now obliged by United States government consent decrees—as they were not until March of 1972—to include in all their print advertising a notice warning the customer of the health hazards of cigarette smoking, how is it that the cigarette industry, using less advertising, and that in other than its favorite medium, can sell more cigarettes and make higher profits than ever before? In attempting to understand this curious situation, one might ponder some of the circumstances under which the ban on cigarette commercials was imposed. The sponsors of the ban assumed that television commercials were extraordinarily effective not only in promoting a particular brand of cigarette but also in making the habit of smoking attractive and desirable, especially to young people. Further, certain gestures toward self-regulation of the content of cigarette advertising on TV by the television industry had turned out to be so half-hearted as to constitute a sham perpetrated by the networks for public-relations purposes. All attempts at enacting legislation to eliminate cigarette advertising on radio and television were fought by the broadcasting industry and the tobacco industry alike, with powerful lobbying and with loud cries that a ban on tobacco advertising over the air would do serious damage not only to both industries but also to the Constitutional principle of free speech. Yet once the Cigarette Smoking Act had been passed and the ban had been in effect for a while, these publicized cries ceased to be heard. A substantial argument may be made that the tobacco-industry people, far from feeling permanently injured by the broadcast ban, have actually been helped by it.

In the first place, the broadcast ban relieved the tobacco companies and the broadcasters of a most disturbing problem, which had arisen in 1967, when the Federal Communications Commission decided that its so-called Fairness Doctrine was applicable to cigarette commercials. This doctrine obliges broadcasters to provide free time, on request, for the presentation of opposing views when controversial issues of public importance are dealt with on the air. The commission's reasoning



On my vacation,
I'll be surfing in the
roaring Atlantic.

I'll bet on a silky
horse that's first
in the final stretch.

I want to look
on all the ships.

I want to vacation
in a spot where the
accent is on the
wild side.

I want to make the
scene in Barbados.

BARBADOS

Just 21 miles long
and a smile wide.

Call or write
The Barbados Tourist Board
800 Second Ave.
New York, New York 10017

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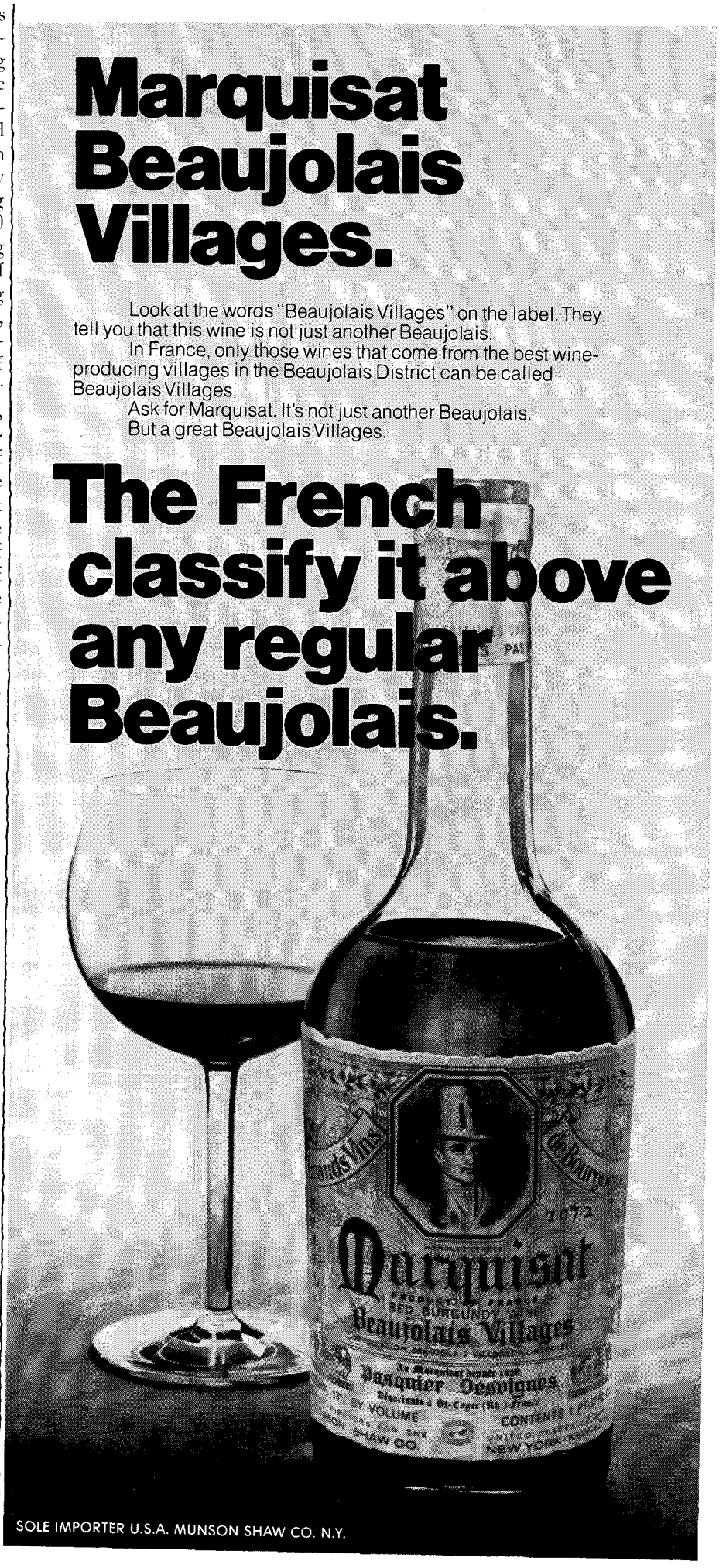
was that cigarette advertising was clearly a controversial matter of public importance, since cigarette smoking had been officially characterized by the Surgeon General in 1964 as a public-health hazard. The F.C.C. ruling had opened up an opportunity for such groups as the American Cancer Society to put a whole series of anti-smoking commercials on the air, and in 1970 anti-cigarette messages were occupying some sixty million dollars' worth of commercial air time and were causing the tobacco industry serious concern, because they were apparently effective. In fact, when the showing of anti-cigarette commercials on the air reached its peak, in the middle of 1970, the peak coincided with a noticeable decline in the per-capita consumption of cigarettes in the country. When the ban on TV cigarette commercials went into effect, the tobacco-industry people were almost immediately relieved of the sixty-million-dollar competition of the anti-smoking commercials, because TV and radio stations—no longer obliged by the F.C.C. to carry these—all but dropped them. (A few such anti-smoking announcements on television—prepared, for example, by the American Lung Association—can still be seen here or there on the home screen, but these appear infrequently in prime time.) What many people in the cigarette industry had thought was a serious impending sales crisis attributable to the adverse effect of the anti-cigarette commercials was thus averted. Irwin L. Kellner, a vice-president of Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company, who is an expert on the economics of the tobacco industry and is the author of an extensive analytical work on the subject, made computations some time ago which, he told me, indicate to him that the act of Congress banning cigarette advertising from the air—and so bringing about a severe drop in the number of anti-smoking ads being broadcast—actually caused the industry to begin a new upward growth.

"Because of the impact of the anti-smoking messages, which, of course, was reinforced by news about the effects of smoking reported in the press, industry sales were really dropping toward the end of the pre-ban period," Kellner told me a while ago. He observed that government officials did not realize at the time the ban was imposed that the pro-cigarette advertising was not the over-all sales stimulant it was commonly assumed to be, and he thinks that the government did not exercise the means at



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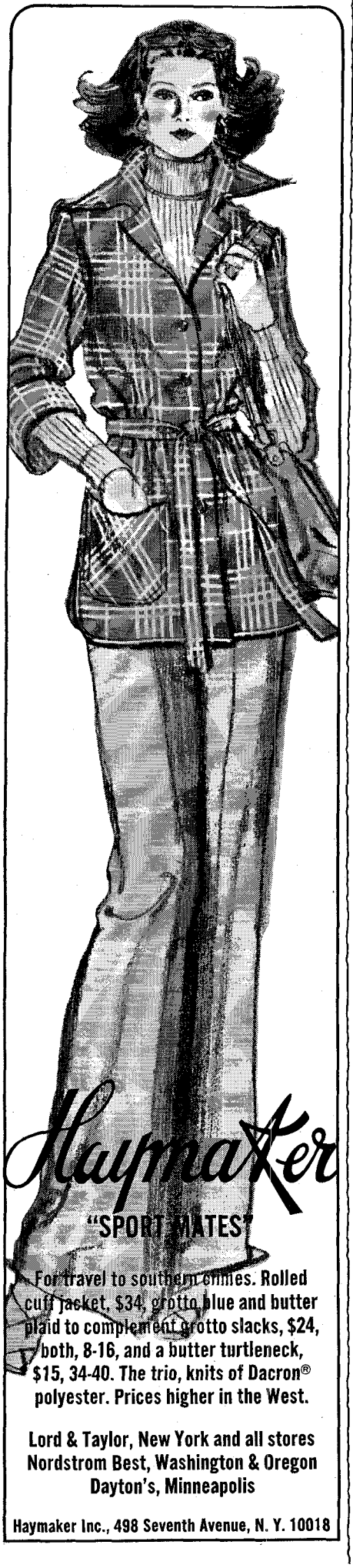
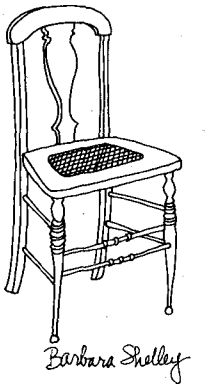


its disposal to insure a continued downward trend in cigarette sales. "I believe that if the government had raised excise taxes so as to double the price of cigarettes instead of taking cigarette advertising off the air, sales of cigarettes in this country would have been cut substantially within three months," he said. "Cigarette sales would have been very badly depressed by that." Something else might have cut cigarette sales even more, it seems to me—a decision by the F.C.C. to require broadcasters to provide air time, free of charge and in reasonable proportion to the total amount of cigarette-advertising air time (about one billion seven hundred thousand dollars' worth) bought by the tobacco industry since the Surgeon General's report in 1964, for messages prepared by such organizations as the American Cancer Society, the American Heart Association, and the American Lung Association concerning the effects of smoking on health. But, luckily for the industry, the tobacco companies were granted a reprieve—in the form of relief from the F.C.C. requirement that in effect had provided the anti-smoking forces with some sixty million dollars' worth of free air time annually. And the tobacco companies were granted relief from their own lagging sales trends.

There was another development, too, that, although it had seemed encouraging to the anti-cigarette forces, proved even more encouraging to the tobacco industry. Consent orders were issued by the Federal Trade Commission in March of 1972 which required the six major domestic cigarette companies to include in all their advertising the same notice that by law appeared on all cigarette packages: "Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health." Not all the Madison Avenue advertising men with cigarette accounts may have been delighted at having to include this qualification in their advertising. Yet the orders had no dire effect on leaders of the industry. As far as they were concerned, the warning had already been on every package of cigarettes for quite a while and hadn't seemed to have much effect on sales, and they felt that the appearance of the warning in advertising wasn't likely to dissuade a great many people from buying one brand or another. The president of one tobacco company remarked to me, "They have stop signs and lights on roads, but there are still people who go through them."



Actually, the mandatory inclusion of the health warning in all cigarette advertising opened up certain areas in the media which had been closed to the tobacco companies for some time. Thus, the *Times* had run an editorial in August of 1969 announcing that as of January, 1970, the newspaper would accept cigarette ads only if they contained a warning about the hazards of smoking and a disclosure of tar-and-nicotine content. The tobacco companies replied that they would drop all cigarette advertising from the *Times* rather than comply with the paper's conditions, and they did drop it. But the F.T.C. consent orders neatly released the cigarette companies from their predicament, and they began advertising in the *Times* as happily as ever. Last year, the *Times* carried about two hundred and sixty-four thousand lines of cigarette advertising, from which the paper derived approximately a million five hundred thousand dollars in income. "We've been out making contacts with the cigarette-manufacturing people again over the past several years and welcoming their business," a *Times* advertising executive told me a while ago. "This is a very fast-growing classification for us. Right now we're running about fifty per cent more cigarette advertising than we ran in the best years of the sixties, and the prospects are getting better and better." By the end of this year, the *Times* people estimate, their cigarette-ad revenues will have risen to two million dollars.

The inclusion of the health warning in advertising may have had a similarly reassuring effect on the publishers of other newspapers or magazines, who, while not going as far as to refuse cigarette advertising at the time the Cigarette Smoking Act was passed, had perhaps felt themselves under pressure from public-health groups or from this or that senator concerned about the relationship between cigarette promotion, the cigarette habit, and the high incidence of certain diseases among smokers. The publishers could now be assured that, in effect, the Surgeon General was getting equal time in the cigarette ads. In any event, the magazines accepting cigarette ads (and only a few magazines, including *Reader's Digest*, *Good Housekeeping*, and *The New Yorker*, do not accept them) have been enjoying the cigarette companies' business as heartily as has

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[illegible]ENCE EYESHADOW

Powder [illegible]
Not just re[illegible]
ioned. Ra[illegible]
Revenes[illegible]
loose powde[illegible]
union of [illegible]
Mated. On[illegible]
Millions of [illegible]
moisturizer.
What com[illegible]
and dry? [illegible]
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in every way.
First, the [illegible]

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[illegible] where you
[illegible] when you open your
[illegible]
[illegible] the feeling. What's smooth-
[illegible] Silk? Froth? Fluff? The old
words don't serve. It feels buoyant,
weightless. Wispy? You decide.

Fourth, the look. What you had in mind in the first place. A soft-edged accent of unabashed color, buffed and inviting as new suede.

Fifth, the last. Longer than the bubbles in a glass of champagne.

Revenescence Eyeshadow $5.50. Other, equally newsworthy cosmetics, all with encapsuled moisturizer: Revenescence Lipstick $5.00; Revenescence Cheekglow $5.00; Revenescence Powderglow (loose $7.00, pressed $5.50).

Available at very fine stores.

Charles of the Ritz

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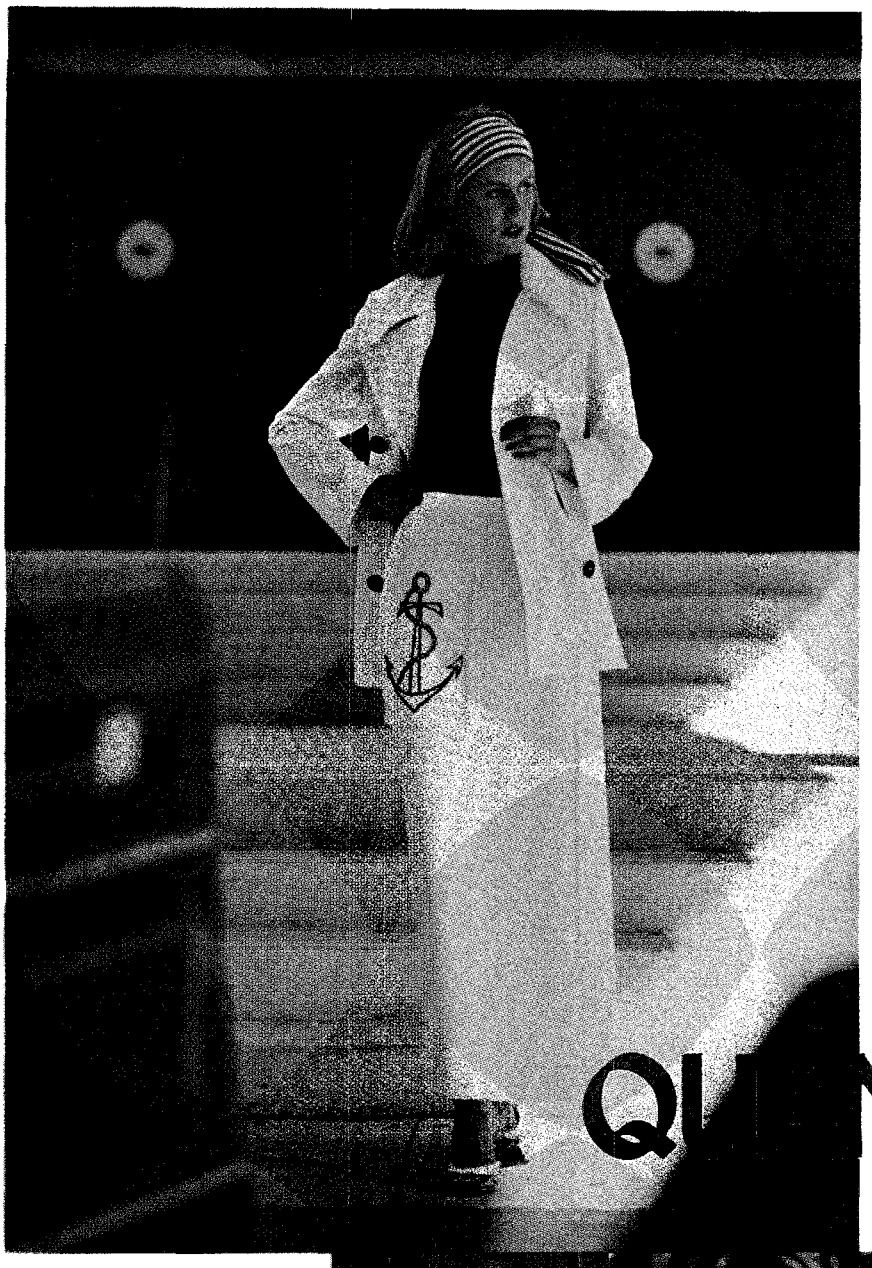
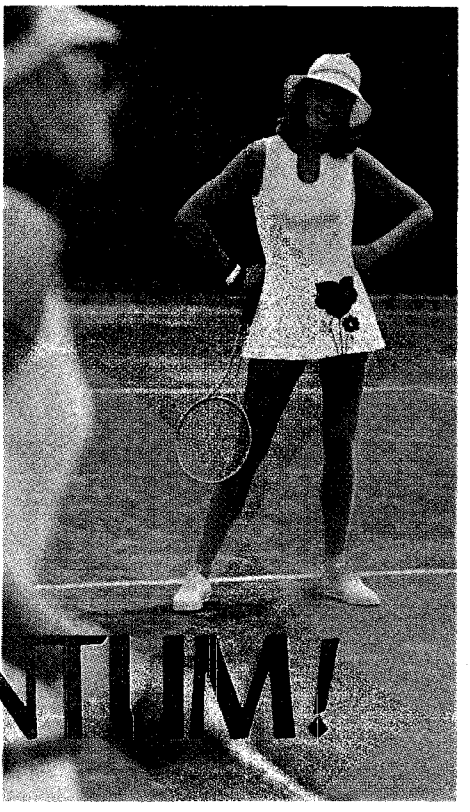
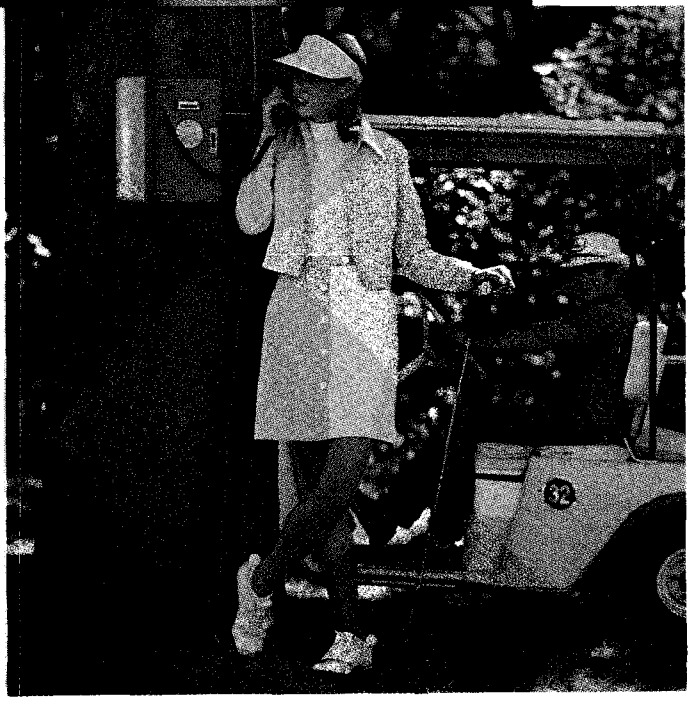


Your way of life. Your way of dressing for it.



QUANTUM!



The casual club look in golf clothes, tennis clothes, spectator clothes. When it's right, you know it. When it's Quantum, it's right. Available wherever fine sportswear is sold. Quantum! 1411 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018. (A Roxanne product.)

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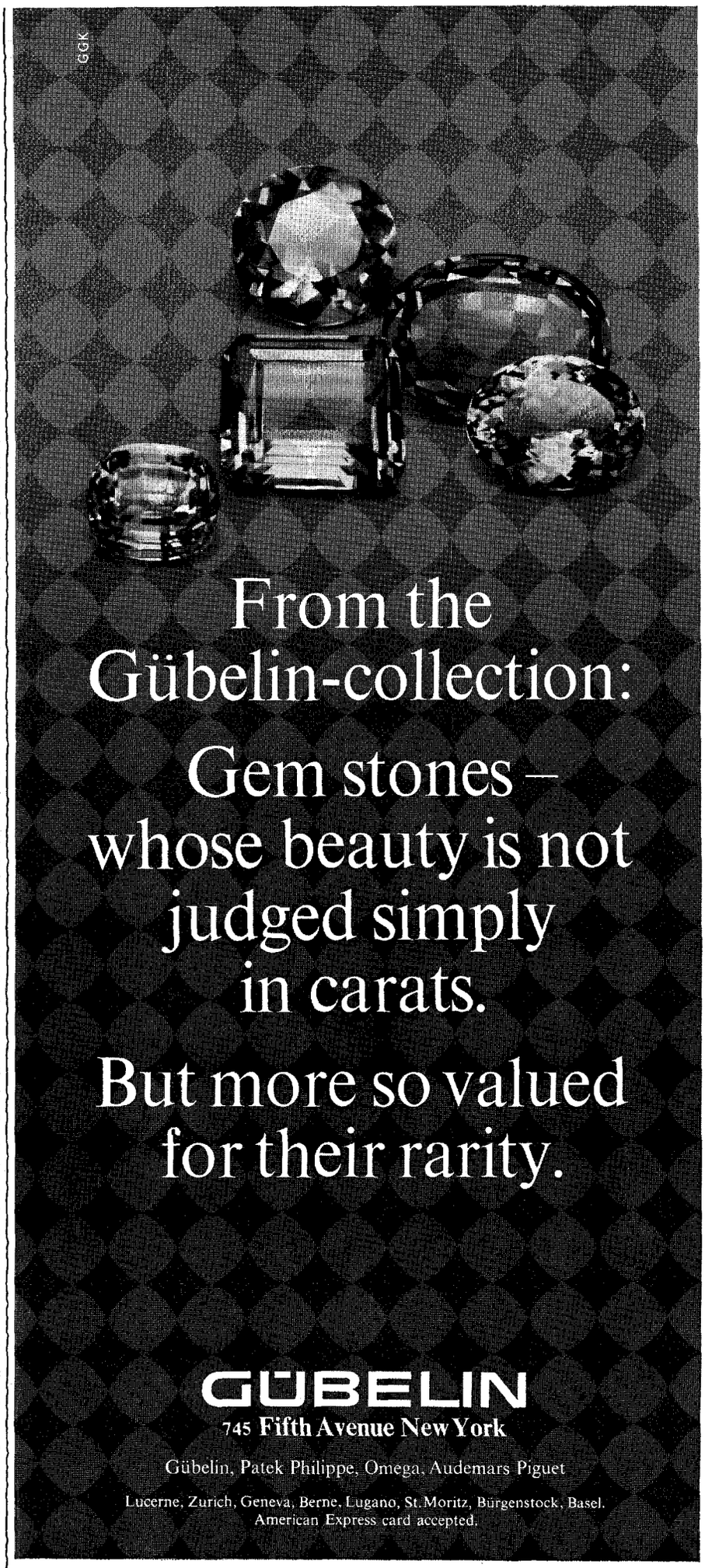
the *Times;* in fact, increased cigarette advertising last year represented the biggest part of advertising-revenue gains in such magazines as *Time*. In years when the magazine business in general has been hard hit by postal-rate rises and other cost increases, cigarette advertising has meant, for a number of publications, the difference between profit and loss.

There was yet another reason for the tobacco-industry leaders to feel no great distress over the F.T.C. orders that they include health warnings in their advertising. Since the publication of the 1964 Surgeon General's report, which characterized cigarette smoking as "a health hazard of sufficient importance in the United States to warrant appropriate remedial action," and other convincing scientific evidence, the industry had been under an ominous legal cloud, in that it was open to liability lawsuits brought by the estates of smokers who had died of lung cancer and whose survivors could attempt to prove to the satisfaction of juries that the deceased had originally been lured into habitually smoking a particular brand by such advertising claims as "Not a Cough in a Carload." Indeed, a number of liability suits had been brought in the fifties and sixties, and, although none of these had ultimately been decided against the cigarette-company defendants, the threat that some landmark decision might be rendered in a damage suit on behalf of smokers who had contracted lung cancer after habitually smoking a particular brand not only worried the tobacco-company lawyers but also tended to have an inhibiting effect on the quotations of tobacco-company stocks on Wall Street. In this respect, the health warning on cigarette packages that was required by the Cigarette Smoking Act was a help rather than a hindrance to the tobacco companies' legal position. But the inclusion of the warning notice in all advertising almost clinched things, for the companies, while admitting nothing, could now claim more strongly than before that they had made no effort to conceal the alleged risks connected with the use of their products. Now anybody who read a cigarette ad and went out and bought the product advertised was twice warned and clearly did the buying with his eyes open, so if he contracted lung cancer or emphysema later on, his chances, or his heirs' chances, of successfully pursuing a claim for damages against the tobacco company making his brand would be virtually nil. In the light of current cigarette sales,



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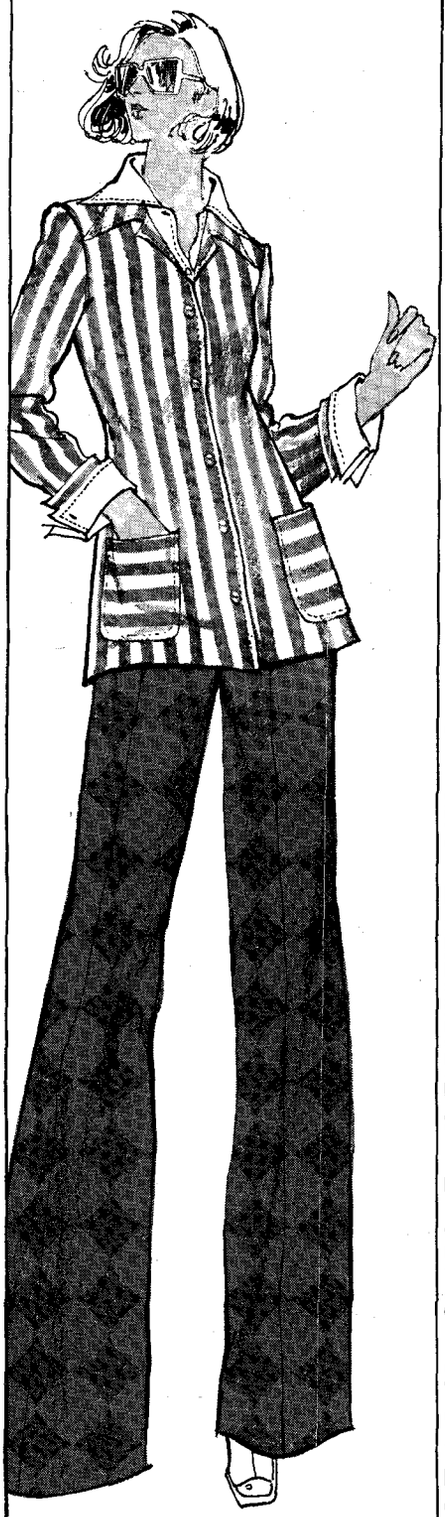
TED BODIN'S
SPRING COLLECTION

Cut and shaped with his characteristic chic and superb tailoring. Colored with extraordinary crispness. Unbelievably easy to care for. Available now at your favorite store.

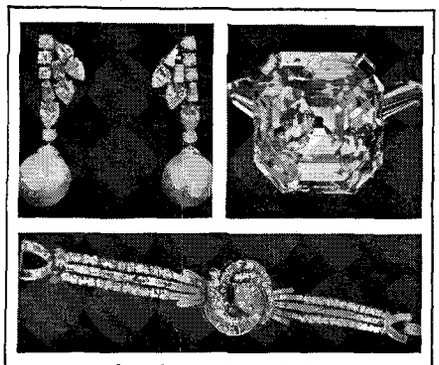


Broadway Dept. Stores, California. Liberty House, California. Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., Illinois. Grand Apparel Co., Wisconsin. Jordan Marsh, Massachusetts, Florida. Burdines, Florida. The Bon Marche, Washington. Rich's, Inc., Georgia. Parisian, Inc., Alabama.

the inclusion of the warning signs in cigarette advertising seems to have served to protect the tobacco companies at least as effectively as it has cautioned the smoker.

ALL this tends to show the extent to which the tobacco industry, far from feeling the ban on TV and radio cigarette advertising to be a devastating blow, has been able to convert its effects into increased profits. But it does not explain why the number of cigarettes being sold has increased appreciably since the ban. An important clue to this mystery may be found, I believe, in a comparison of the increase in the number of cigarettes being sold and the increase in the actual amount of tobacco being bought by the tobacco companies for use in cigarettes. Since the ban went into effect, the number of cigarettes sold has increased by ten per cent, but the amount of tobacco used for cigarettes has increased by only seven and four-tenths per cent. Thus, the increase in the total number of cigarettes being sold in this period has easily outpaced the increase in the total amount of cigarette tobacco being consumed. If, putting aside the growth of the cigarette market as a whole, one considers the amount of tobacco that, according to calculations by the Department of Agriculture, goes into every thousand cigarettes, the amount of tobacco being put into the average cigarette has decreased by three per cent since 1970. Yet the length of the average cigarette has not deceased correspondingly; on the contrary, more cigarettes are getting longer and longer.

What accounts for this ghostly tobacco gap? One reason seems to be that the cigarette companies have devised various processes—"fluffing" or "puffing"—that expand the tobacco somewhat as wheat is puffed for use in breakfast cereals, so that the tobacco tends to have more bulk in the finished cigarettes than it used to. But the main reason is the increase in the amount of filter material used in cigarettes. It can hardly be a recognition of the evidence concerning the connection between cigarette smoking and disease which has prompted the tobacco companies to increase the amount of filter material in cigarettes, because it is impossible to find an executive of any tobacco company who will admit that cigarette smoking has the slightest causal relationship to lung cancer and other maladies. An interim company report to Philip Morris stockholders that during the first quarter of 1973 an-



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AUCTION
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of Adrian, Michigan
and MARY A. LeCLERC
of Grosse Pointe, Michigan
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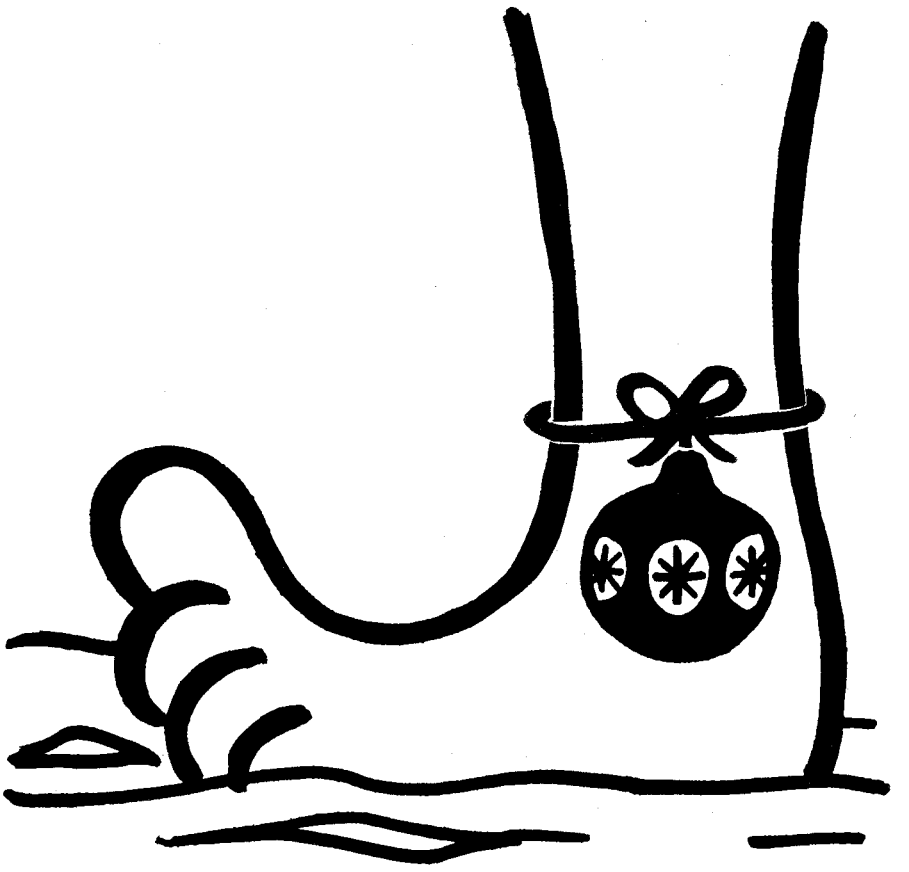
nounced a quarterly increase of almost eighteen per cent in net company earnings over the equivalent period of the previous year observed, in soothing fashion, "In the area of tobacco and health, we continue to be in a period of relative calm." The report went on, "In recent years, there have been few noteworthy developments, and anti-tobacco forces have claimed no 'breakthroughs' in their attempts to connect cigarette smoking with disease. We continue to believe that as researchers broaden the areas of investigation, the [prevailing] scientific perspective on the smoking and health question will change."

Public demand has certainly played a part in the heavily increased manufacture of filter cigarettes, and this demand has been stimulated, if not created, by smokers' fears about the effects of cigarettes on their health. But the popularity of filter cigarettes has been pushed by the tobacco industry for reasons of its own. A long time ago, the cigarette producers discovered an economic principle marvellously helpful to them: cubic millimetre for cubic millimetre, filter material costs less than tobacco. Since 1954, when the tobacco companies began to promote filter cigarettes in a big way, the average cigarette length has increased by perhaps fifteen per cent, but in the same period the average length of the column of tobacco in the cigarettes has decreased by twelve per cent. Also, the tobacco companies are marketing cigarettes that are thinner as well as longer than before, and this styling, too, allows them to put less tobacco in cigarettes. The rest is filter, which means the wood derivative cellulose instead of tobacco, and which, per millimetre of length, is added at a fraction of the cost of the tobacco it displaces. And as the filter material is made to occupy more and more of the total length of cigarettes, many of the ads seem to be featuring the filter as much as the tobacco. Some closeup depictions of the innards of filters in the ads for low-tar brands show complicated, mazelike arrangements of walls and baffles, recalling the cutaway sections of the Skylab shown in newspapers a year or so ago. Particularly in view of the higher prices charged for cigarettes nowadays, all these refinements are something of a triumph of merchandising. What with the fluffing process and the filter material, the cigarette industry is literally packaging air along with its tobacco and getting premium prices for it. To the extent that filter material replaces tobacco, the price may not be



Instead of sloshing through the slush in your galoshes this Christmas, dig your feet into Florida's soft warm sand.

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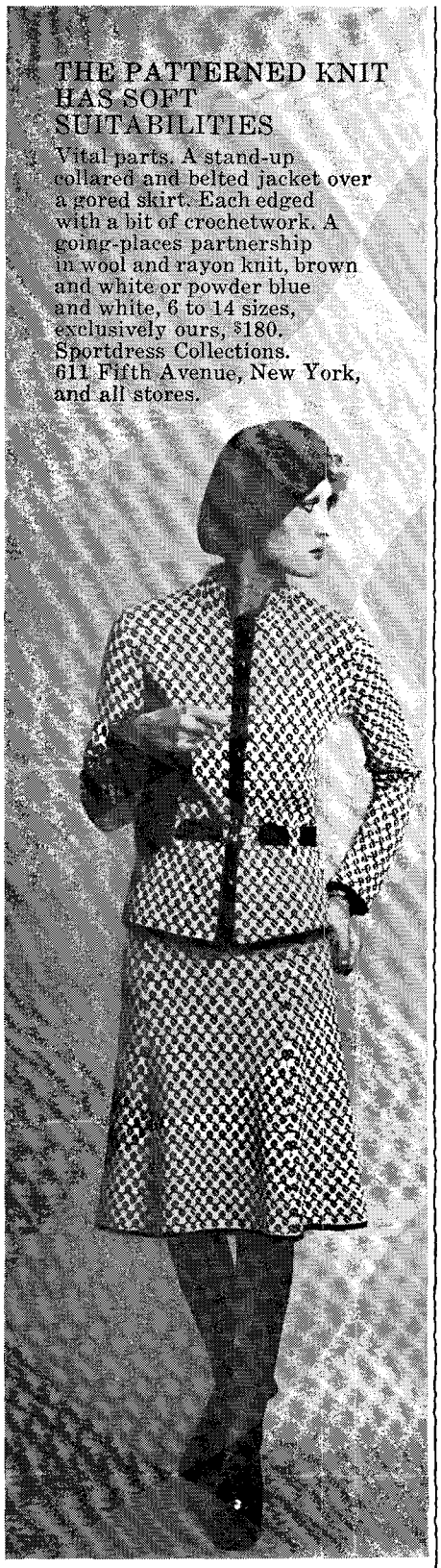

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CELEBRATING FIFTY YEARS OF FASHION
Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

entirely lost, in terms of reduced injury to public health—provided that people don't compensate for the lesser amount of tobacco in the cigarettes they smoke by smoking more of them. (There seem to be no reliable statistics on this.) It is possible that, in using cigarettes with increased filter material, smokers may compensate for the reduced amount of tobacco per cigarette by smoking down almost to the filter. They are then smoking concentrated gunk.

On the whole, it seems reasonable to conclude that the increase in the number of cigarettes sold since the broadcast ban tends to mask the most basic consideration in terms of public health, which is the amount of cigarette tobacco being smoked per capita. From 1970 to 1974, this involved an estimated increase of four and two-tenths per cent, which is less than the seven-per-cent increase in the per-capita consumption of cigarettes in the same period. But it is still considerable, and the existence of this upturn certainly does not accord with the theory behind the broadcast ban—that advertising in the most powerful of the mass media was a prime factor, if not *the* prime factor, in the spread of the smoking habit in this country. Long before the TV ban, tobacco-industry executives argued that cigarette advertising, on or off the air, consisted only of brand advertising, aimed at obtaining for each competing cigarette manufacturer the largest possible share of a total cigarette market. And they have continued to insist that this brand advertising has no effect on the over-all number of cigarettes being smoked in the country. Now, almost four years after the TV ban, the tobacco people claim that the increase in the demand for cigarettes proves their point. Can it be that the tobacco people are right, after all? It seems to me, in view of the increase in the number of cigarettes being sold since the TV ban, that this question deserves serious examination. If the tobacco people's assertion is true, not only does it fly in the face of commonly held ideas about the effectiveness of large advertising campaigns on television, and not only does it throw doubt upon the reasoning behind the legislation ordering the TV ban, but it also has a bearing on the efforts of reformers to obtain free time, under the F.C.C. Fairness Doctrine, for public-interest commercials involving a variety of subjects—the claims made by oil companies about their role in the energy crisis, for example. Significantly, a recent report of the F.C.C., adopted unanimously by the commission, reinterprets the commission's policy on the Fairness Doctrine which originally made it possible for the anti-smoking ads to be put on the air in substantial numbers.

On the face of things, the tobacco people have a fairly solid case to make here. Certainly TV can reach more people, and reach them more cheaply, than any other medium. However, deprived of this medium, the tobacco companies were still able to find plenty of leeway by skillful tacking about. One man familiar with the tobacco business remarked to me recently, "The marketing men in the cigarette industry are as tough and able as you'll find anywhere. They don't miss a trick." With the huge commercial growth of network television in the fifties, the art of salesmanship of high-turnover consumer products like cigarettes became extremely centralized; the selling was done from the studio rather than from behind the counter. When the ban on TV cigarette advertising deprived the tobacco industry of its principal means of persuading the customer directly, the industry, adapting itself to circumstances, turned around and placed far greater emphasis than formerly on salesmanship where it counted most—at the spot where the customer turned up to buy. Some of the money that would otherwise have been spent on television advertising—how much is hard to tell, because the figures do not show up in industrywide advertising estimates—has been used to engage more tobacco-company salesmen to deal with retail outlets. The tobacco companies went in heavily for promotions of one kind or another at the point of sale. They did battle with one another in paying cash bonuses to supermarket operators for preferential shelf position for their wares. In addition to their greatly increased advertising in print and on billboards, the managers of certain brands went in for such promotion devices as premium offers. For example, last year Brown & Williamson Tobacco offered ready-to-assemble gazebos for those who handed in cash and the required number of logos from Kool cartons. The tobacco companies also turned heavily to the sponsorship of sporting events—the Virginia Slims Women's Tennis Circuit, the Philip Morris Marlboro Cup horse race, and so on—in which banners bearing the cigarette brand names are handily visible in the TV coverage of the events. The cumulative impact

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One of those Movados a mother could love. Or a wife. Or a daughter. Or someone else. A gracefully softened rectangle of 18 karat gold, with gilt dial and satin mesh bracelet. At $1,575, it is one of many ladies' bracelet watches priced from $295. And like all Movados, from original Museum Watch to high-frequency chronograph, it is backed by a company with more than 1,500 Swiss awards for technology and design; testimony that Movados, for men and women, are more than merely handsome.

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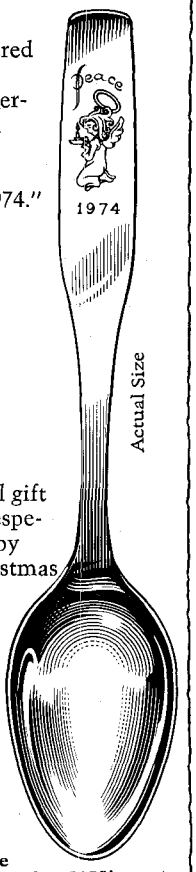
International Silver's

Christmas Peace Spoon Only $3.00

A small gift, but one that will be remembered for generations. This exquisitely-made silver-plated spoon bears an engraved angel as a symbol of peace, plus the words "PEACE 1974."



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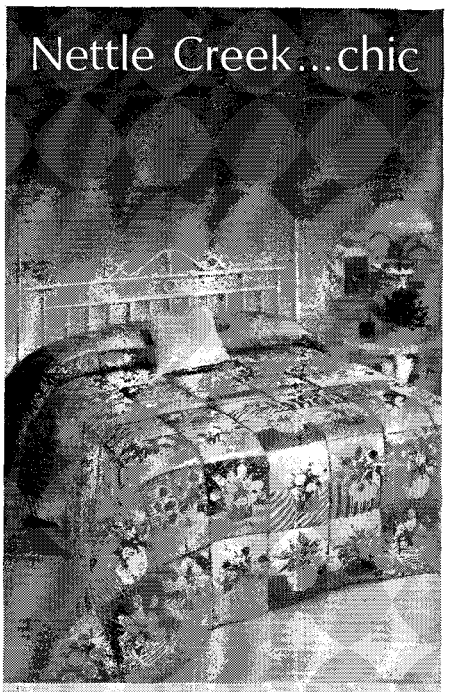
of these promotional activities is, on an industrywide basis, considerable. But, taken together, they still don't have the appearance of possessing the persuasive force of the cigarette-ad campaigns on TV in the sixties. How can the sponsorship of horse races without TV commercials compare, in terms of providing incentives to smoke, to the unending bombardment of cigarette commercials seen by the audiences watching a season of football on TV just prior to the TV ban? Yet, somehow, the tobacco companies are selling more cigarettes to more people than ever.

A while ago, I made a visit to Philip Morris headquarters, on Park Avenue, and spoke with James C. Bowling, a vice-president and assistant to the board chairman. I had interviewed Bowling some years before the TV ban, and I found his position on cigarette advertising unchanged now. "We had told people before the ban went into effect that taking cigarette advertising off the air wouldn't reduce cigarette sales," Bowling said. "We knew what would happen. We knew what had already happened in England when cigarette advertising was removed from TV—people went right on smoking. We knew what had happened in Italy, where all cigarette advertising had been ended years before—people went on smoking. Our Marlboro cigarettes are just as successful in Italy, where we've never spent a nickel in advertising, as they are in countries where there's competitive brand advertising. The fact is that advertising has nothing to do with the reasons people smoke. Smoking existed before TV advertising, and, as you see, it exists without it. We have advertised Philip Morris brands only to try to obtain the best share of an existing smoking market, in competition with other brands. Advertising does not increase the total market. What counts in this business is not brilliance of advertising but quality of product. I happen to have a great and abiding respect for the consumer. He wants to make his own decision about whether to smoke or not, and, if he does smoke, about what brand he wants to buy. I don't think the most brilliant ad campaign would sell *one* pack of cigarettes of *any* brand if the consumer didn't want to smoke it."

From a man whose company has spent close to half a billion dollars on advertising in the last ten years, with and without TV, this hardly sounds like a glowing testimonial to the advertising business. But Bowling was talking seriously, and his views are pretty



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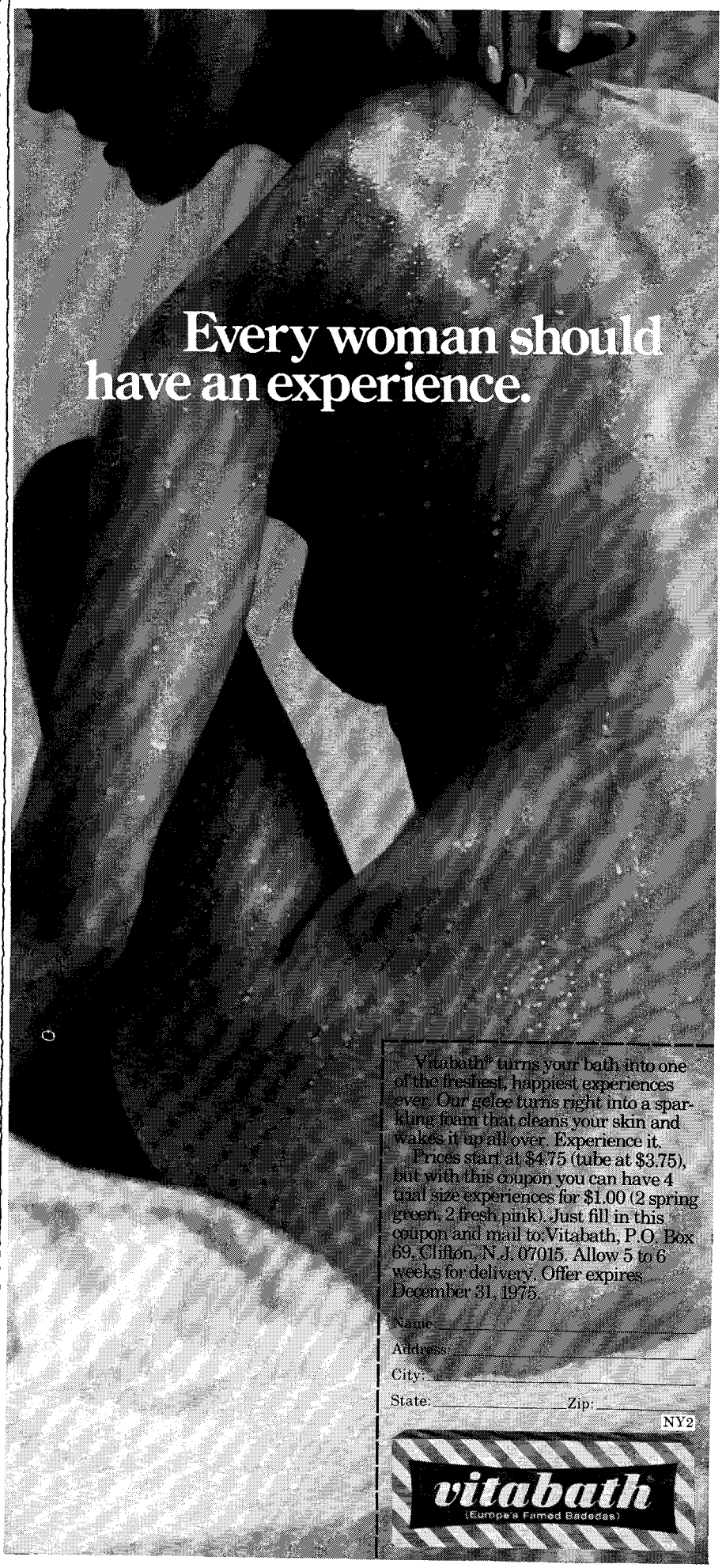
much identical to those of other leaders of the cigarette industry. Their unanimity does not seem perfect, however. One of the Philip Morris executives I had talked with before the TV ban was John T. Landry, the company's executive vice-president and director of marketing, and Landry himself had told me of his conviction that cigarette advertising was not capable of affecting cigarette sales as a whole—only shares of the market occupied by particular brands. A couple of years after the ban, however, an article in *Business Week* reported some further observations by Landry on the role of cigarette advertising. "It's a whole new advertising ball game now," the *Business Week* article quoted Landry as saying. "A cigarette company's ads are not just competing with ads for other brands. You are competing with every other advertiser in America for a share of the consumer's mind. And wherever he stores up all the things from your ads that may eventually get him to switch to your product, you end up—without television—dealing with a much smaller corner of that mind. You are no longer as visible as soaps, autos, detergents, and other products that he will see on TV." It seems to me that if cigarette companies are not only competing among themselves for a share of the cigarette market but also competing for a share of the over-all market, they can hardly be as unconcerned as they claim about manipulating the level of the cigarette market as a whole. I have wondered why it is that if the tobacco people have no ability to increase the size of their market through advertising, the very few heads of advertising agencies who have refused to accept cigarette-advertising accounts (these include such shrewd manipulators of the market as William Bernbach, of Doyle Dane Bernbach, and the Benton & Bowles agency), in the belief that they would harm the public if they did, should have failed to recognize this supposed basic economic principle of limited advertising effectiveness. And, further, if the nature of cigarette advertising is such that prior to the TV ban a total advertising expenditure of more than three hundred million dollars a year could not affect the cigarette market as a whole, how is it that a limited anti-smoking campaign on television was able to *decrease* the market to a point plainly worrisome to the tobacco industry?

Even if one gives serious weight to these reservations, however, it is still entirely possible that there is some substance to the cigarette manufacturers'



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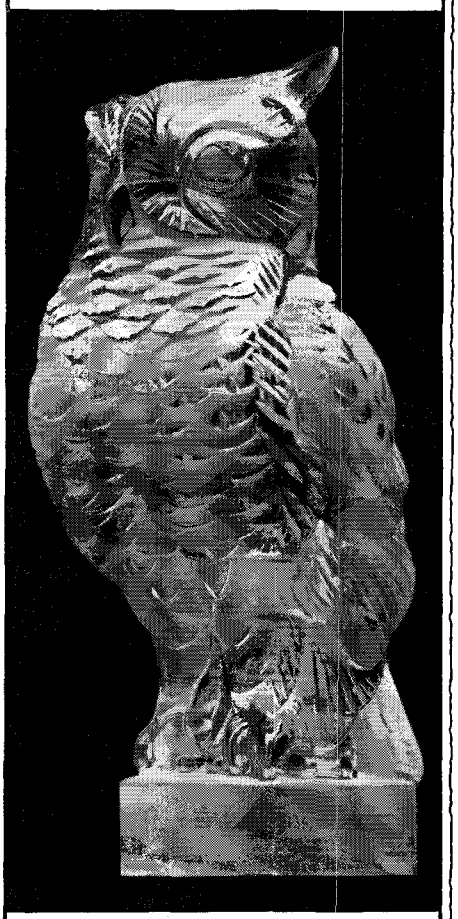

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Lafayette Galleries, Lexington, Ky.
Shreve Crump & Low, Boston, Mass.
Kjild Jensen, Mattapoisett, Mass.
Charles W. Warren Co., Troy, Mich.
J.B. Hudson Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Bertha's, Las Vegas, Nev.
Brielle China Gifts, Brielle, N.J.
Lourdes Inc., Jefferson Valley, N.Y.
Carole Stupell Ltd., N.Y., N.Y.
Northland Gifts, Eugene, Ore.
Zell Brothers, Portland, Ore.
J.E. Caldwell Co., Phila., Pa.
Modern Flower Shop, Phila., Pa.
Nicoletti's, Houston, Tex.
Johnson Jewelers, Inc., Tyler, Tex.
Friedlander & Sons, Inc., Seattle, Wa.
Porcelain Gallery, Seattle, Wa.

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contention that advertising does not increase the size of the over-all cigarette market. But if, to the astonishment of critics of the cigarette industry, it turns out that what the tobacco men have been saying about the limited power of cigarette advertising on TV holds true, it will hold true only under certain conditions, and these do not necessarily reflect favorably on the long-term prospects of the cigarette business. In this country, at any rate, its long-term prospects are dependent on the ability of the industry to keep pace in its total sales with the increase in population. Yet as far back as twenty-five years ago the industry showed signs of failing to maintain this pace. Half a century ago, however, the situation was different. The big cigarette-ad campaigns of the nineteen-twenties were clearly aimed at a huge potential as well as an existing cigarette market, and slogans such as "Reach for a Lucky Instead of a Sweet" and "Blow some my way" were hardly devised merely to obtain a share of the existing market; their targets included the majority of the adult population, who had yet to get into the cigarette habit. Thereafter, with intensive merchandising, cigarette consumption soared upward. The rate at which the industry was able to expand cigarette sales in relation to the growth of population indicates what was going on through the early twenties, the thirties, and the forties, and into the fifties. Between 1922 and 1952, cigarette sales increased six hundred and thirty-nine per cent while the population increased fifty-four per cent. On the average, this represented a compound yearly increase of approximately seven per cent in cigarette sales and a one-and-a-half-per-cent increase in adult population.

But between 1954, when the publication of the first major scientific study on the relationship between smoking and excess deaths among smokers in this country—a study conducted by Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond and Dr. Daniel Horn, both of the American Cancer Society—put the issue on the front pages, and 1963, the year before the Surgeon General's report, the story was different. Sales increased only two and a half times the annual population increase. Although the tobacco merchandisers were still selling cigarettes at more than twice the rate that the population was increasing, they were having a more complicated time doing the selling—and that was with the help of network-television advertising, which was able to depict in motion the act of smoking and inhaling, as print

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French miners in the 1800's would hang this delicate Pigeon lamp on their helmets while working. This exact reproduction, hand-cast in solid pewter by master craftsmen in Connecticut, will make a classic hanging or standing piece to be treasured for years. Polished by hand with an engraved French inscription, Pigeon Miner's Lamp stands 9" tall and is $50 at fine stores or write: Schmid Brothers, Inc., Randolph, Mass. 02368.

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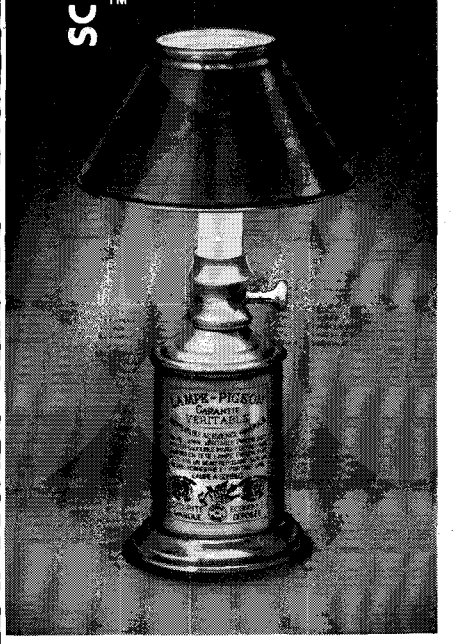

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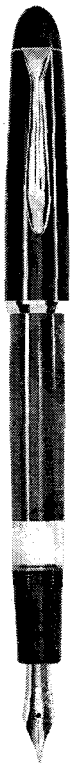

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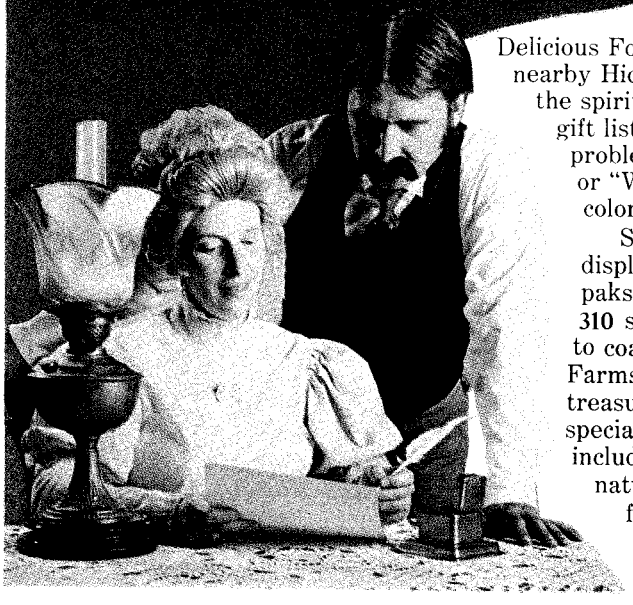
Delicious Food Gift Paks from your nearby Hickory Farms store will convey the spirit of Christmas to your entire gift list. And your gift problems ("Is it the right size?" or "Will they like this color?") are solved.

See the handsome displays of food gift paks at any of our 310 stores from coast to coast. Each Hickory Farms Store is a treasure house of fine specialty foods, including 126 kinds of natural cheese and our famous BEEF STICK ® Summer Sausage.



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"AMERICA'S LEADING CHEESE STORES"®
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TAKE GIFTS WITH YOU OR WE'LL MAIL

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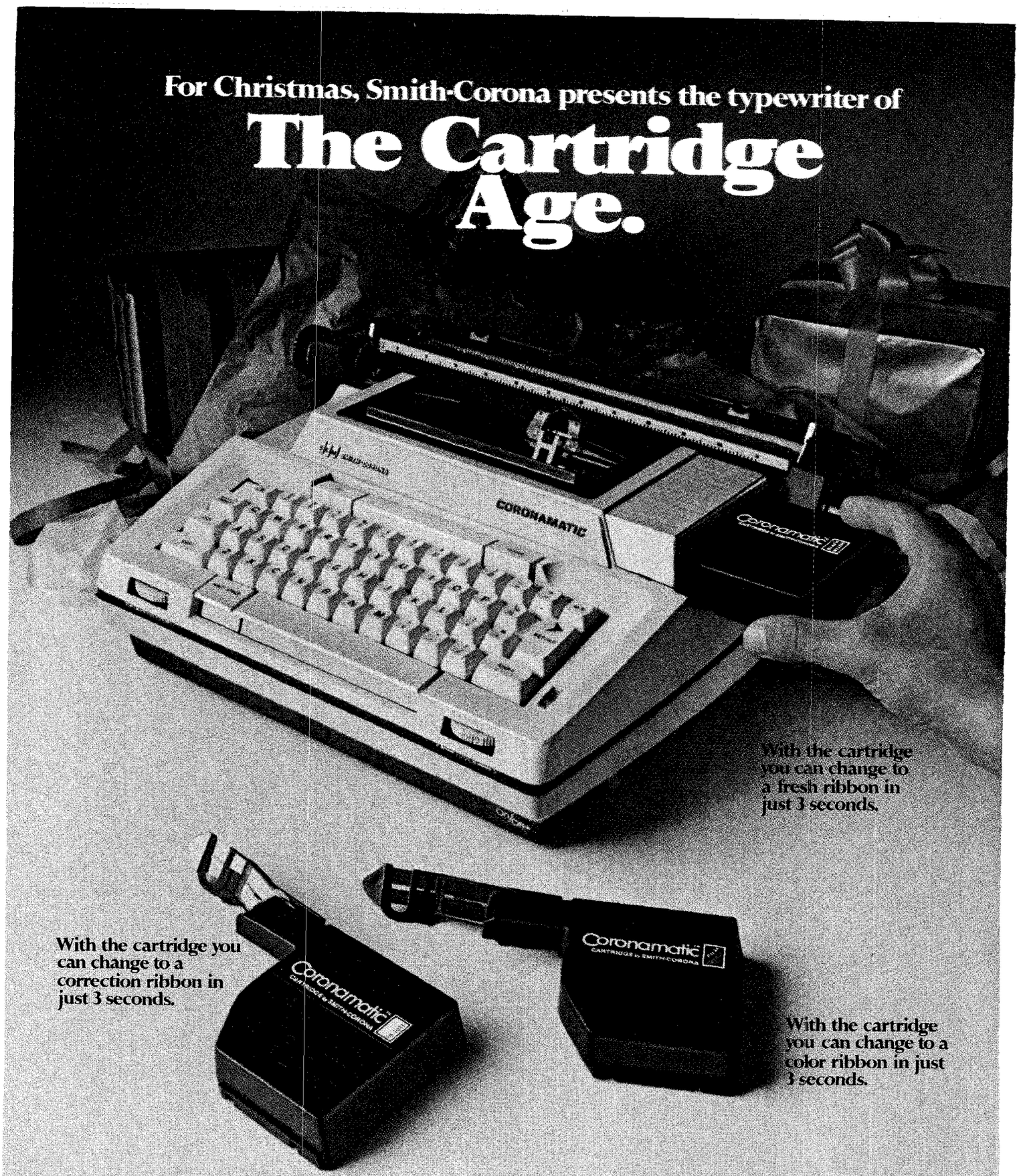
For Christmas, Smith-Corona presents the typewriter of

The Cartridge Age.



With the cartridge you can change to a fresh ribbon in just 3 seconds.

With the cartridge you can change to a correction ribbon in just 3 seconds.

With the cartridge you can change to a color ribbon in just 3 seconds.

If you're looking for a very special Christmas gift, we'd like to suggest a very special typewriter. The Smith-Corona Cartridge Ribbon Typewriter. It's the only electric portable with a snap-out, snap-in cartridge ribbon system.

In 3 seconds you can snap out a worn ribbon and snap in a fresh ribbon.

In 3 seconds you can snap out a black ribbon and snap in any of five color ribbons.

In 3 seconds you can snap in a carbon film ribbon that makes typing look like professional printing.

In 3 seconds you can snap in a correction ribbon that allows you to correct errors more neatly and with less effort than ever before.

The Smith-Corona Cartridge Ribbon Typewriter, for Christmas. It's the most advanced electric portable typewriter you can give.

SCM® SMITH-CORONA
SCM CORPORATION

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advertising never could. The explosive growth in the number of filter brands during this period was directly connected with an attempt to counter people's concern about the effects of cigarettes on health: the tobacco companies came up with filters that *looked* as though they might cut down on the harmfulness of smoking, even though the companies were vehemently denying that any such harmfulness existed. However, the proliferation of competing brands was an increasingly expensive business, because of the cost of getting the brands started and advertised on television.

Then, in 1964, the Surgeon General's report was a hard blow to the industry. And between the end of 1963 and the end of 1970, when cigarette commercials were banned from TV, another very significant change occurred: the adult population increased at a rate of one and nine-tenths per cent a year, but total sales of cigarettes increased at the rate of only eight-tenths of one per cent a year. This involved a drop in the per-capita consumption of cigarettes from four thousand three hundred and forty-five to three thousand nine hundred and eighty-five. The extent of the promotional effort that the cigarette companies felt obliged to make not only in this period but also in the preceding one in order to maintain sales is indicated by the total amount spent on advertising between 1955 (a great year for filters) and 1970. In those fifteen years, the total number of cigarettes sold annually increased by thirty-six per cent, but advertising costs—the far greater part of these being poured into television, of course—increased by more than two hundred and seventy per cent. It seems as though the advertising men were puffing even harder than the customers. As a whole, the cigarette business was showing signs of becoming what the market analysts call a mature industry—one in which, after a period of substantial expansion, the market growth is no longer able to maintain consistent gains over population growth. The cigarette-market growth had now levelled off and begun to move nearly parallel to the growth curve for the adult population. On television, the cigarette men tended to compete more and more for less and less. An article in *Business Week* in December of 1969 quoted one tobacco executive as complaining that in pouring so much money into advertising "after a point all you're doing is spinning the wheels and making the media rich." Given such reduced expectations, it seems unsur-

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Millburn, N.J.—*S. Marsh & Sons* • New Orleans—*Hausmann's* • Portland, Ore.—*Stevens & Son*
Richmond—*Schwarzschild Bros.* • Rockville—*Maryland Diamond and Jewelry Exchange Ltd.*
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(AMERICAN EXPRESS ACCOUNT NUMBER)

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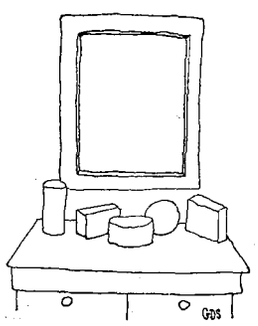
Please add $1.00 for postage and handling charges for deliveries beyond New York delivery area. Greater New York City deliveries add 8% sales tax. New York State deliveries add tax applicable to locality.

☐ Send Christmas Catalogue

prising that the anti-cigarette commercials appearing on TV, even in limited numbers, had a depressing effect on the market as a whole. In November of 1972, almost two years after the cigarette-commercial ban went into effect, James L. Hamilton, a professor of economics at Grinnell College, in Iowa, calculated in a paper printed in *The Review of Economics and Statistics* that the "health-scare" anti-smoking commercials appearing on the air in the late sixties depressed cigarette sales several times as much as the whole tobacco industry was able to stimulate them through advertising. No wonder the tobacco-industry men were able to accept the expulsion of their commercials from the air with such short-lived protests. Their experience suggests that the role of competitive advertising in a mature industry tends to have a far smaller effect on over-all sales than is generally supposed.

By contrast, anti-cigarette advertising showed itself to be very much of a growth market in the late sixties. But that doesn't necessarily mean that if the number of anti-smoking ads on television had continued to rise after the cigarette commercials were taken off the air, they would have cut down total cigarette sales. They made the greatest dramatic impression, it seems to me, when viewers were able to juxtapose them in their minds with the content of the cigarette commercials. Without the enemy there on the screen, too, the anti-smoking commercials tended to lose a bit of their anti-establishment quality—a quality that may have been cheering on a lot of long-suffering viewers. Since the time when cigarette commercials were removed from television, the rise in cigarette sales may be attributable in part to the absence of these adversary confrontations on the home screen, and thus, in a way, the ban has tended to exert a defusing effect on the public-health issue. As seriously as the upturn in cigarette smoking since 1970 has to be taken, the seven-per-cent increase in per-capita sales since then far from re-establishes the cigarette industry as a growth industry. In the decade since the Surgeon General's report, the over-all increase in cigarette sales has been well below the increase in the adult population, though in the last two years there has been a substantial recovery in the level of cigarette consumption.



In spite of all this, the cigarette industry remains a notably high-profit industry. Ironically, removing advertising from the air has had a levelling effect on competitive promotion-cost excesses, and has intensified the industry's ability to derive high profits from an increasingly saturated market. The structure of the business has the attributes of a shared monopoly, being controlled essentially by the six big tobacco companies, and this structure helps maintain this high profitability, for the high costs and complexities of maintaining huge leaf inventories (tobacco leaves are bought and matured in warehouses over a three-year period) inhibit even the most rapacious of outsider corporations from entering this closely held domain.

During the late fifties and sixties, in the period of great public turmoil over smoking and health, the tobacco companies began diversifying their manufacturing activities, primarily to insure that their corporate earnings would continue to be high even if the cigarette industry were subjected to restrictive federal controls on grounds of public health. The tobacco people also reasoned that they could profitably apply the cigarette merchandisers' advertising and marketing skills to other kinds of high-turnover consumer goods, such as are sold in supermarkets. There were other reasons for taking on new product lines, too. When business expectations tended to lag because of what the tobacco people invariably call "the health scare," the companies ordered less tobacco leaf, and since a bumper three-year inventory might involve, for one company alone, half a billion dollars' worth of tobacco, a less than full inventory left a lot of cash rattling about. Rather than plow that extra cash back into long-term construction plans in the cigarette business, several of the companies put it into diversification. Since the existing leaf inventories—the value of which steadily increased as the tobacco matured—represented a huge source of collateral, the tobacco companies had ready resources with which to acquire all sorts of other corporations. Thus, Liggett & Myers bought up Alpo Dog Foods, Brite Watch Bands, and J. & B. Scotch. The parent corporation of American Tobacco, American Brands, bought up Swingline staples and Jergens Lotion. And Philip Morris bought up Personna blades and Burma-Shave and Miller

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beer. By 1972, the sales of domestic cigarettes, which in 1963 had accounted for eighty-seven per cent of the tobacco industry's total sales, accounted for only fifty-six per cent, and most of the remaining forty-four per cent of their income came from their diversified activities. The tobacco companies' acquisition of these other manufacturing facilities was undertaken in part to reassure investors of the soundness of the tobacco-company stocks and to maintain the stocks' worth on Wall Street. The smoking-and-health problems do not seem to have deterred tobacco-company investors. According to Irwin Kellner, the Manufacturers Hanover tobacco expert, the ratio of net profits to stockholders' equity has been consistently higher for the tobacco companies than for manufacturing industries as a whole, and is getting higher all the time. And the interesting thing is that, of all the diversified activities that the tobacco companies have gone in for over the past few years—and no matter how they may be doing in the dog-food, beer, or razor-blade business—the most profitable of all the products they make is still cigarettes.

THE cigarette industry does not stagger from one year to another, uncertain of how business will be or of what government regulation may do to its ability to keep selling. The people in the industry know that they are dealing with a long-term, hard-to-break consumer habit, and that, if enough merchandising effort is made, the probabilities favor the manufacturers. If all cigarette advertising in the newspapers and the magazines and on the billboards were to be ended but all other conditions remained the same, the habit would doubtless continue on a large scale. The pack-a-day smoker picks up his cigarette pack twenty times every twenty-four hours in the process of maintaining his habit, and that routine alone gives him twenty commercials a day for the brand name on the pack he is smoking. Does he notice the health warning on the pack twenty times a day? Hardly likely.

Altogether, fifty-two million American adults smoke cigarettes. Forty-two per cent of men and thirty-one per cent of women are smokers. Of these fifty-two million, four out of five have tried to quit smoking and have failed—a high failure rate, perhaps, but at least the present rate of attempts at self-reform is greater than it was when the Surgeon General's report was issued. Then only one smoker in five had

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Du•ché (doo'-shay), Tristan-Mathieu. Founder of T. M. Duché Nut Co., est. 1857. A California (Orland) company specializing in processing, packaging and marketing California Almonds on a world-wide basis.

gour•met (goor-may')n. One of discriminating taste in matters of fine foods. 2. A connoisseur of excellence in food and drink.

Whether you prefer "ah-munds", "al-munds", or "a-munds", if they're California almonds, they're the world's finest.

Most of Duché's almonds are sold in bulk to leading bakers, candy & ice cream makers throughout the world. However, each year a small portion of the crop is literally *hand-selected* for special processing, flavor-guarded in vacuum tins with resealable plastic tops, placed in attractive gift boxes (containing four or six *8 ounce* tins) and offered for sale in limited quantities . . . by mail only . . . labeled:

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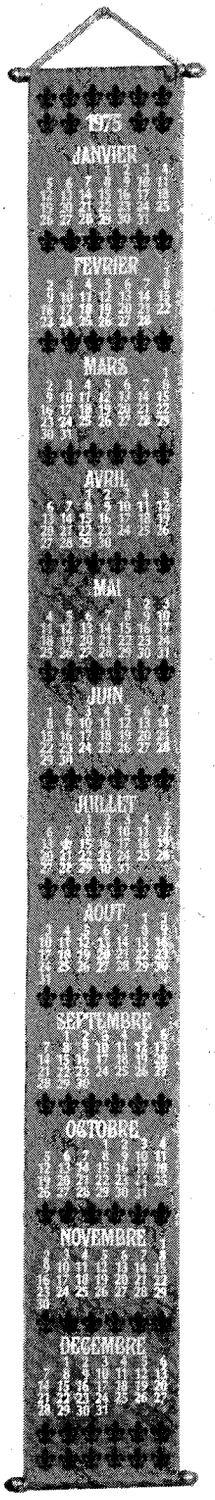
How long is a year...?



This one, a vertical hanging calendar printed on felt, is 5½ feet from top to bottom. White numerals on gold background with blue fleur-de-lis border and the months in French; gold silk cord with brass knobs. A delight to look at all year long. 7" wide, gift-boxed. $6.00 ppd.

CASUAL LIVING
390 Main St., Danbury, Conn. 06810

made any serious attempt to quit smoking. Moreover, between 1966, two years after the Surgeon General's report was issued, and 1970, when the TV-ad ban went into effect, the number of people who succeeded in breaking themselves of the cigarette habit, and thus aren't accounted for in the smoking tables, increased substantially—from nineteen million to twenty-nine million. No reliable estimate is yet available of how many people have quit smoking since the TV ban.

The long-term difficulties of the cigarette industry in keeping over-all cigarette sales abreast of the rate at which the population is expanding are possibly compounded by the tricky question of the tar-and-nicotine content of the cigarettes sold. Over the past ten years, the industry, while claiming no injurious effects from tar and nicotine, has, in reaction to the scientists' charges concerning the carcinogenic potential of the tarlike products that a smoker inhales, substantially lowered the tar-and-nicotine content of cigarettes. Since the early fifties, the drop in the tar-and-nicotine content of cigarettes being produced has averaged fifty per cent for tar and forty per cent for nicotine, with the result that cigarettes certainly taste milder than formerly, even though no proof exists that they are any less carcinogenic. This impression of mildness, taken together with whatever hygienic impression all the ads about filters may create, undoubtedly allows a number of smokers to persuade themselves that cigarettes are now much less lethal than they used to be. Of course, if a carcinogenic effect could be detected by taste, we could wipe cancer out overnight just by keeping our taste buds in good shape. Even so, the reduction of the tar content of cigarettes is all but unanimously regarded by cancer specialists as one obvious step toward reducing the harmful effects of smoking.

Although the cigarette industry has helped itself—or protected itself against a loss of sales—by devising cigarettes that taste milder than formerly, it also may have to face, over the long haul, this difficulty: many specialists believe that the less nicotine cigarettes contain, the less physical compulsion smokers may feel to keep using them. Apart from the taste of the tobacco itself, the presence of nicotine seems to be the main thing that keeps the customers coming back for more. Remove all the nicotine from a brand of cigarettes and you all but remove the desire of people to smoke that brand. All the best-selling brands of cigarettes

THE ULLA TURTLENECK:
Softly styled in our original blend of silk and helenca. An incredible silky knit, now available in wine, ice pink, brick, kelly, forest green, powder, navy, camel, chocolate, white and black. And narrow stripes of wine/powder, camel/forest green, and red/navy. Back-zip turtleneck, washable and drip dry. In sizes S, M, L. $16.00

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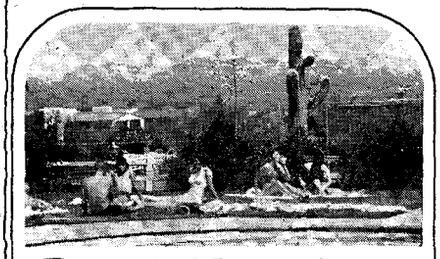

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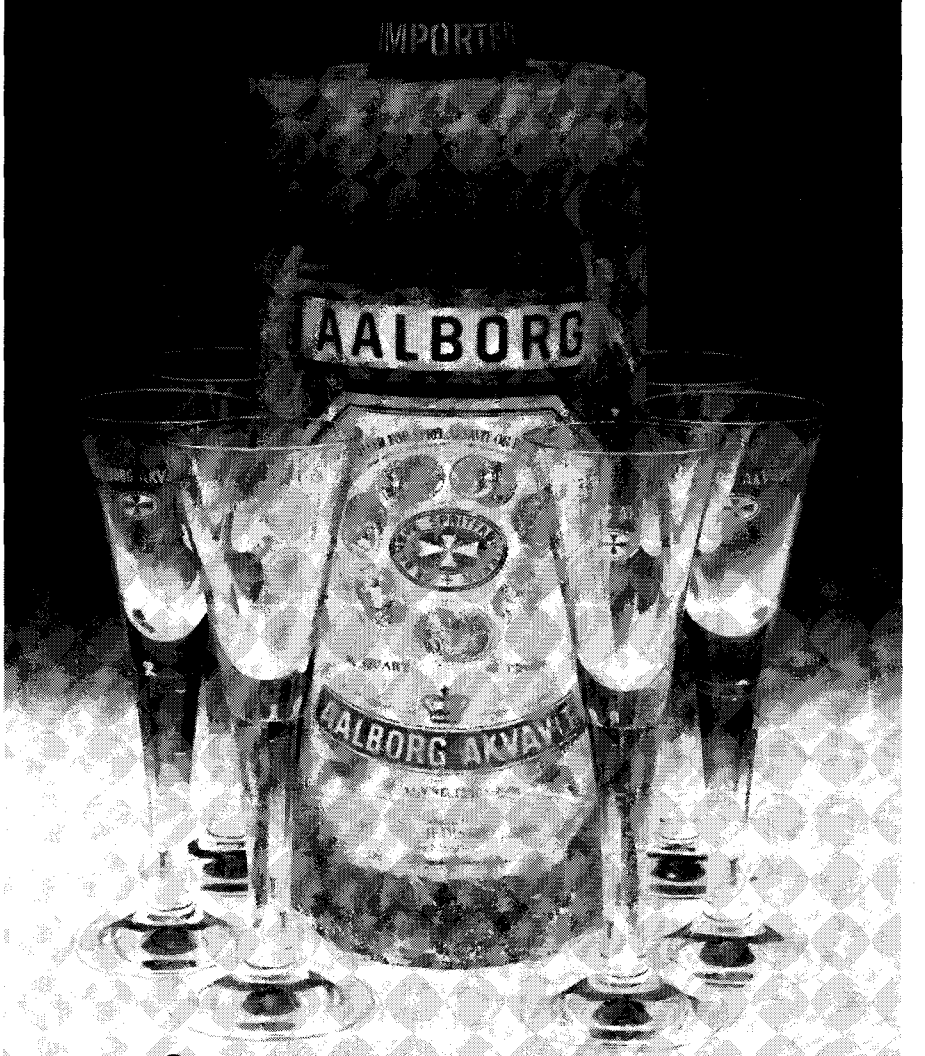
on the market nowadays still have a relatively high tar-and-nicotine content, even though this is considerably lower than it once was. However, as the tar-and-nicotine content continues to be reduced in cigarettes generally, it may well be that the habituating effect of cigarette smoking will be somewhat reduced, and, to the extent that this is so, the industry will have to work increasingly hard to maintain the ratio it seeks between over-all sales and the expanding population. This prospect is pointed up by the fact that there has been an eighteen-per-cent net drop since the Surgeon General's report in the per-capita consumption of the tobacco that goes into cigarettes.

In the meantime, the cigarette manufacturers are concentrating their energies on the exploitation of whatever competitive advantages they happened to have at the time of the TV-ad ban, on following up their various insights into shifts that are occurring in the composition of the expanding population, and on forging new markets overseas to insure that what they may lose on the swings they can make up on the roundabouts. Thus, when the TV ban was imposed, the management people at Philip Morris recognized that they were left with a potentially strong competitive edge over other companies, in that the particularly heavy advertising they had just been putting into the Marlboro brand afforded them proportionately greater sales momentum. Further, they found that the theme of the Marlboro Man—the John Wayne-like well-heeled roughrider under the Stetson—could be easily transferred from the TV screen to double-page color ads and to billboards. On the other hand, the loss of the TV jingle for Winston, Marlboro's chief competitor ("Winston tastes good like a cigarette should"), was a big competitive problem for R. J. Reynolds Tobacco, which makes Winston, and the Winston people have apparently had difficulty in refocussing their advertising in print. (Their latest approach is to take out a series of full-page, four-color ads representing Winston smokers of various ages and both sexes—for example, a young, beautiful, outdoorsy-looking blonde with long, windswept hair, who is wearing a blue work shirt with rolled-up sleeves and has the sincere look of an environment-lover as she extracts a filter-tipped gasper from a pack she is holding. The caption reads, "If it wasn't for Winston, I wouldn't smoke." It is Winston that makes her do it, and in the great outdoors, too. Against the light back-

Aalborg Akvavit. Drink it the way the Danes drink it.



Six imported Akvavit glasses $6.00.

Ask any Dane. A great way to start a meal is with a glass or two of ice-cold Aalborg – the best-selling Akvavit in Denmark and in the world.

And what greater way to drink it than out of authentic Aalborg Akvavit glasses!

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Offer expires March 1, 1975. Taxes and duty, if any, payable on receipt.
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No. 4: $205
white fleece

By Donald Macdonald (Antartex) Ltd., Loch Lomond–our model, William Macdonald. All sizes (S.R.T.) men and women–31 styles, 9 skin colours, 8 sheepskin types–from $100.00. Slippers, boots, hats, rugs and handmade knitwear. We supply Antarctic Expeditions.

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Minneapolis, Minn: 928 Nicollet Mall, 55402. 612-339-1276
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ground, the legend reading "Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health" blends cunningly into the upper edge of the ad.) Over the past ten years, Philip Morris has quadrupled its worldwide cigarette unit sales, and since the TV ban has even overtaken the giant R. J. Reynolds company in worldwide unit sales (though it is still second to Reynolds in domestic sales); in fact, it is now the fifth-biggest tobacco company in the world, after the Chinese government tobacco monopoly, the British-American Tobacco Company, the Soviet government monopoly, and the Japanese government monopoly.

The shifts in the composition of the population that the tobacco companies are likely to capitalize on include a continuation of the present increase in the number of people of smoking age—from eighteen on up into the fifties—for the rest of this decade. At present, half the people who die were born before 1900, and so before the cigarette habit became popular. Of these, only about twenty per cent of the men and nine per cent of the women have ever smoked—and, indeed, they may have owed their longevity in part to this. As time goes on, of course, these people will be succeeded in the population by people born after 1900, a larger number of whom have been smokers. For the rest of the decade, the post-war baby boom, which tailed off in the latter part of the fifties, will add to the population more people in the age group from eighteen to thirty-four, the upper part of this group being that in which most smoking occurs; this group will provide a prime target for the cigarette companies.

By the beginning of the nineteen-eighties, the proportion of people in the lower end of this age group will diminish—a reflection of the lowered birth-rate of the sixties. Far fewer teen-agers will then be entering the smoking-age population. But by 1985 the age group from twenty-five to forty-four will be growing by forty per cent, and that will mean a huge jump in the prime smoking-age group; that is, four out of every five people added to the adult population in the mid-eighties will be in this group. The long-range marketing plans of the tobacco companies, whose population studies are said to be rather sophisticated, and are unquestionably tightly guarded as sensitive corporate information, are almost bound to be centered on this coming internal change in population structure, for it offers them a prospect of some relief from the

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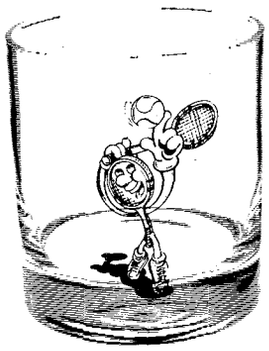
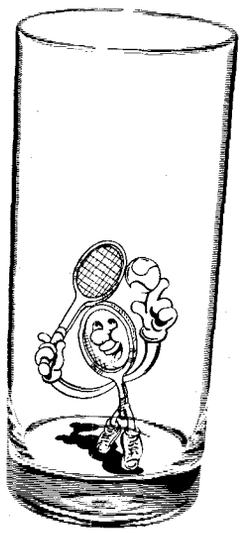


The Perfect Serve.
11-oz. on-the-rocks or lo-ball. Highest quality, dishwasher proof. Set of 6. Ready for gift wrapping. $7.95 plus $1.30 for mailing and handling.

The Cool Serve.
For those who have a longer drink (15 oz.) in mind. Broad based & solid. Brand new for Christmas '74. Ready now, Set of 6...$8.95 plus $1.45 for mailing & handling.



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Enclose check payable to MR. TENNIS
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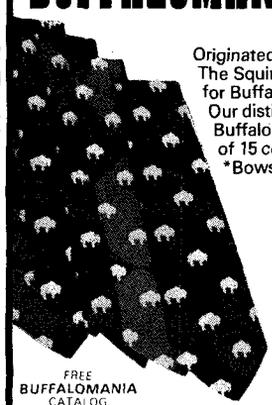
the Squire shop



Originated by The Squire Shop for Buffalo lovers. Our distinctive Buffalo tie in a herd of 15 colors. 8.50
*Bows, clip or tie, 6.50

COLORS Bkgd.	Buffalo
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	* Red
	Gold
Maroon	* Silver
	* Navy
	Pink
Brown	* Tan
Green	* Tan
	Lime
Red	Blue
Blue	Red
	Gold
Gray	Silver
Gold	Blue
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expected long-range per-capita decline in cigarette smoking. The fifteen-year-old high-school girl of 1974 who is trying her first miracle-filter cigarette will be a member of this twenty-five-to-forty-four age group in 1985, and will then certainly be a particular target for the cigarette-makers. Between 1968 and 1972, the percentage of twelve-to-eighteen-year-old girls who smoked increased sharply, by almost five per cent, whereas the percentage of twelve-to-eighteen-year-old boys who smoked increased by only one per cent. In the past, far more young boys than young girls smoked, but now that difference has virtually disappeared. It is quite likely that the tobacco leaf now being bought by the tobacco companies for cigarettes to be sold three years from now will be smoked by more nineteen-year-old girls than by nineteen-year-old boys. Dr. Horn, co-author of the 1954 smoking study, states that a major part of any increase in the number of cigarettes sold during the next few years can be accounted for by the increased smoking rate among women. As part of the promotional effort by the industry to exploit the market among women, the cigarette companies vastly increased the amount of advertising they placed in women's magazines in the last three years, especially for so-called women's cigarettes, such as Virginia Slims, the campaign for which is keyed to the cry of emancipation "You've come a long way, baby." This particular campaign is probably the most deliberate attempt ever made to exploit the issue of equality between women and men for the sake of selling a demonstrably harmful product, and it is being carried out in the face of a horrifying increase in lung cancer among women smokers. Since the Surgeon General's report, this number of deaths has more than doubled.

As the per-capita consumption of cigarettes by Americans as a whole has declined over the years, and as the tobacco business has levelled off into a mature industry, the tobacco companies, while diversifying their activities domestically, have been exploiting the potential cigarette market in Europe and elsewhere, including the developing countries, in a big way. For these companies, the market abroad for American cigarettes is highly promising. "The overseas cigarette market is growing like Topsy," a tobacco specialist says. Philip Morris has been particularly successful in its overseas operations—most notably in such countries as Germany and Italy. "Wherever the American G.I. has been, he has left a

"You can really get involved."

Sponsors report from around the country . . .

Castalia, Ohio — Sandy Prout, speaking for the St. John's United Church High School Class: "You can really get involved. It's a person-to-person relationship."

Her class is sponsoring a needy 13-year-old boy in Taiwan.

Seeley, Wisconsin—Emily Kochalka writes about her women's club sponsorship of a boy in the Philippines: "Our little lad warms all our hearts and makes us feel so proud that we are helping him. The warmth one gets from knowing you are helping a child is indescribable. Corresponding with the boy has brought home to us club members that we have so much —and children in other countries have so little by comparison.

"When the club sent Nestor $5.00 for his birthday, we later got a reply stating that the $5.00 meant 'the very best birthday I have ever had in my life.' "

Carlisle, Kentucky—Joseph H. Conley, project chairman for the Jaycees, expresses it this way in writing about a 12-year-old boy in Ecuador: "His improvement in health, grades, personality, activities during the period of this sponsorship has been remarkable. This is most satisfying to us."

Castlewood, Virginia—William A. White writes: "God has been good to me. I think a person should appreciate this and share it."

Barre, Massachusetts—Glenn Stratton, American Problems Instructor at Quabbin Regional High School, feels the sponsorship by his class serves the dual purpose of helping the child and instructing the students: "Students realize that what we take for granted is considered luxury by others, and tend to appreciate their own situation more fully."

Byron, New York—Mrs. Fern Griffen, of the Presbyterian Women's Association, says this: "Satisfaction in knowing we are helping this girl (in Guatemala) and perhaps others in her family by lifting their burden a little. She is very thankful and that makes us glad to help. The letters we get from Norma are so friendly and loving it makes us feel we have a daughter just over the way and we love her."

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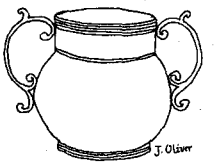
legacy of a demand for American cigarettes," Bowling observed to me some time ago. In Western Europe, where income has been rising rapidly, the sale of Marlboros is booming. "Marlboro is an up-scale cigarette abroad," Bowling has said. "It seems to appeal to up-scale, better-income, better-educated people. In Europe, it's a premium-priced cigarette." Sales of Marlboros are also rising rapidly in Eastern Europe; last fall, the Philip Morris people signed an agreement with the Polish government to manufacture Marlboros in Poland under license. All in all, Philip Morris is now selling more cigarettes outside the United States than inside, and to supply the greater part of its anticipated world demand the company has built and recently put into operation new cigarette-manufacturing facilities in Richmond, Virginia, at a cost of two hundred million dollars.



The potential cigarette market in the developing countries is also considerable. "Great efforts are being made by the American cigarette companies to get in on the growth in Africa and Southeast Asia," Dr. Horn told me some time ago. Industry sources note that there also appears to be a considerable readiness on the part of the governments of small developing nations to encourage the growth of cigarette smoking among the population—this being regarded as a sign of rising economic, and even cultural, expectations. Irwin Kellner has said much the same thing. "One sign that the people of a small developing country seem to point to as evidence that their country is no longer underdeveloped is the degree to which the people are smoking cigarettes," he remarked to me. Not an unpropitious atmosphere for the advertising men to make their way into.

THE problem of smoking and health is obviously a long-term one, and so, necessarily, is the solution. Since the ban on cigarette advertising on TV and radio seems to have had no obviously wide-scale deterrent effect, the public-health people in and out of government will have to concentrate on more workable programs to discourage smoking. It seems to me that the problem might best be tackled on the basis of a plan extending over fifteen or twenty years, which would take maximum advantage of the currently available knowledge of future internal population shifts. For example, for the rest of the decade the end of the postwar baby boom will be reflected in the entry of relatively fewer teen-agers into the population, and if a comparatively large proportion of these new teen-agers can be persuaded, through educational programs, not to take up the smoking habit, they not only will be helping themselves but will also be setting a social example that could be followed by the yet younger people who will come into the big smoking-age bloc in the latter part of the eighties. Similarly, adults who can be persuaded to cut out the habit now will also be helping young teen-agers not to take up what can be a lifetime habit. For all that has been said and written about the cultural generation gap, young people seem to be very imitative of their parents and other older family members where smoking is concerned. The children of parents who are regular smokers tend to become regular smokers themselves.

Because the presence of certain amounts of nicotine seems to be so integral a part of the cigarette habit, it may well be practical to make further reductions in the tar-and-nicotine content of the cigarettes now on the market. So far, such reductions have been made more or less voluntarily by the tobacco companies, through a combination of pressure from health groups and growing consumer awareness of the risks of smoking cigarettes with high tar-and-nicotine content. The tendency of industry over the decades to increase the bland taste, if not the healthfulness, of a wide range of products, from bread to beer, also has something to do with what has been happening to cigarettes. Blandness has its limits, however, and it is not at all uncommon for a cigarette company that is faced with falling sales of a particular brand to raise that brand's nicotine content and so strengthen taste, encourage habituation, and keep the sales graphs from slipping further.

Since the highest tar-and-nicotine content is to be found, generally speaking, in the best-selling brands of cigarettes, a good argument can be made for federal health regulations that would require systematic further reductions of the tar-and-nicotine content of all cigarettes over, say, a ten-year period. Early this year, the Institute for Public Interest Representation, at the Georgetown University Law Center, filed a petition on behalf of Senator Frank Moss, the District of Columbia Lung Association, and the American Public Health Association before the federal Consumer Product

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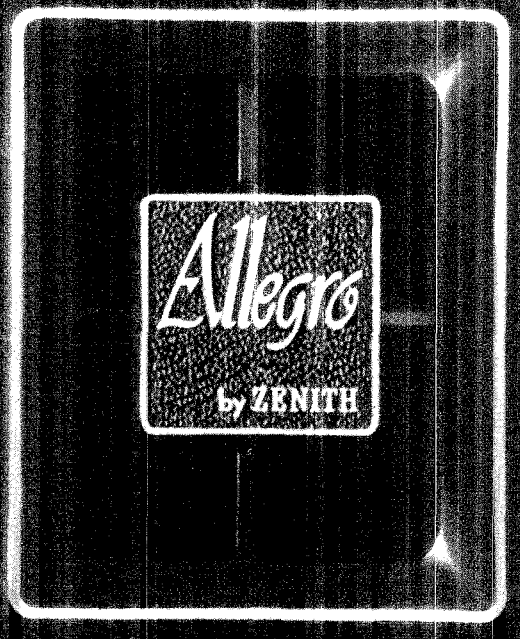
This tuned port.



The Prestwick, model F594W

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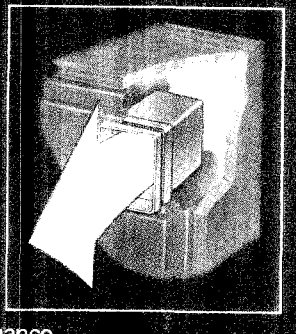

In fact, with a specially-designed woofer for solid bass and mid-range tones, plus a horn-type tweeter for crystal-clear high notes, Allegro delivers virtually the full range of sound of the original performance. And does it so efficiently that other systems with comparable-size air-suspension speakers need amplifiers with twice the power in order to match Allegro's overall sound performance.

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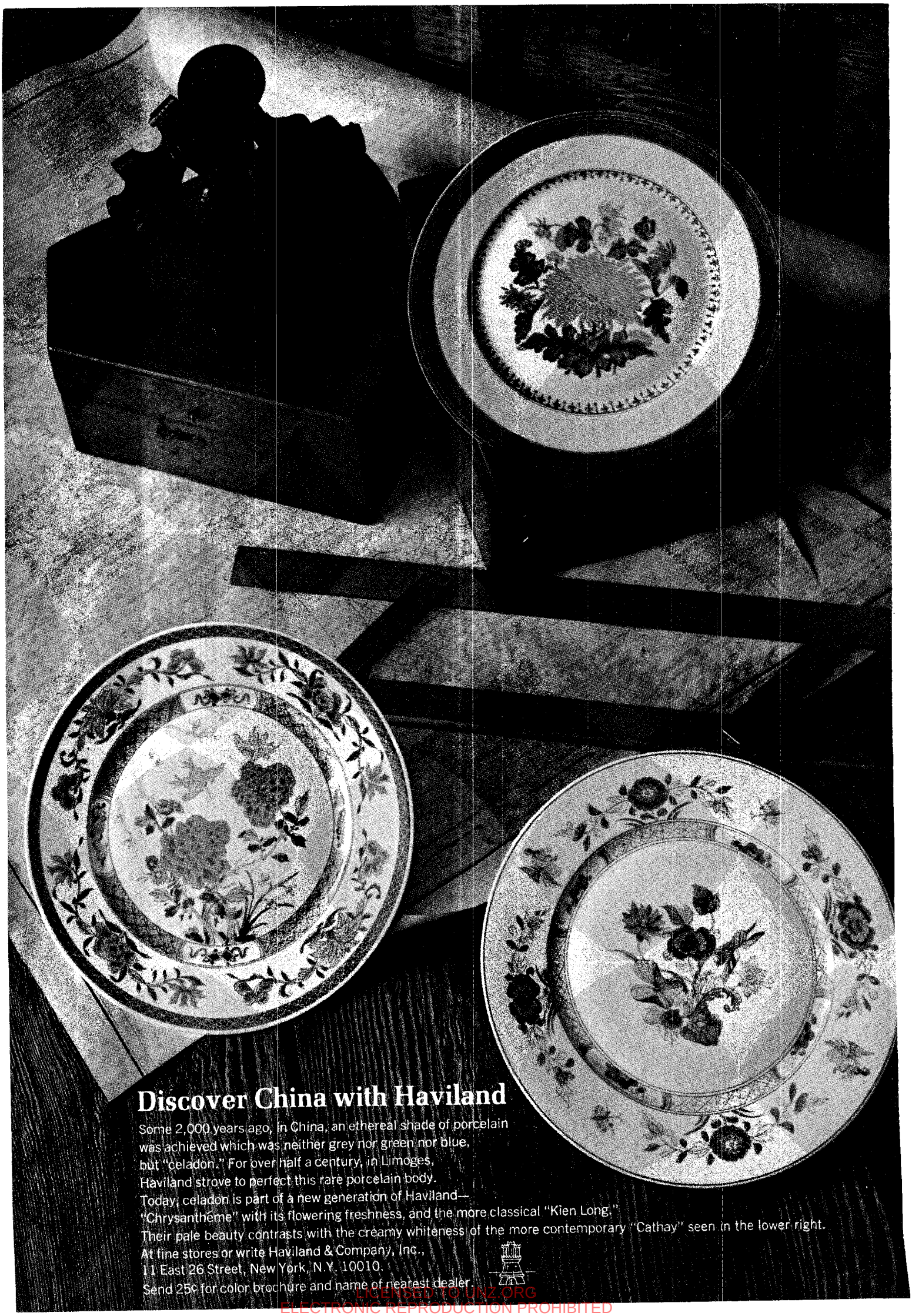

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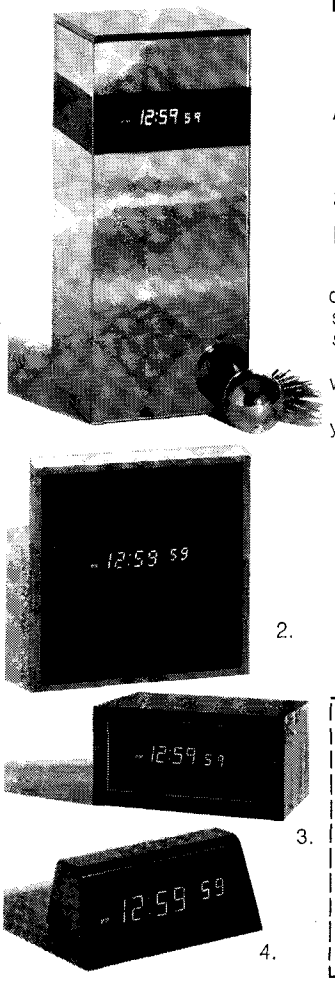
Safety Commission, asking the commission to establish, on public-health grounds, a rule banning the sale of cigarettes yielding more than twenty-one milligrams of tar. This petition asserted that the Product Safety Commission has jurisdiction over the tar content of cigarettes under the provisions of the Federal Hazardous Substances Act, which provides for regulation through labelling, or even outright banning, of hazardous or toxic substances, including any substance that "has the capacity to produce personal injury or illness to man through ingestion, inhalation, or absorption through any body surface." In the past, certain other attempts have been made to oblige federal agencies to declare that cigarettes are properly subject to the Hazardous Substances Act, but these efforts have all failed. The regulatory agencies involved insist that the Cigarette Smoking Act gives Congress control over any labelling or advertising policy concerning cigarettes, although the F.T.C. may issue regulations on cigarette advertising after giving six months' notice to Congress. It may well be that special legislation would have to be drawn up to give a central federal regulatory body clear authority to set limits to tar-and-nicotine content and so bring about an orderly, phased reduction of the suspect ingredients of cigarettes. In October, the National Cancer Advisory Board, a group of experts and of representatives from the general public chosen to advise the government on policy moves concerning the prevention and treatment of cancer, recommended to President Ford that the government place an outright ban on the sale of cigarettes having a high tar-and-nicotine content. It also proposed that Congress consider banning all cigarette advertising. President Ford transmitted the board's report to Congress, but with the reservation that the board's views "must necessarily be considered with other diverse and responsible points of view."

The question of whether federal taxes on cigarettes might be raised beyond their present level as a deterrent to the use of a product so manifestly injurious to health is also worth considering. But this deterrent would probably be effective only if it was applied—as Irwin Kellner has suggested—along with other major deterrent measures. The more expensive cigarettes are, the more many smokers may try to stretch their smokes further by puffing to the edge of the filter. And it is in the last three-quarters of an inch of tobacco smoked that a great

The Oriental theme looks instinctively right for today in a two-door chest with rich Tortoise finish from Henredon's Folio Eleven Collection. To see the full range of Folio Eleven, furniture for bedroom, living and dining room, send $1.00 for illustrated brochure to Henredon, Dept. NY 11-184, Morganton, North Carolina 28655.



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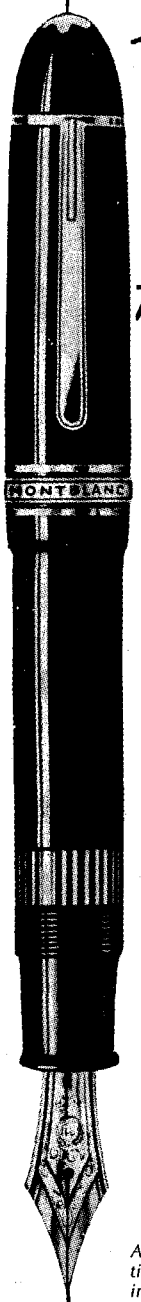

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part of the tar and nicotine collects, as a particularly unhealthy dark-brown sludge. Also, to cite experience elsewhere, huge tax increases on all packs of cigarettes sold in Britain don't appear to have appreciably diminished the smoking rate there.

So far, the warnings printed on cigarette packs and, since 1972, included in cigarette ads do not seem to have had much deterrent effect on smokers, either. In its 1973 year-end report to Congress on smoking-and-health regulations, the F.T.C. again suggested an amendment to the Cigarette Smoking Act to require a longer and more specific health warning on the packs and in the ads. It would now read, "Warning: Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Health, and May Cause Death from Cancer, Coronary Heart Disease, Chronic Bronchitis, Pulmonary Emphysema and Other Diseases." But couldn't such a warning label also be displayed more prominently in cigarette advertising, so that, for example, it would occupy at least a fifth of the area of each ad? That would give the issue of health something remotely approaching the equivalent in print advertising of the anti-cigarette commercials on television before the TV-ad ban. This course seems to me preferable to one suggested to President Ford by the National Cancer Advisory Board for a total ban on all cigarette advertising. The consequences of the TV cigarette-ad ban suggest that this move might have the practical effect of obscuring rather than clarifying the importance of the health problem. As things stand, a smoker who cares to can at least learn from the cigarette ads the tar-and-nicotine content of the brand he is interested in buying, and if the commercial drive of the manufacturers can be channelled so that they are competing over brands with progressively reduced tar-and-nicotine content, the cause of public health may be advanced to the extent that the addictive force represented by the nicotine content of cigarettes is thereby reduced.

But if the cigarette companies are to retain the right to continue to advertise to groups of people having a particular vulnerability to the ravages caused by cigarette smoking, aren't these people entitled to reminders, or cautions, in every ad addressed to them, of the specific dangers involved? Thus, aren't readers of cigarette advertising in the women's magazines entitled to be reminded in a specially worded warning of the grim facts concerning the increase of lung cancer in women smokers in recent years? A precedent for

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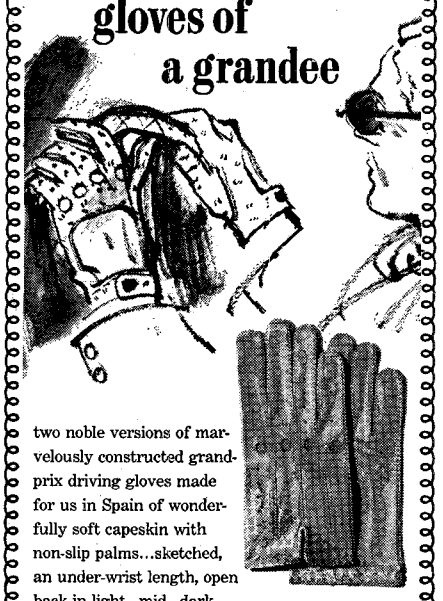

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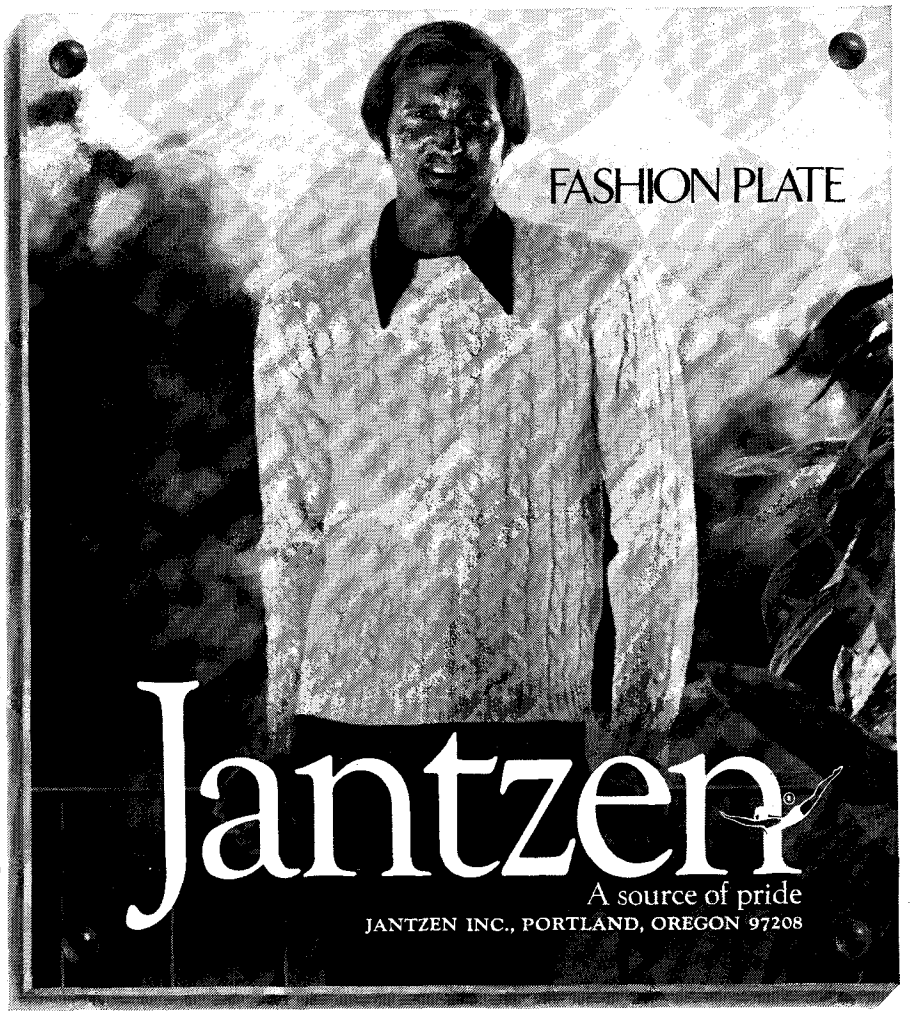
this exists, it seems to me, in the Kefauver Drug Amendments of 1962, which provide that prescription-drug advertising must carry brief summaries about specific conditions that might be brought about in patients through the use of the drugs being advertised. On the basis of this precedent, the F.T.C. surely has the right to add to the warning notice on the cigarette ads in women's magazines, on the authority of the Surgeon General, such simple advice as that in a leaflet currently being distributed among women in Britain by the Health Education Council:

> Is it fair to force your baby to smoke cigarettes? This is what happens if you smoke when you're pregnant.
>
> Every time you inhale you fill your lungs with nicotine and carbon monoxide.
>
> Your blood carries these impurities through the umbilical cord into your baby's bloodstream.
>
> Smoking can restrict your baby's normal growth inside the womb. It can make him underdeveloped and underweight at birth....
>
> It can even kill him.... If you give up smoking when you're pregnant your baby will be as healthy as if you'd never smoked.

Then, there is in this country the growing recognition of the rights of the nonsmoker, resulting in regulations to protect nonsmokers from the irritant fallout produced by people who puff away in public places. Some time ago, for example, after a lawsuit by Ralph Nader and an associate, Reuben Robertson III, the Civil Aeronautics Board issued a regulation compelling airlines to set aside specific areas in commercial passenger planes for the exclusive use of nonsmoking travellers. An existing regulation already provided similar protection for nonsmokers in interstate buses. The bus regulation was issued in 1971 by the Interstate Commerce Commission and was recently upheld by a Federal court in Washington, D.C., which ruled that nonsmoking passengers in interstate buses were entitled to "reasonable protection" from excessive exposure to tobacco smoke.

Evidence has been mounting that cigarette smoking is not only injurious to the health of smokers but also potentially harmful to the health of nonsmokers in their vicinity. For example, smokers who use cigarettes at the rate of a pack a day elevate the level of carbon monoxide in their blood to three times the level normally present in nonsmokers, and in this respect alone smoking exacerbates any predisposition on the part of the smokers to heart and lung disease and possibly increases the danger of arteriosclerosis. But non-



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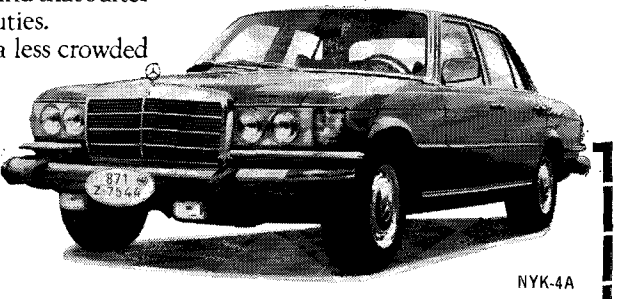

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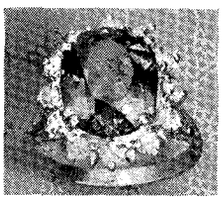
OUTDOOR TRADERS-GREENWICH

smokers in the vicinity of smokers, especially in enclosed places such as public conveyances, are involuntarily subjected to an increase in the carbon-monoxide level of their blood from the cigarettes smoked nearby. When carbon monoxide is inhaled, it becomes fixed in the hemoglobin, and once there prevents the hemoglobin from picking up oxygen and carrying it in the normal manner. If a nonsmoker who is developing heart disease is regularly exposed to excess amounts of carbon monoxide from his neighbors' cigarette smoke, his circulatory system may be seriously impaired. As for a smoker who is developing heart disease, he is, of course, piling risk on dangerous risk in terms of carbon-monoxide exposure alone.

In view of all this, it seems appropriate for municipal, state, and federal public-health authorities to put into effect a long-term program that would impose tighter restrictions on smoking in public buildings and in other public enclosed areas—perhaps not in a way that would bring about undue hardship among confirmed smokers but, rather, in a gradual and relatively inconspicuous fashion. In New York, cigarette smoking was long ago prohibited on subways and buses, in legitimate-theatre auditoriums, and on the ground floor of movie houses. Very few people seem to have felt deprived by these restrictions. At the beginning of this month, an ordinance went into effect in New York City extending those restrictions, and prohibiting smoking in elevators, supermarkets, and other public places. If this ordinance is properly enforced, it can become a precursor of similar civic ordinances throughout the country.

The fact is that in terms of public health the cigarette habit is the equivalent of an endlessly fissioning nuclear bomb silently going off in our midst. The available statistics allow one to calculate that since the attempt almost four years ago to diminish the effects of smoking by eliminating cigarette advertising on television, nearly two hundred and fifty thousand people have died of lung cancer directly attributable to cigarette smoking. In the same period, approximately eighty thousand people have died of emphysema directly caused by cigarette smoking, according to sample data compiled by the American Lung Association. Since the Surgeon General's report of 1964 was issued, the total number of deaths in this country from just these two diseases as a result of smoking amounts to something more than seven hundred

Gilson Created Emeralds



are breathtakingly beautiful, vying in appearance with the finest of natural emeralds. In fact the optical, physical and chemical properties are so similar that special tests are required to distinguish one from the other.
Gilson Created Emeralds are sold at fine jewelry stores across the country at prices that are but a fraction of the cost of natural emeralds of comparable quality.

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Worldwide Distributor:
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thousand. Three-quarters of a million people wiped out in ten years.

MODERN epidemiology is generally recognized as dating back to the cause-and-effect association that Dr. John Snow was able to draw in London in 1854 between an outbreak of cholera among the inhabitants of Golden Square, in the borough of Marylebone, and a pump, on Broad Street, from which the families of the victims had been drawing their drinking water. The cause-and-effect relationship between the incidence of lung cancer, emphysema, and certain other diseases and of cigarette smoking is nowadays just as clear and unequivocal. The effects of cigarette smoking on health constitute an endemic disaster whose toll in premature deaths, according to the estimates of Dr. Luther L. Terry, the Surgeon General when the 1964 report was issued, is now on the order of more than a quarter of a million a year in this country. By way of controlling the disaster, the federal government is spending, at a generous estimate, ten million dollars a year, through the funds it supplies to such organizations as the National Cancer Institute and the National Heart and Lung Institute, plus about a million four hundred thousand dollars to help divert to other uses the land on which tobacco crops are being grown. But to encourage and stabilize the tobacco-growing economy the government is spending some six and a half million dollars a year on crop research, toward the development of fungus-and-disease-resistant strains of tobacco plants, and so on; more than five and a half million dollars on the inspection and grading of tobacco leaf at auctions; and fourteen million dollars in support payments to exporters. In short, the government is annually spending more than twice as much money to support the tobacco industry and its sales as it is spending to cope with the disease and death caused by the use of cigarettes. It seems as humane and intelligent a way of coping with disaster as sending people back to draw their water at the Broad Street pump. —THOMAS WHITESIDE

•

Fired-up Navy looked like it had the equalizer when fine thrower-poor runner Phil Poirier climaxed a 54-yard, 11-play surge the first time the Mids touched the ball after intermission. He went left on a nude keeper and fell in neatly for the six points.—*Syracuse Herald-American.*

What kind of zoo is this, anyway?

A DINNER COMPANION FOR HERE AND THERE

The little black dinner dress in a silky wool-and-rayon knit, its neckline softly ruffled, its buttons sparkling rhinestones. For 6 to 12 sizes, $104. The Fifth Avenue Shop. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

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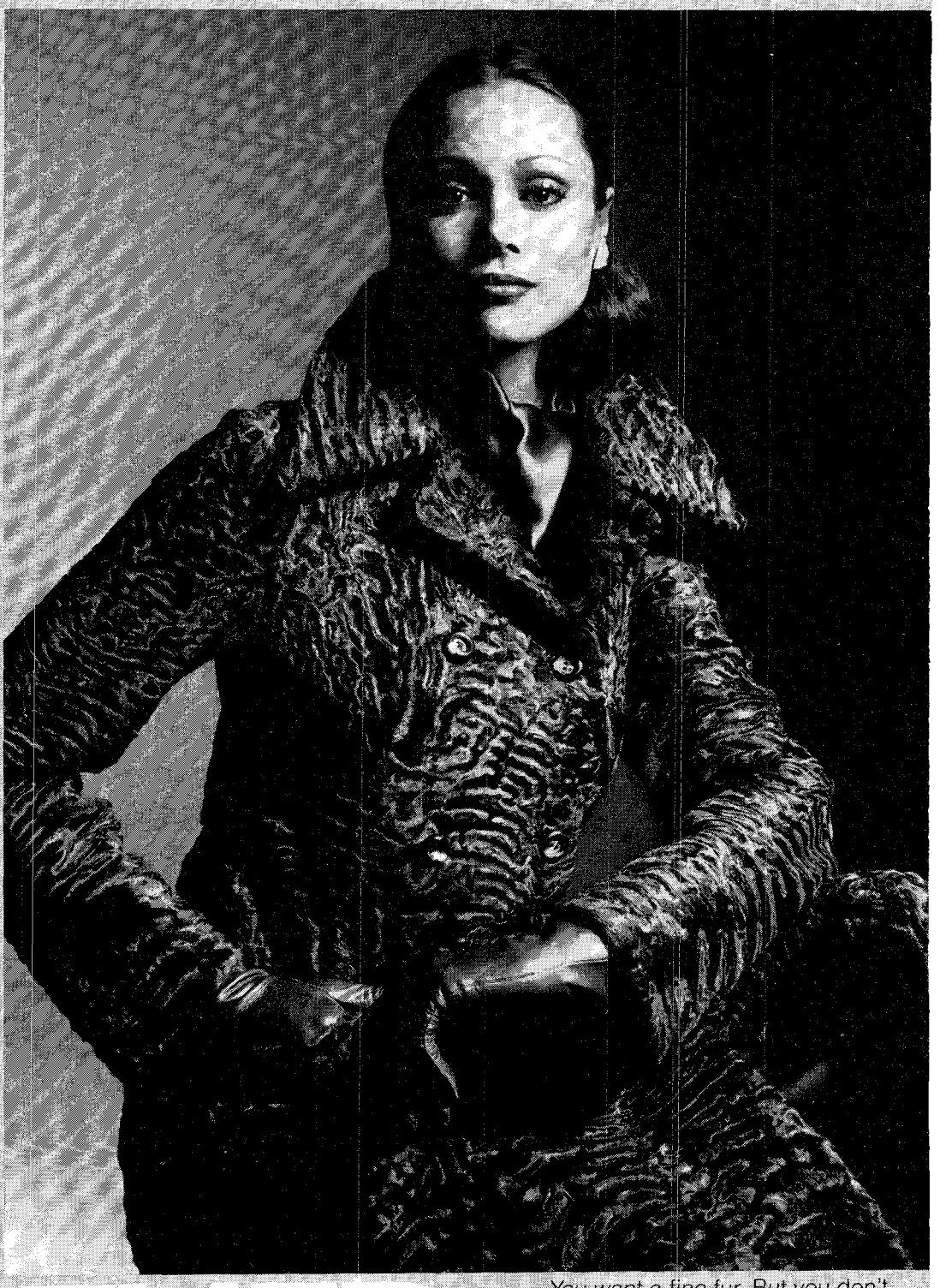

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You want a fine fur. But you don't want a bulky fur. Or a fur that you seem to see on everyone else. You like to be a bit different. Perhaps even a little bit more dramatic. Well, Swakara broadtail lamb from South West Africa is the fine, flat fur that can give you that dimension of difference.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR WOMEN

EXPERT Christmas-watchers—who make out the character of each year's holiday while ordinary amateurs are still viewing it as a mercifully distant cloud of tinsel on the horizon—have determined that this is to be a year for a thoroughly traditional Christmas. We are to mix plum puddings, send cards based on etchings of Victorian Santas, and run up whatever little ideas have supplanted the penwipers and needlecases of old. But we have all come too far to turn the clock back completely, and money will undoubtedly change hands in the shops—in fact, some jittery customers may even spend *more* than usual, as a way of whistling in the economic dark—but it will not be spent frivolously. Any presents we buy are to be mature, sincere, and useful. The time is past for adults to exchange talking T-shirts and mass-produced objects marked "I Love You." Well-loved people need comforts now, and not the challenges and empty gimmicks of a few years back, and anyone on the Christmas list who merits only a cute idea should probably be crossed off altogether, because anything a conventional store can provide for a cute sum like five dollars is probably rubbish. This is a year for giving *proper* presents—things like robes, gloves, flowers, and bottles of champagne—to women who, we assume, don't have to prove much anymore.

Presents for Women with Satisfying Careers and Worthy Hobbies

THE most elegant assortment of attaché cases in town, for either sex, is undoubtedly at Bottega Veneta, 655 Madison Avenue (60th). Besides these cases, and of equally sumptuous Italian leather and craftsmanship, there is a sleek, soft, roomy handbag for the career woman or any of the many women who are inseparable from outrageous quantities of personal paraphernalia. The bag is thirteen inches long, ten inches high, and six inches wide at the base of its gusset, which is ribbed by a fan of narrow vertical tucks and accounts for the shop's description of the bag as the "accordion satchel." There are three zippered compartments and a brace of thong-wrapped handles. The choice of colors includes bone, chocolate, and a particularly modish red tan; $115. Other bags that are businesslike, if somewhat less formal, come from the shop called San Francisco, 975 Lexington Avenue (71st). Here is an exact copy of a shoulder-hung canvas fishing bag, complete with leather straps that buckle to twin pleated pockets—exact in all details, that is, except the choice of fabric, which is a donkey-colored, or perhaps a stone-and-lichen-colored, Harris tweed. This is $60. A comforting, capacious weekend bag modelled after the Gladstone and in the same Harris tweed with leather trim is $110. A legal-pad cover made of washable blue canvas and ringed with a band of blue elastic is $15 at Ffolio, 888 Madison Avenue (72nd) and at their new branch at I. Miller, Fifth Avenue and 57th Street, as well.

A good assortment of objects for the eye to light on during desk-bound hours may be found in the antique shop called Maya Schaper, at 1022 Lexington Avenue (73rd). This shop specializes in the smaller sort of English Victoriana, and has a number of quite refined letter openers, dating from the middle of the nineteenth century and ranging from $10 to $50 in price. Handles, blades, or both are of such materials as brass, ivory, mother-of-pearl, and horn. Handles of similar materials are found on a collection of magnifying glasses, which start at about $30. And a choice of inkwells of the same period includes an inkstand of black papier-mâché inlaid with mother-of-pearl and sprays of multicolored flowers, and anchoring two glass inkwells with a stamp box in between. The stand measures eight by five and a half inches, and is $95. Mark Cross has another stamp organizer: this is a rust calf case, five inches long and three and a half inches high, with a ten-lira stamp on the front. Inside, a second case, made of rust moiré, has compartments for airmail, special delivery, and so forth; $15. And the truly well-furnished desk would include a really super typewriter—perhaps the streamlined I.B.M. Selectric II, available all over town, with its pop-in ribbon cartridge, its snap-in change of type (from italic, say, to script), and its choice of cheerful colors; prices begin at $605.

Technology proceeds apace in the sewing-machine field as well, with Singer's new Futura II, for $560, including the carrying case. This adds to such already established Singerisms as bungle-proof buttonholing and squint-free threading the new refinement of a sewing surface that can be switched at will from the normal flat variety to a sleeveboard style for working on tubu-

"Christmas cards. Do we want snooty, groovy, or holy?"

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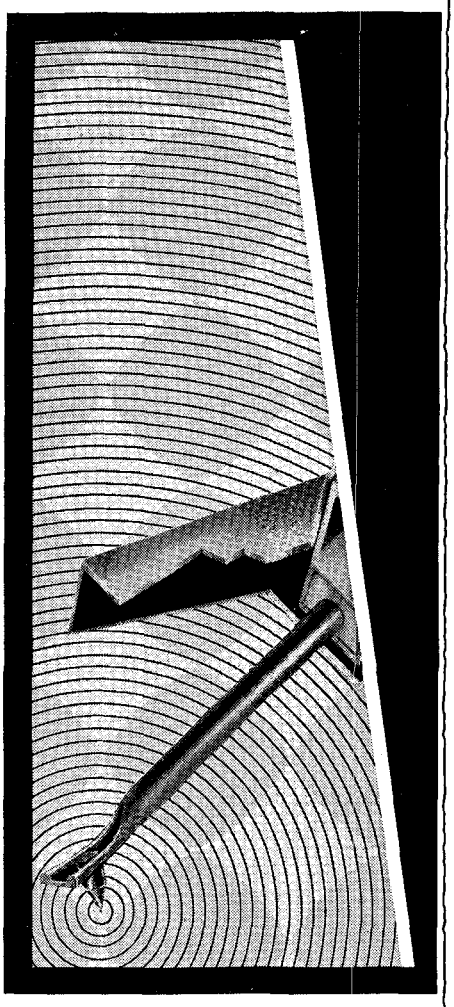

Straight talk about a stylus

You can still hear some audiophiles refer to the record stylus as . . . "the needle." The fact is that the stylus of today bears no more resemblance to a needle than it does to a ten-penny nail. In fact, a Shure stylus is probably the most skillfully assembled, critically important and carefully tested component in any high fidelity system. It must maintain flawless contact with the undulating walls of the record groove — at the whisper-weight tracking forces required to preserve the fidelity of your records. We put everything we know into Shure Stereo Dynetic Stylus Assemblies — and we tell all about it in an informative booklet. For your copy, write:

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SHURE

lar parts of clothes, such as sleeves, trouser legs, and cuffs. For the further assistance of home dressmakers, Bloomingdale's notions department can supply a special kind of steam iron, which will safely press seams or darts, even on synthetic fabrics. The iron is shaped like a hairbrush, and merely hovers steamily over its target, which it is guaranteed not to scorch; $12.95. And the amateur seamstress, whether she possesses space-age equipment or not, might appreciate a length of slightly out-of-the-ordinary cloth to make up in any style that suits her fancy. The creamy, unbleached, handwoven Irish wool at the Irish Pavilion, 130 East 57th Street, is a possible choice. The material is fifty-four inches wide, and $15 a yard; it is called *bainin*, after the Gaelic for milk. Or else, for a sunnier mood, there could be a skirt length or jacket length of the crisp Provençal cotton fabric in hand-blocked prints which is the stock-in-trade of La Provence de Pierre Deux, now in spanking new premises at 353 Bleecker Street (between Charles and Perry). The fabric is $10 a yard in a thirty-six-inch width and $15 in a fifty-two-inch width; borders, most of them flower-printed, from two to seven inches wide, are priced between $2.50 and $4. There are many new colors and patterns on display in the shop, and it is curious to see how, far from being diminished by all the travesties of Provençal prints that have lately been rolled out by American mills, the authority of the originals is increased. Nor should knitters, weavers, and crochet buffs be left out of this survey of raw materials for handwork. An attractive shop called Quickit, on the parlor floor of a brownstone at 231 East 53rd Street, can supply—from a rainbow inventory of skeins which fills ceiling-high bookshelves—a wide choice of unusual yarns that hail from all parts of the world, from Colombia to Iceland. There are yarns made of mohair, angora, goat's hair, cashmere, cotton, linen, lamb's wool, or wool that ends up looking like Donegal tweed. Most of the skeins are under $3. The nervous beginner may find comfort in the advice of the shop's proprietor, or in a course of six evening lessons, in either knitting or crochet, for $45.

The home handyperson might well appreciate a Black & Decker electric drill. One kit begins with a three-eighths-inch drill that can be set for varying speeds or put into reverse, and includes drill bits and accessories for sanding, polishing, and buffing. It is $38.99 at both Gimbels stores, among other places. The drill is not much use

THANE

knits go on at these and other fine stores:

Alabama
Birmingham Greenhalls
Homewood Shaia's
Mobile Falkner Ltd.

Arizona
Phoenix William Anderson

California
Chula Vista Highlander Shops
El Centro George R. Harris
Encinitas Cory Bros.
Long Beach Buffums
Los Angeles Campbells, Westwood, Silverwoods
Manhattan Beach Bentley's Ltd.
Newport Beach At Ease
Oceanside H. Gladstone
Sacramento Irwin Clothing
San Diego Bill Gambles, Lion
San Francisco Hastings
Santa Monica Campbells, 333 Shop

Connecticut
New London Benoit's

D.C.
Washington Raleighs

Georgia
Atlanta Bland Terry Stores
Augusta Le Grandes
Carrollton Squire Shop
Dalton Garmany Bros.
Savannah Stagg Shoppe

Hawaii
Honolulu Liberty House, Reyn's

Illinois
Arlington Heights J. Svoboda Sons
Barrington Phillips Mens Wear
Belvidere Fred Frank Ltd.
Chicago Capper & Capper, Lytton's
Geneva Erday Clothiers
Kankakee Plant-Kerger Co.
Libertyville Langworthy's
Palatine Squire on the Square
Peoria Howard A. Heller
Rockford D. J. Stewart
Springfield Roberts Bros.
Waukegan Durkin & Durkin
Winnetka The Fell Co.

Indiana
Crawfordsville Steck's
Indianapolis Lazarus
Lafayette Steck's
South Bend Rasmussen's

Kansas
Lawrence Campbells Mens Wear
Prairie Village Mailliard's
Wichita Henry's

Kentucky
Bowling Green The Coachman
Lexington Dawahare's
Louisville Loevenhart's
Owensboro The Coachman

Louisiana
New Orleans Godchaux's

Maryland
Baltimore Hamburger's

Massachusetts
Amherst House of Walsh
Boston Kennedy's, Simon & Sons
Holden M. P. Benson

Michigan
Battle Creek Furmans, Inc.
Detroit Capper & Capper, Hughes & Hatcher
Detroit Whalings
Grand Rapids MacKenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Holland Mister Guy
Jackson Furmans, Inc., Jacobson's
Kalamazoo Lew Hubbard
Lansing Small's
Midland The Voyager

Minnesota
Minneapolis Young Quinlan

Missouri
Kansas City Jack Henry
St. Louis Boyd's

New Jersey
Deal Off the Cuff
Flemington Karrow's
Ocean City Kabats Mens Wear
Plainfield Teppers
Ridgewood Mac Hugh, Inc.
Summit Roots Inc.

New York City Wallachs

New York State
Albany Flah's
Jamestown Printz Co.
Rochester McFarlin's

North Carolina
Durham The Young Mens Shop
Greensboro Bernard Shepherd
Winston-Salem Norman Stockton

Ohio
Cleveland Halle's
Columbus Lazarus
Youngstown Hartzell's

Oregon
Portland Dudley-Craig

Pennsylvania
Altoona Young Men's Shop
Erie Isaac Baker
McKeesport David Isreal
Pittsburgh Coventry, Ltd., Hughes & Hatcher, Kountz & Rider

Rhode Island
Providence Donnelly's

Tennessee
Knoxville Hall-Brown
Memphis Local Gentry
Nashille Everett Holzapfel's

Virginia
Norfolk Shulman's
Suffolk Young Men's Shop

Vermont
Woodstock Mac Hugh, Inc.

Washington
Seattle Frederick & Nelson

West Virginia
Princeton The Stag
Wheeling Crone's

Wisconsin
Green Bay C.A. Gross Co.
Kenosha Chiappetta
Neenah Kiefer's Mens Wear
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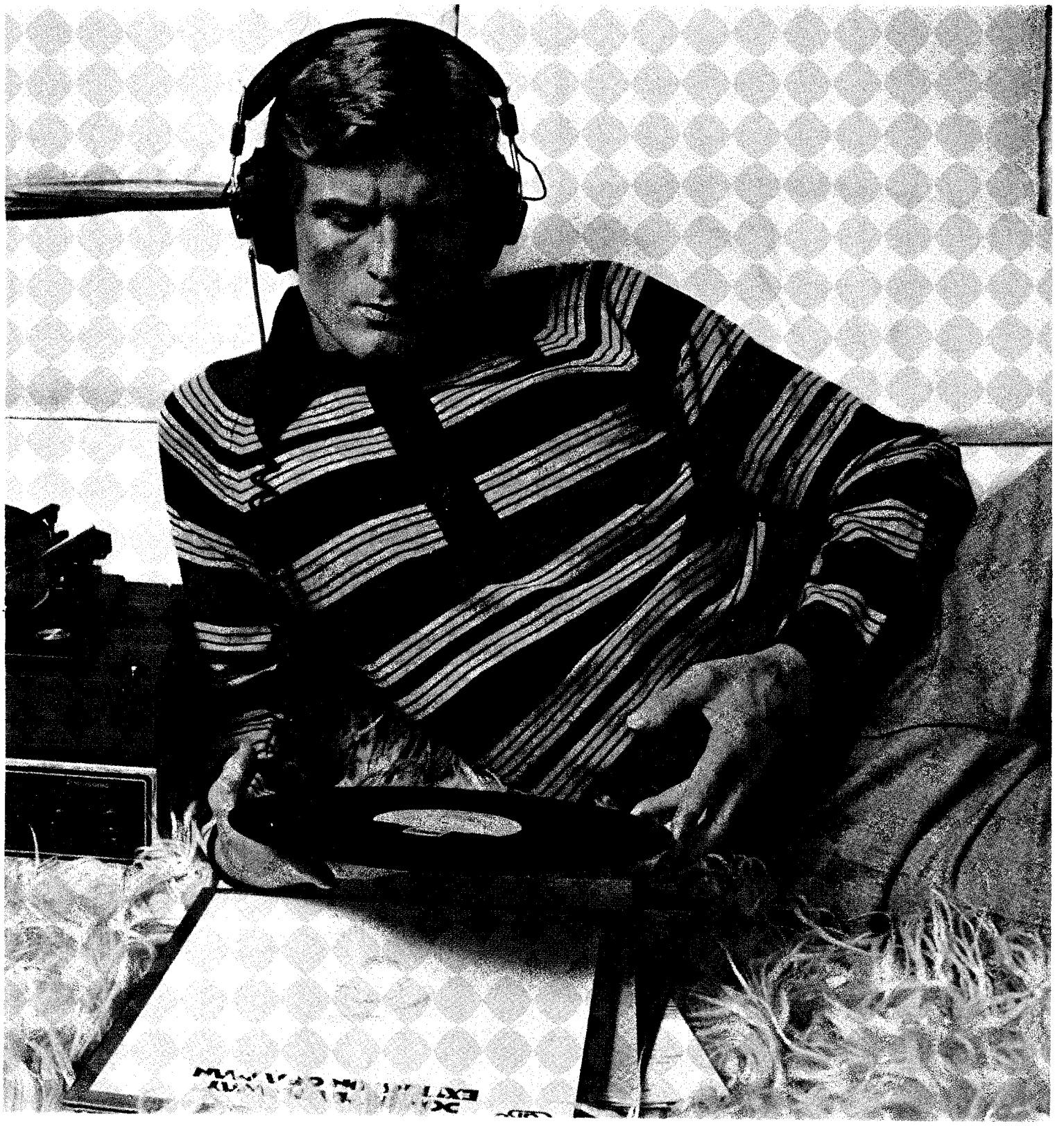
When the pressure is off, our knits go on.



This is the moment when you want everything to be right. When you want that sense of well-being that only a perfect thing can give. When you want to be into one of the world's handsomest sport shirts, Sir Hastings Barth by Thane.

About $20 in full-fashioned Orlon* acrylic knit, in regimental stripes or solid hues. Thane, the knitwear specialist, 135 West 50th Street, New York 10022. (212) 265-7665.

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*DuPont Reg. T. M.

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The gift of love.

(and how it all began 450 years ago)

We know she was beautiful, young and widowed.

But did she create the original Amaretto di Saronno as a thank you for her portrait? Or was it to stir romantic fires in Bernardino Luini, the artist who painted her in 1525?

History has lost the answers—even her name—leaving only Luini's stunning fresco in the Sanctuary of Santa Maria delle Grazie in Saronno, Italy. And her romantic, intriguing liqueur.

We still like to think Amaretto di Saronno is a potion that inspired a great love. It's something to wonder about tonight as you sip its intriguing, provocative bouquet.

Discover the many other ways to use Italy's rare liqueur of love. Write for a free recipe booklet: Foreign Vintages, Inc. 98 Cutter Mill Road, Great Neck, New York 11021, Dept. NY3.

The original:
Amaretto di Saronno®

56 Proof. Imported by Foreign Vintages, Inc., Great Neck, N.Y. © 1974

to a woman bent on doing household jobs if she is not also equipped with a basic tool kit. On the lower level of Macy's (or, with variations, in any serious hardware store) there is a toolbox ($10.75) that might be filled with, say, a set of screwdrivers ($1.50), an angle wrench ($4.60), pliers ($1.75), an all-purpose saw ($3.50), and a thirteen-ounce hammer ($6).

Peugeot has come up with the first folding bicycle—alias the City-Cycle—that doesn't look as though it were built for leprechauns. The new machine may be admired at Metro Bicycles, 1311 Lexington Avenue (88th), where it is sold for $140. It has five speeds, and bigger wheels (twenty-two inches in diameter), with less bulbous-looking tires, than other closet-dwelling models. These advantages enable it to keep up with any Central Park bicycle traffic, and full-sized handlebars keep the cyclist from the uncomfortable feeling that elbows have been glued to her ribs. There's a headlight and a taillight, powered by a generator; carriers in front and back, with elastic straps to lash down a loaf of French bread from Dumas Patisserie, just opposite the Metro shop; and a "five-coat baked-enamel finish," which is particularly splendid in cattleya purple. Bicycle fans really ought to start thinking of themselves as the drivers of vehicles, and not just as blithe spirits who happen to be on wheels and in the middle of the road. They ought to stop at lights and observe one-way signs, and make efforts to be visible when they're riding in the dark. With a special belt from T. Anthony, 772 Madison Avenue (66th), a night rider can make herself considerably more conspicuous to motorists than most of the yawning chasms excavated by Con Ed. The belt has two blinker lights and two signal lights, all controlled by a battery, and costs $14. And a cyclist could cut quite a dash in a warmup suit from Tennis Lady, 765 Madison Avenue (66th). An ensemble of bright-blue velour, it has a jacket with a bold white zipper and knit cuffs in blue and white stripes. These tapering cuffs are not repeated on the pants legs, and a cyclist might have to tuck these into her socks; $55.

And so to the needs of Cordon Bleu chefs or simply those who have to fix dinner. Collectors West, which is at 150 West End Avenue (67th Street, and closed on Mondays), has, among other collections, a bunch of amusingly nostalgic-looking aprons made of remnants of chintz fabrics, sometimes with blowsy nineteen-forties cabbage roses

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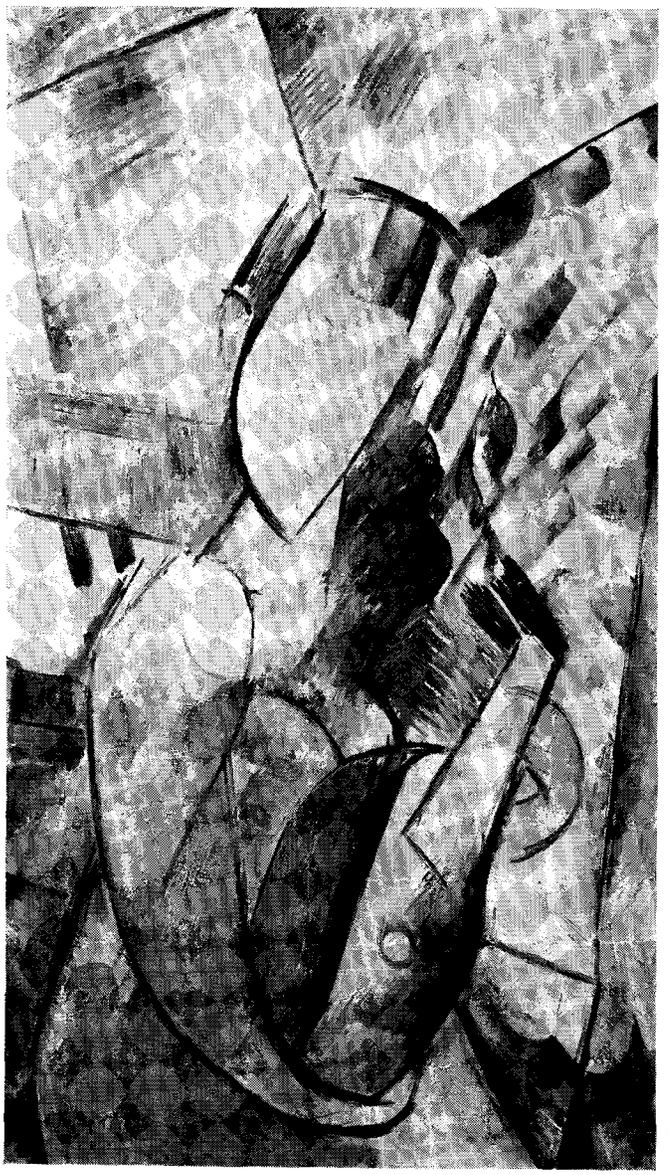

"Woman with a Mandolin" by Pablo Picasso. Sold at Christie's in London on behalf of an American collector on April 2nd, for $627,900.

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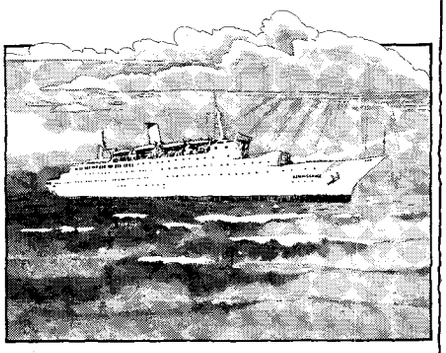

The Renaissance's Caribbean and Yucatan cruises. French tradition on cruises that aren't traditional.

The French have traditionally set the style for elegance around the world. And the m/s Renaissance is decidedly French. She embraces the finest in French cuisine, complimentary wines and service. This winter, departing from Port Everglades, she will sail the Caribbean on cruises that are elegant, as well as unusual.

Christmas Cruise—14 days. Sails 12/21 for St. Thomas, Saba, Fort de France, Aruba, Cartagena, San Andres, Port Antonio.

Music Festival at Sea—13 days. Departs 1/5. World-renowned musicians will hold daily concerts on board or ashore in the Caribbean.

Caribbean Cruises to the Yucatan—11 days. Leaving 1/18, 1/29, 2/9, 2/20, 3/3, and 3/14, for Cap Haitien, Santo Domingo, Curacao, Montego Bay, Cozumel/Playa del Carmen, the port for excursions to Tulum and Chichen Itza.

Jacksonville Easter Cruise—13 days. Departs from Jacksonville 3/26 for Port-au-Prince, Cartagena, San Blas, Cristobal, San Andres, Cozumel/Playa del Carmen, the Mayan excursion port.

The Renaissance is registered in France.

Air/Sea arrangements available. See your travel agent.

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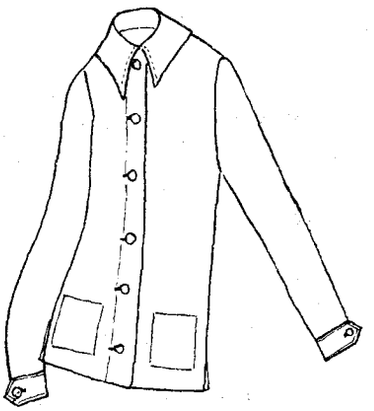
on a sepia background. A bib-top, below-knee style, with gingham sash and trim, is $25. And Le Grenier, at 1588 Third Avenue (89th), has a perhaps more down-to-earth apron, of French cotton, shaped like a butcher's apron, in solid red or white or in blue and white stripes; $5.70.

PRESENTS IN "REAL" MATERIALS, OFTEN IN NEUTRAL COLORS, AND WITH THE FASHIONABLE "NATURALNESS" THAT IS NO LONGER EXACTLY HOMESPUN

THIS is a year for capes. Sportique, 816 Madison Avenue (68th), has a fine, enveloping example in mohair, as softly swirling as a pinwheel of clematis seed. The cape is very full and pretty long, with a yoke of stitching round the shoulders and a narrow neckband that encircles the throat before tying at the left side, in front. The color is beige, and the price is $140. The Irish Pavilion also has capes, these with a band collar and a parabola of buttons down one shoulder. A knee-length version in cream-colored wool is $135. The times also seem right for the well-tried qualities of the camel's-hair polo coat. To savor the full experience of a return to tradition's bosom, it would seem proper to seek out the polo coat at Brooks Brothers, where a double-breasted, half-belted example in a blend of wool and camel's hair is $225. Pure, unadulterated camel's hair is rare indeed, but on the fourth floor of Saks Fifth Avenue is a statuesque, floor-length robe of the real thing, its natural-camel-colored background overlaid with a beige windowpane plaid. The robe is classically wrapped and sashed, and looks like a lifetime investment for $260.

Lessons about the state of our collective mind may undoubtedly be drawn from the way some of the most fashionable people in town are dressing in unrelieved gray by day and all in black by night, and furnishing their houses exclusively in noncommittal beiges and browns. The very fashionable Bailey/Huebner shop at Bendel is entirely concerned with subdued, neutral effects. Among other hushed statements, this shop numbers some wonderfully soft and fluffy Swedish lap rugs (or shawls) in muted stripes or vague plaids entirely in shades of beige, brown, ivory, and terra-cotta. The rugs are pure wool and come in a fifty-four-by-seventy-inch size, complete with self-fringe, for $57. And, just when other umbrellas are launching themselves into wildly liberated colors, those at Bailey/Huebner, with infuriating smug-

Sweater Jacket



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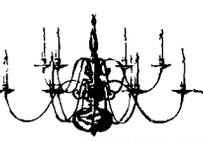

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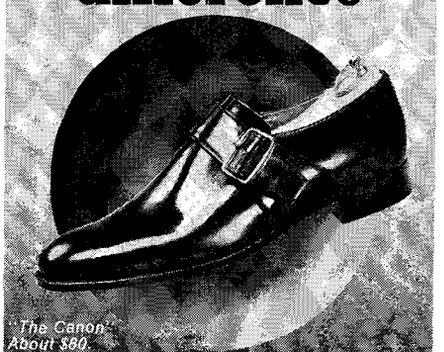
ness, point up the style of putty color, in sailcloth and with a substantial-looking wooden handle. What has come to be called the "unisex" umbrella size, between the sizes that men and women used to be condemned to in the bad old days, is $15; a "family" size—which used to be considered fit only for golfers—is $25.

Eli Zabar's shop, E.A.T., at 1064 Madison Avenue (80th), has handmade white-oak market baskets—of manifold uses for indoor and outdoor gardeners, needlewomen, picnickers, and ecology-minded shoppers—measuring thirteen by eighteen inches across and ten inches deep, and handwoven in the traditional Shaker style; $21.50. And Le Grenier has natural-colored shopping bags, from France, made of hand-knitted string, for $4. Lord & Taylor's main floor is the place to find the handwoven products of the Dunlap community, of Mt. Desert Island, Maine, which bear the label "Downeasters." The weavers raise their own sheep and use the wool in unbleached and undyed form, so that if it is brown—as it is in some styles—it is because the sheep was "black." Mostly, though, the old Scottish and Early American weaving patterns employed by these craftsmen show up in beige accessories, such as a muffler, six feet by one, which is $12, and a stole, six feet by two, which is $20. Handweaving is also much in evidence in Inge Nissen's shop, at 165 East 61st Street; in fact, one has to step around the loom that has been set up in the little shop, where much of the stock is produced. Among the loom's products are some wool-and-mohair ponchos with six-inch fringe, in tweedy textures involving different shades of a single color, for between $60 and $85. Or the shop can help fend off drafts by way of some cobwebby triangular shawls of hand-knitted mohair, with hand-knotted six-inch fringe, in a choice of vibrant colors, such as hot pink or purple, and also in a much more soothing beige; $25.

For some far-flung simplicity, we turn first to Sermoneta, 740 Madison Avenue (64th), where the naturalness is Central American in style. Nicaragua is the origin of some smock blouses of pure cotton, with long sleeves, band collars, and comfortable widths that emerge from yokes at front and back and end at hip level, where there are patch pockets. There are glorious color possibilities, such as bright red, canary yellow, peach, pink, or purple; $15. Further tropical-bird brilliance of hue, by way of wool yarn

A world of difference



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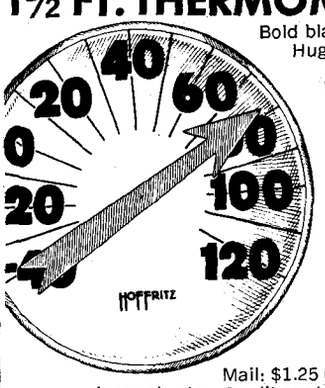

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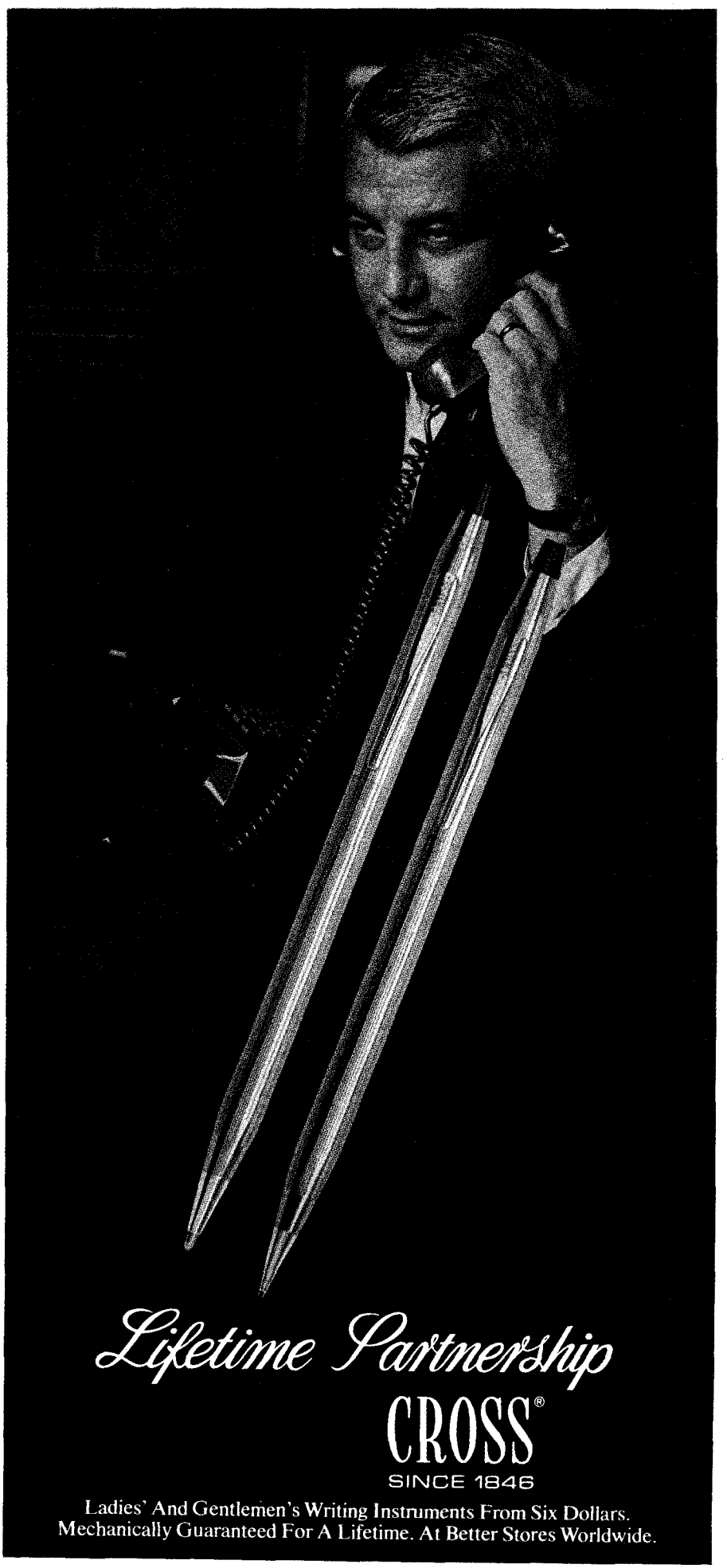
from Colombia, goes into a gay assortment of accessories, including a small, cuffed cap ($15) and an envelope bag ($15). Ashanti Bazaar, of 872 Lexington Avenue (65th), draws on the styles of Africa. Here is a group of little jackets in quilted cotton with African batik patterns, each different from its neighbor in color and pattern but all alike in style (waist length, collarless, closing with three covered buttons) and in their way of teaming up as satisfactorily with evening dress as with jeans; $80. And Grecophilia, of 1143 First Avenue (63rd) and 132 West 72nd Street, offers as a contribution to the homespun scene a clean-cut, pointy-hooded caftan of handwoven cotton bedsheet material from Greece. Uneven stripes—of white on blue, blue on white, or orange on white—run vertically except on the placket front, where they take to the diagonal. There is a sash belt to give it as much shape as the woman who wears it; $32.

Feet on the Ground, Head in the Air, and Hand in Glove

BOOTS are back. Mufflers are in. And gloves, like the onionskins of country lore before bad winters, are thickening up perceptibly. The Right Bank Clothing Company, 21 East 57th Street, has some venturesome yet comfortable footgear: a pair of so-called "Eskimo boots" of suède, set on two-inch wedge heels, and with heraldic emblems appliquéd in contrasting leather on a background of red, black, or emerald; $100. Or, for high-stepping fillies, there are some fancy dude boots with a two-inch heel and a squared-off toe. In a choice of black, red, navy, or beige suède, and embroidered with multicolored flowers and scrolls, these are $115. For serious-minded horsewomen, or for women who never clap eyes on a horse but do have to slosh through backed-up slush in city gutters, there are black rubber riding boots with a tapered leg and a low heel to be found at M. J. Knoud, suppliers of equestrian necessaries, at 716 Madison Avenue (63rd). The boots are $23.50. Or, to take foot sense to its absolute end, there is the Earth Shoe—the original, designed by Anne Kalso, that is, and not any of its imitators. A gift certificate, to the tune of $35, obtained at the Earth Shoe store, at 117 East 17th Street, might win gratitude and a new convert to the cause of these broad-toed shoes whose sole brings the heel lower than the toes and so, it is claimed, simulates the benefits of walking barefoot in



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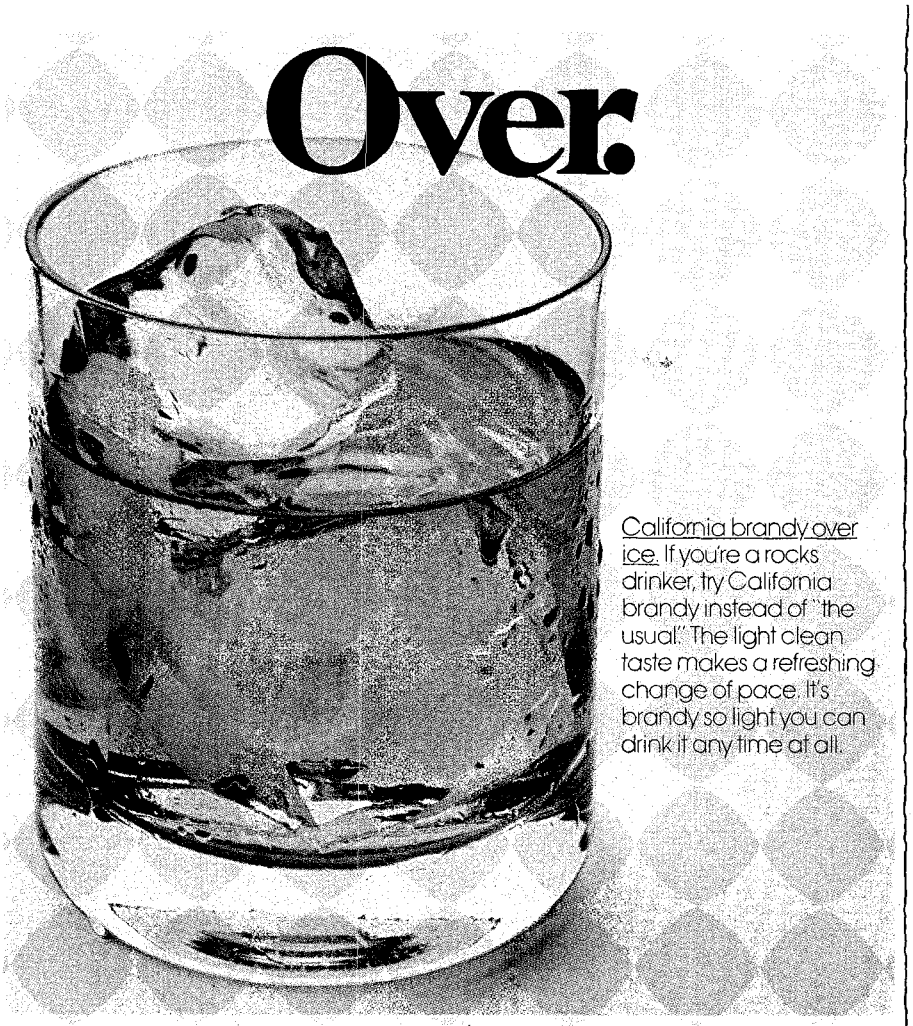

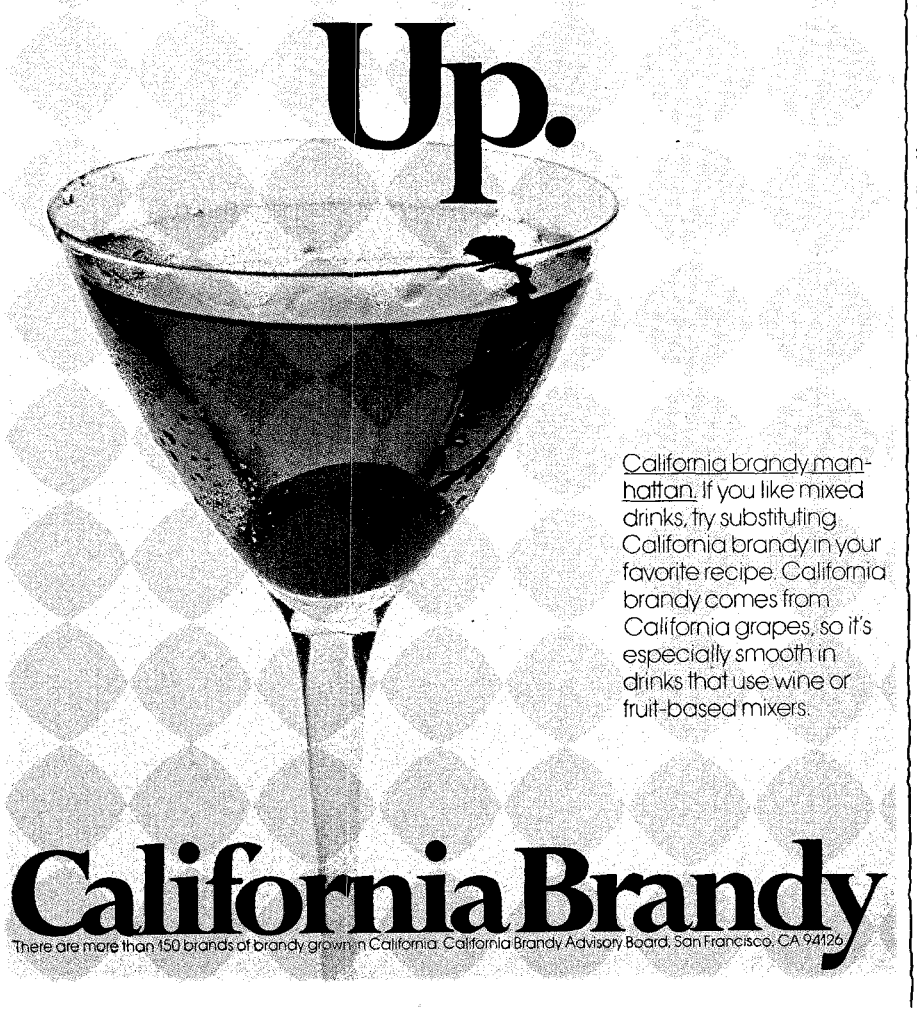

the sand. An observer of last summer's street scene, though, would have to conclude that the strongest contestant for the title of the People's Shoe (young and female people, anyway) is the ubiquitous light-tan sandal with a cork platform sole. As winter companions to such shoes, and to other shoes as well, there are now in the shops some riotous and cheering knee socks. Some of the liveliest of all are to be found at Bloomingdale's, many of them produced by the firm of Hot Sox. Apart from last year's "classic" styles shot with Lurex like a Liberace suit, there are now Hot Sox in gentle Navajo color schemes, and others with brilliant primary stripes and five separate toes, like the fingers of a glove, but with each toe a different color; these are $5. A Peruvian contribution to the knee-sock movement is gaily striped and costs $14.50 at Sermoneta. Back at Bloomingdale's, sober socks of cashmere in a red-and-navy houndstooth pattern are $7. Socks are comfortable, durable, and the most practical idea for women in trousers or long skirts. Mrs. Bloomer would boggle at the progress we have made in the rationalization of dress.

At last, fashion and sense have also met up in the realm of gloves. One need no longer feel obliged to suffer numb fingers in tight leather gloves. Wool-knit schoolgirl gloves are quite the most modish thing around. Bonwit Teller has some cozy *and* new-looking shorties from England. They are of gray wool knit with a black leather palm, and the backs are ringed with two sporting stripes of burgundy; $9. Gray wool knit crops up again in a trio of muffler, cap, and gloves; these are the color of charcoal flannel and are crossed by a white windowpane plaid. The muffler reverses to white checked with gray, and both gloves and cap have fashionable cuffs; the set is $18. B. Altman's hat department offers another version of the cuffed cap. This has a sectioned, acorn-shaped crown of black leather lined with grosgrain, and a band of black Italian lamb around the face; $18.

Reasonable Evening Attire, Much of It Black or Gray

TURNING our back firmly on all the bejewelled, fur-collared evening cardigans around, which seem to us to be aimed at a breed as alien as the crowd that goes in for Mae West robes draped with marabou, we will take a look at a few things that ordinary people might wear to evening occasions of

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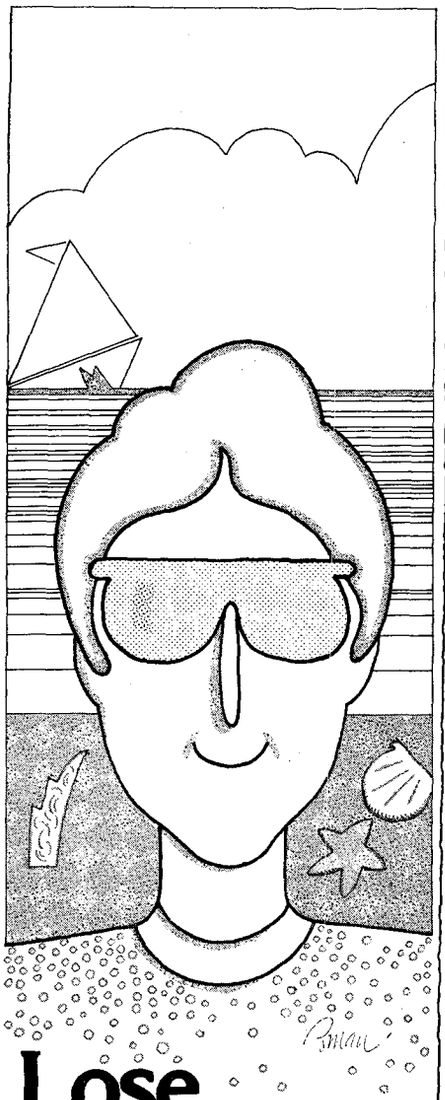

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Port Royal Plantation

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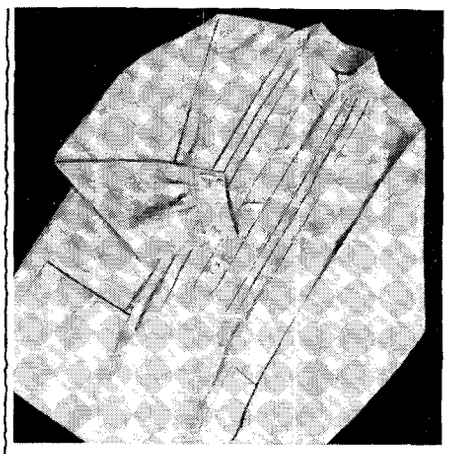
the unportentous kind. Jax, at 7 West 57th Street, is often a help to anyone looking for a quiet, unflustered style. An evening ensemble in lustrous ivory satin has wide-legged pajama pants ($70) paired either with a side-wrapped, shawl-collared tuxedo jacket ($80) or with a more naïve smock top (also $80). The smock has long, full sleeves, a mandarin collar, a line of tiny covered buttons down the front, and rows of vertical pin tucks to check excessive billowings. There is also a narrow sash, and when this is called into play it affords a demure hint of the czarist *dacha*. A less formal note is struck by pairing this top with straight-legged, jeans-cut velvet pants in, say, moleskin black or imperial purple; $100. Jacques Bellini, 241 East 60th Street, has some exquisitely restrained shirts of delicate, snowy voile from Switzerland hand-embroidered in white in patterns that remind one of men's evening shirts. One of the blouses has narrow lace round the collar and flanking the buttons, which are of textured mother-of-pearl; there are lines of pin tucks down the chest. The blouses are $65, and a far more luxurious buy, at that, than any common or garden-variety silk shirt, which, because of the price of silk, can easily run to well over a hundred dollars. As a partner to a voile blouse Bellini can supply a wool crêpe skirt with sunburst pleats to a below-knee hem, in a choice of mint, hunter green, chocolate, or black; $85. The black one, with a white shirt and black satin sandals, would look terrific for dinner anywhere.

A useful new shop called Sportsworks, 1046 Madison Avenue (80th), will pour another shadow into the city night. This blackness is a slinky trio of ribbed matte jersey, consisting of a cardigan ($74), a sleeveless top ($44), and a long, gored skirt ($80). Mark Desio, 130¼ East 65th Street, has some racy yet relaxed pajamas for lounging in, at home or out. They have drawstring-waisted pants and mandarin-collared tunic tops with two patch pockets, and the choice of fabrics includes black and white dots on silk crêpe or a silk-and-cotton blend with horizontal and variously textured damask stripes of pink on pink, white on white, or black on black; $80. Where neutral colors and pared-down lines are involved, such textural interest becomes especially important. Le Grand Hotel, a shop in SoHo (471 West Broadway, near Houston), whose well-edited style in clothes justifies a trip down there, has some late-day sweaters whose texture is of paramount importance. They have slim sleeves and bodies, and they



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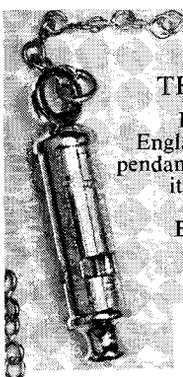

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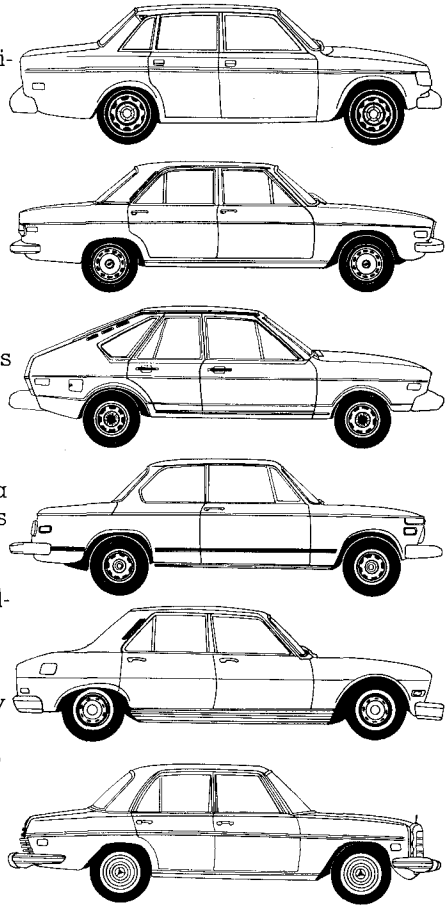

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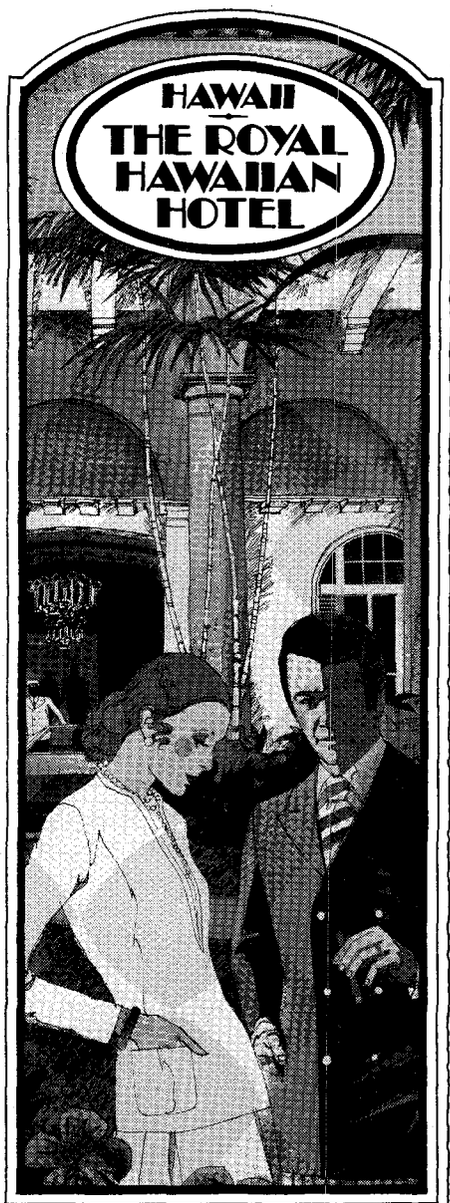

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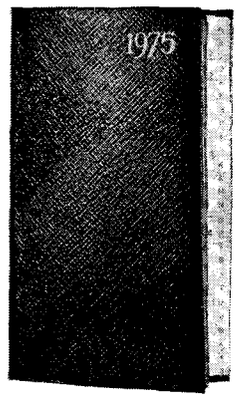
are hand-crocheted of a gently gleaming silk cord. The work is dotted with flowerlike pointel openwork; each top is slightly different from the next, but all are $120. A pearl-gray example like feather-light chain mail is particularly pretty.

An evening coat of black velveteen on the third floor of Altman's somehow puts one in mind of Abelard's day at the Sorbonne. There is a certain academic quaintness combined with a distinctly Parisian charm about the way a set-in waistband masters both the gathered width of a mid-calf skirt and the gathers of the bodice, which fall from a sparrow-shouldered yoke. The coat turns out to have been designed by one Anne Marie Beretta for the French firm of Ramosport; $250.

Other evening possibilities around town are *genuinely* from another age. By this Christmas, secondhand—or, euphemistically, antique—clothing has worked its way clear up through the chain of respectability. With the appearance of an admittedly handpicked collection of used gowns, shawls, and kimonos on the most exclusive floor of Henri Bendel, the apotheosis of recycled, thrift-shop elegance is complete. But a shop called Lune en Papier, at 1100 Madison Avenue (83rd), is one of New York's best sources of period clothes—in particular, those of the twenties, thirties, and forties. Although the clothes are in good enough condition to merit the prices that pay a Madison Avenue rent, the shop is still thoroughly imbued with the passionate and zany vitality that is what the pursuit of old clothes is really all about. Among Lune en Papier's quieter offerings is a good collection of old Indonesian blouses, or *kabajas*, of pastel organzas and batistes, exquisitely hand-embroidered around the collarless neck and the front edges, often with a lacy fretwork and a pattern of flowers and birds. Prices range from $50 to $80.

A Few Rather Dramatic Evening Schemes, Some of Them Involving Peacocks

Lune en Papier also has a century-old Japanese kimono, dating from a period when its wearer might have had fingernails a foot long and been carried everywhere in a sedan chair. The robe, of black silk lined with scarlet, is printed with coral water lilies pointed up with gold paint and solid-gold embroideries. The sleeves extend almost to the floor from the outstretched arms, and if the robe is worn open the skirt becomes a stately train. This is



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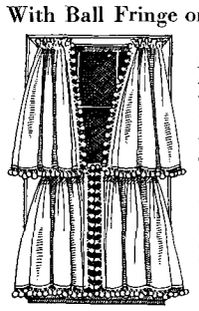

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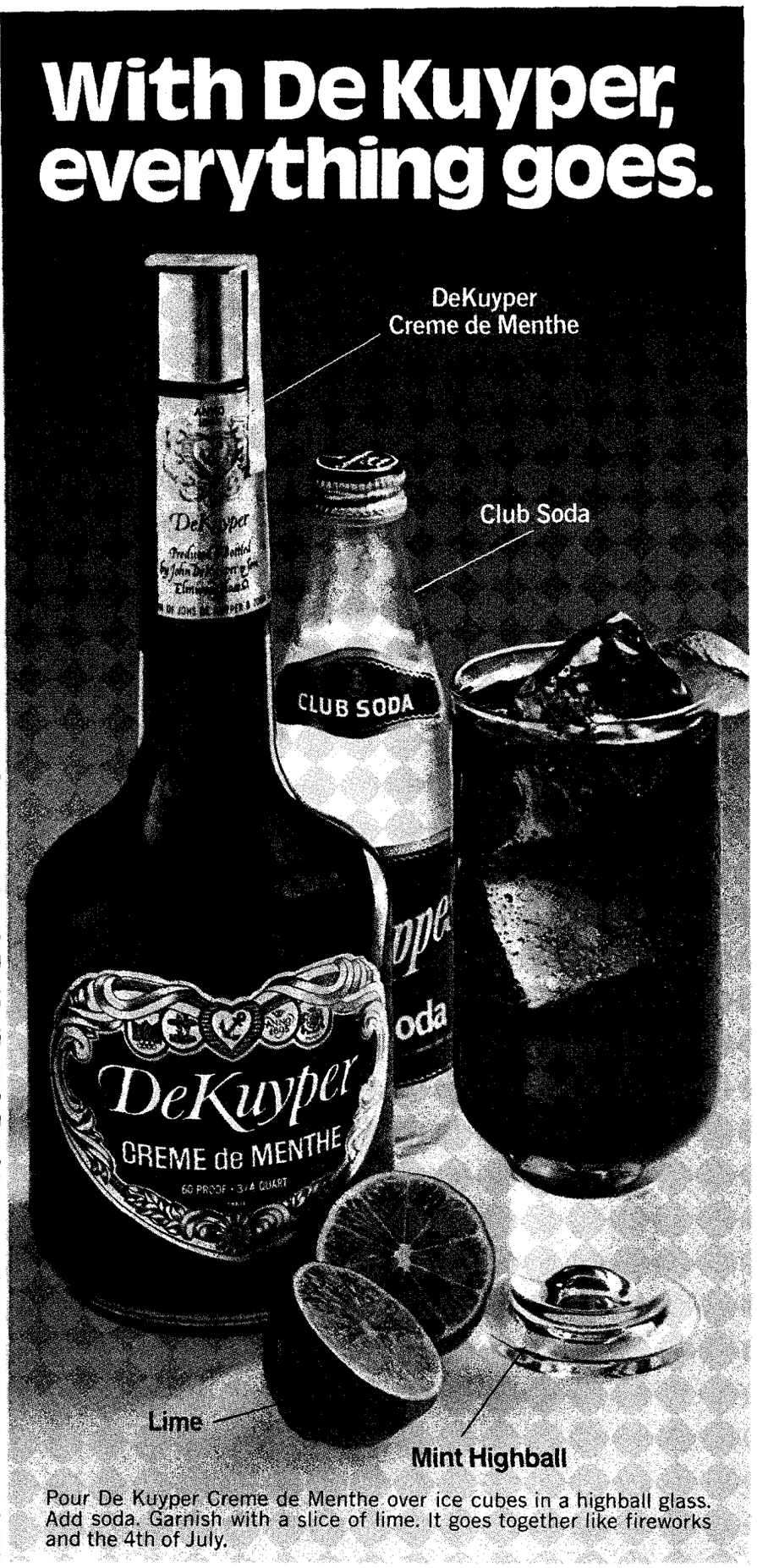
$375. Kamali, on the second floor at 787 Madison Avenue (67th), has a new version of the age-old gold-painted theme. The fabric involved is a silk-mixture chiffon, and scaly half-moons of gold mark out a peacock-tail print in red, black, and green. A poncho-like rectangle of this stuff slips over the head and ties at the back of the waist or else under the bust, in either case leaving free an effect of butterfly-winged sleeves. This is $38; a separate skirt, at $79, has a handkerchief hem that falls, on average, around the calf. A matching muffler length of the same fabric, at $15, gets wrapped around the head to flatter a pair of limpid, kohl-rimmed eyes.

Julie: Artisans' Gallery, 687 Madison Avenue (62nd), is like an underwater cave of ancient, dazzling treasures. Walls and ceiling drip with mysterious objects and garments in brilliant colors fashioned with unfamiliar encrusted textures out of metals, leathers, silks, velvets, feathers, and wool crochet. Many of the surprising and beautiful garments—combined forms of sculpture and dress, sometimes costing $1,500 or more—bear titles as quaint and obscure as those of Tai Chi. There are coats and jackets named for sunsets, magicians, thistles, and sea serpents, and one piece is called Bluebird in a Snow Forest. Here, too, is a flat, teardrop-shaped evening bag whose surface is soft brown feathers interspersed with the iridescent eyes of a peacock's tail; $110.

The Macklowe Gallery, 1088 Madison Avenue (82nd), has a unique Art Nouveau pin that would add grace to a simple gown or drama to the hairline of an evening turban. The piece is American, and dates from around 1900; it measures an inch and a half in both height and width. Two small but nobly curving silver peacocks flank a carved scarab of sea-blue moss agate. At the level of their puffed-out chests, the pair are adorned with beadlike inserts of mother-of-pearl; their bodies are set with blue-green enamel, and translucent blue *plique à jour* enamel goes to fill in the sweep of their minute tails. Below the pin, a tiny translucent harebell shape hangs suspended from a fragile chain; $250.

Some Jewelry of the Simple, "Redefined" Variety

Elsa Peretti's ideas for paring down ornament have been creating considerable excitement on the first floor of the present-day Tiffany's. One result of the firm's association with



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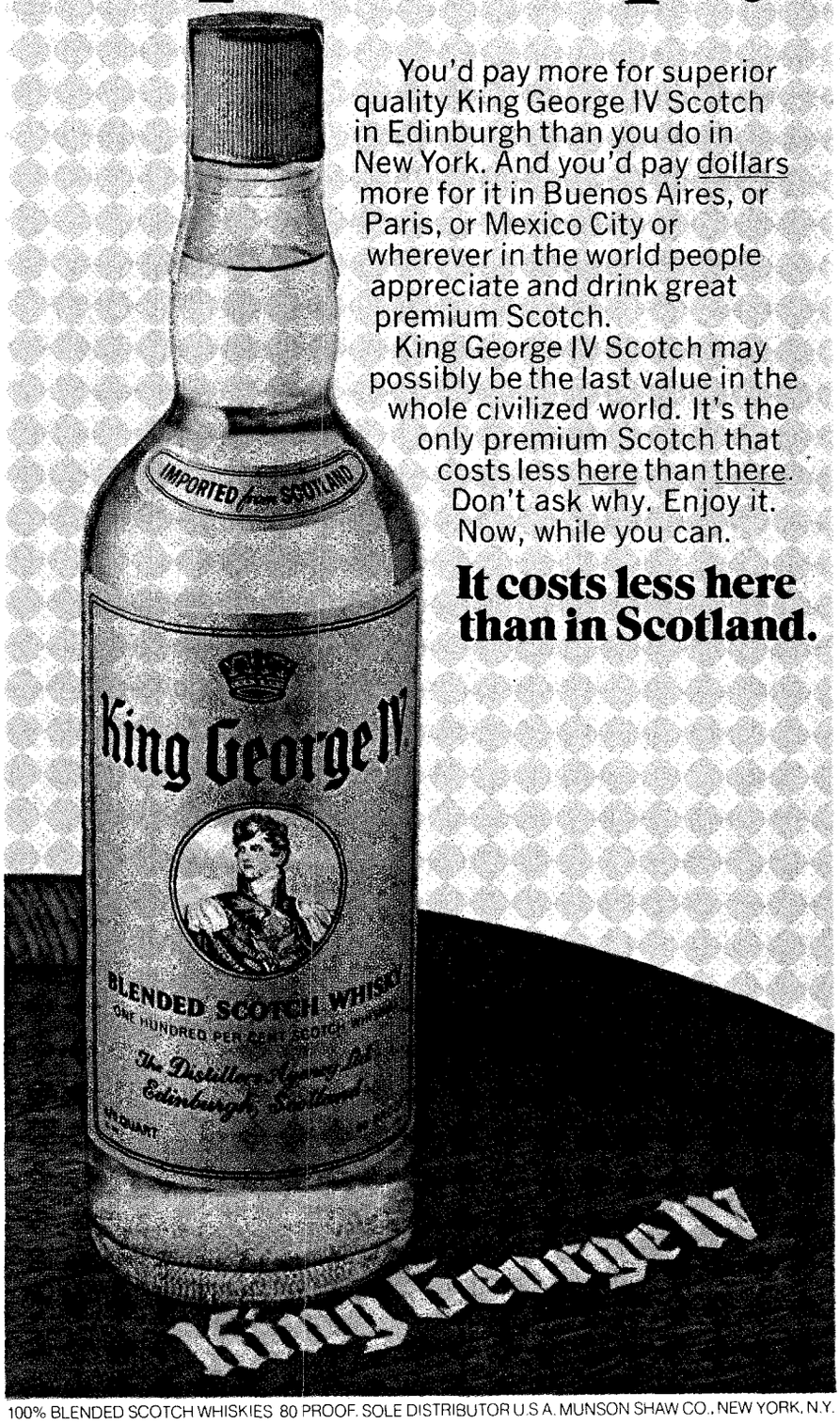

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Miss Peretti, whose readily recognized designs have contributed so much to the success of Halston's "look," is that Tiffany is manufacturing silver jewelry for the first time in a quarter of a century. And some of the designer's latest notions are in the medium of gold and diamonds—familiar to Tiffany but new to her—in the unpompous combination known to both as "diamonds by the yard." A yard of eighteen-carat-gold chain strung with a dozen fair-sized diamonds is $1,275.

Madonna, of 223 East 60th Street, rarely makes a false move in the design of clothes, and has now come up with some bright ideas about "understated" gold-and-diamond jewelry, too. The shop would like to see the lapel of any of its finely tailored jackets adorned with a pair of L-shaped pins, each five-eighths of an inch long and half an inch wide. The pins may be seen in white gold, either *pavé* with eight diamonds or enamelled in black, midnight blue, oxblood, or tan. The diamond L's are $180 each, $345 for a pair; the enamelled pins are $70 each. The most stylish arrangement would probably be one black enamel L and one diamond L, pinned in any of a great number of combinations: back to back; as a harlequin diamond shape; as a chevron; as a square; or as any of these but with a distance of a quarter inch between them. Madonna also has sets of three dainty rings, to be worn on the same finger. They have a nubbly surface, as if they were throwing out buds. Each ring is of a different shade of gold—white, yellow, pink—and the set is $90.

Cherchez, 141 East 76th Street (second floor), has some rounded bangles of jadelike Peking glass mottled with pink and deeper green, in their original, turn-of-the-century boxes of Chinese paper; $7. The Metropolitan Museum of Art Gift Shop has handmade lozenge-shaped beads of Egyptian faïence in a Mediterranean azure and strung together to form a choker; $30. Amulets & Talismans, Ltd., 33 Christopher Street (open 11 to 7), has necklaces that employ the same Egyptian faïence, in thin, half-inch cylindrical beads, combined with a scattering of coral beads, for $60. Coral goes well with currently fashionable colors. Swinburne, 1225 Madison Avenue (88th), has antique coral beads—from Tibet, India, Persia, and Morocco—made up into necklaces and varying in size from tiny seeds to massive marbles. A thirty-inch chain of Persian coral beads is $125.

Ophelie, 693 Madison Avenue

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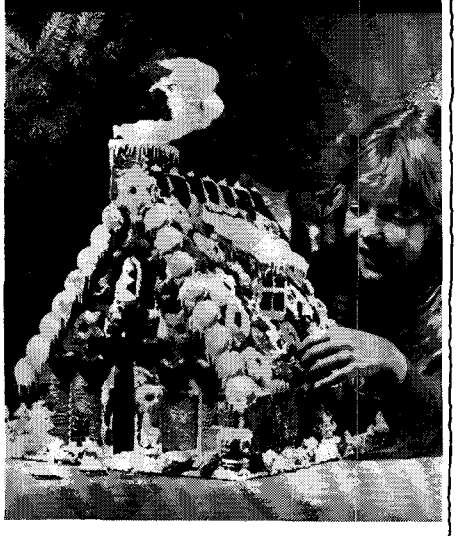

Watch your kids' eyes light up when they see this magical, do-it-yourself Knusperhaus! It's the original old-fashioned "Cookie House" the whole family can build for the holidays, enjoy as an eye-catching centerpiece and party decoration, and delight in eating up after the festivities are over!

Everything you need to make your own large (it's 18" x 15"!) Knusperhaus comes in Bahlsen's handsome gift box. Including house forms, red paper for windows and doors, powdered sugar, easy-to-follow instructions and four bags full of delicious cookies (with and without chocolate; gingerbread, crisp speculaas and anise cookies) — from Bahlsen, world-famous importers of fine baked goods.

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Knusperhaus

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(61st), brings us back into the machine age with copies of late Art Deco chokers, like curved, snaky watchbands and in a choice of silver metal, gold metal, or gray and silver metal in combination; $48. Jenny B. Goode, at 1194 Lexington Avenue (81st), has restored a chain of oval, faceted rock-crystal beads set in silver-plated metal which was designed by Chanel in the nineteen-twenties; $55. This shop also has a little glass collar with a schoolgirl neatness that might have appealed to Mademoiselle. A bunting of frosted Lalique semicircles—each edged with a frill of color and dotted with a single rhinestone—is strung together with opaque glass beads; $25. And Primavera, 808 Madison Avenue (68th), completes this picture of between-the-wars adornment with belt buckles made of Bakelite and chromium—which combination was supposed in the nineteen-thirties, when the buckles were made, to represent the absolute proof of the perfectibility of mankind and confidence in unending material progress—in various arrangements, including pink and black with the chromium. One such buckle measures two and a quarter inches by seven-eighths; one half is a hexagon of Bakelite in a soft, pale pink, like angel-skin coral, and the other is of chromium with a ribbed-and-plain basketweave texture. This is $45.

Some Useful Additions to Practically Any Woman's Wardrobe

Lonergan's I, 1597 Second Avenue (this is at 83rd; there is also Lonergan's II, occupying No. 1538, at 80th), is an attractive shop with a good array of trim, tailored shirts for women, in English cottons—plaids, checks, tattersalls—oxford cloth, and Pima cotton. They are priced between $24 and $32.50. The General Store at I. Miller has a sound stock of the up-to-date sort of sweaters, many of them from Italy. Here is a V-necked cardigan in wool-and-acrylic in a heathered-pine-green hue which goes unadorned on back and sleeves but gets splashed in front with a dot-and-dash pattern of pale apricot and beige; $38. A good companion to this would be a slim-looking skirt in forest-green wool-blend flannel with a fly front and a little flapped ticket pocket; $83. Jeane Eddy's shop, 718 Madison Avenue (64th), will see women well trigged out in some comfortable mohair sweater-shirts based on men's sailing pullovers. There is a turned-over collar, and raglan sleeves that can be rolled up

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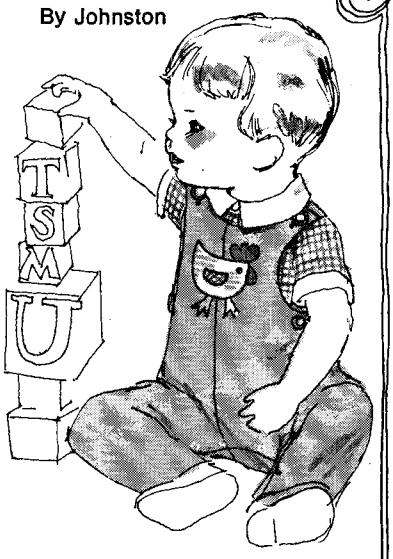
By Johnston



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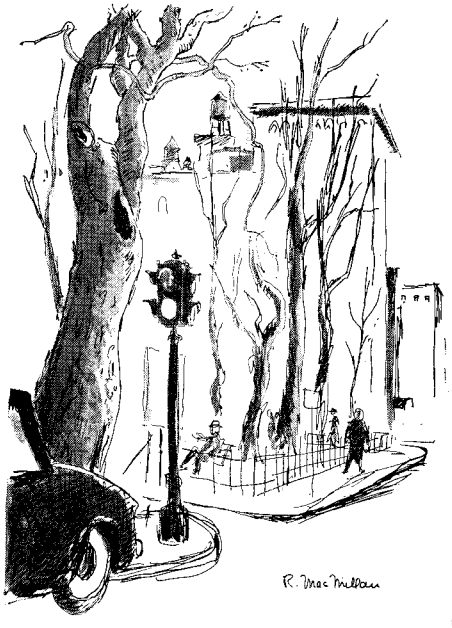
to the elbow. Colors include royal blue, navy, beige, and cranberry, and the price is $50. D. D. Dominick's shop, at 220 East 60th Street, has another borrowing—this time from the sweatshirt. A hooded wool sweater with a kangaroo pouch at the midriff comes in colors to brighten any jogging trail; the choice is scarlet, Cambridge blue, orange, vanilla, green, or fuchsia, and there's black, too; $32. And a new shop called Delle Celle, at 41 East 78th Street, has pure-silk blouses with frosted crystal buttons and with soft bows at the throat. They come in various prints and solid colors, and they are impeccably hand-finished, as one might expect at prices ranging from $125 to $145.

EXTRAVAGANTLY FEMININE FLATTERIES AND SOME SWEET-SMELLING GIFTS

THERE are some pretty chiffon dresses about, with enough ease of movement to appeal to Isadora Duncan, and in prints that sometimes appear to be quite open imitations of Liberty of London. Carol Horn has been exploring the floaty, Pre-Raphaelite theme and has come up with an ensemble in midnight-blue georgette printed with wine-colored poppies. The style may be examined at Upper Mad, 1260 Madison Avenue (90th); it is described as a "two-piece dress for late-day," in an attempt to woo women who are still afraid of dresses in one piece and of mid-calf skirts—which the Horn dress has—except after dark. The top is U-necked and softly sashed, and has gauzy, fluttering sleeves; the skirt has two layers of georgette, the lower one being longer, and both being



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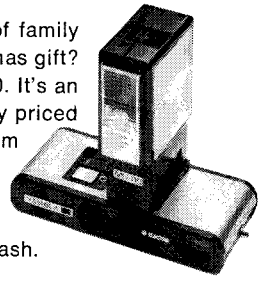

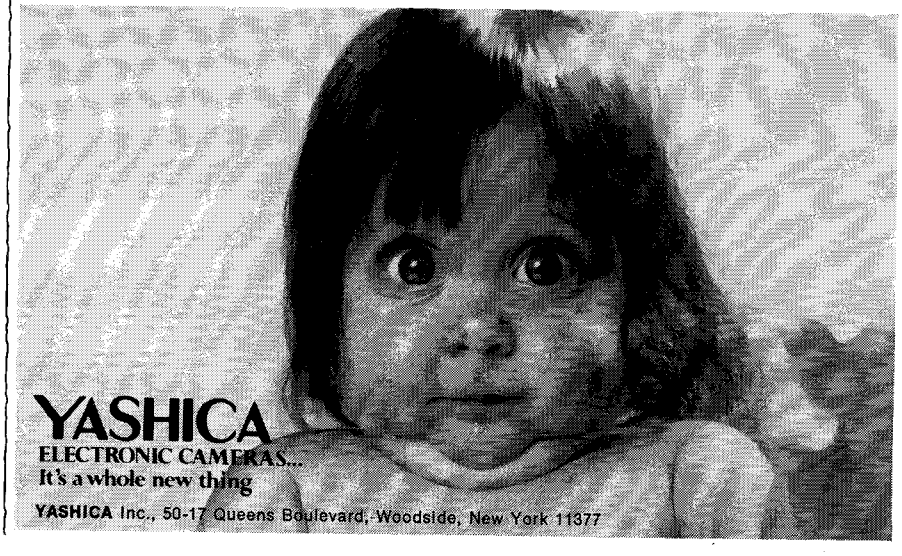

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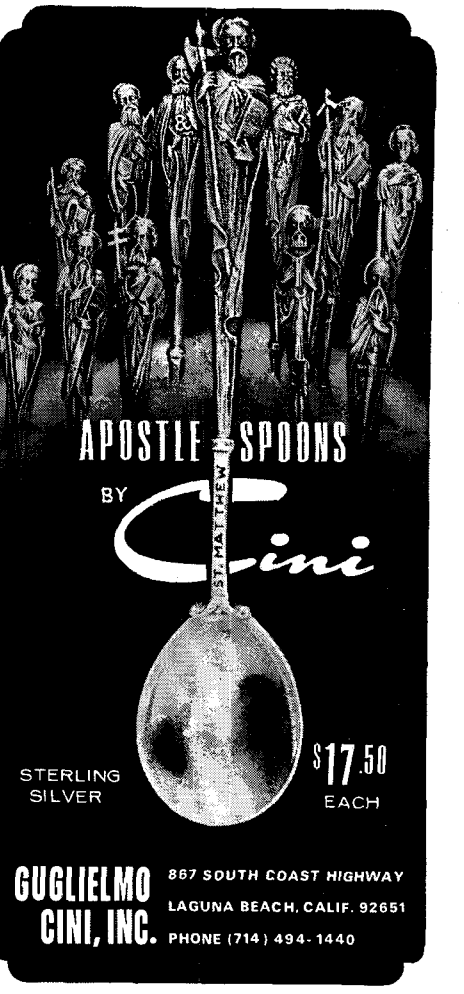
edged with "lettuce" hems. The two pieces are $72. A somewhat more robust will-o'-the-wisp springs from the fancy of the designer Koos Van Der Akker and is residing currently at Henry Lehr, 986 Madison Avenue (77th). This also comes in two separate bits: a blouson that is a patchwork of pastel-printed silk chiffons linked by ribboned seams; and a below-knee skirt of fluid movement, in pale-pinkish-rust, vaguely Donegal tweed. This skirt is trimmed with curious rolls and interesting swirls of appliquéd and overstitched chiffon scraps. The top is $85, the skirt $150.

For the taste in robes and lingerie which runs to the pristine delicacy of lace-trimmed cotton from the age of Edith Wharton, there is a selection of antique pieces at Cherchez. If the fancy leans, rather, toward big-shouldered, peach-colored satin trimmed with coffee lace, and similar bits of genuinely prewar, Hollywood-style froth, they are at Lune en Papier. And for contemporary Italian ideas in the field there are Pratesi, 829 Madison Avenue (69th), and its new neighbor, Montenapoleone, at No. 789 (67th). The first has terry-cloth bathrobes that are as streamlined as Ferraris, the collarless necks and the wrap fronts set off with lines of contrasting embroidery. Of possible color schemes, white with coffee trim is perhaps the most aristocratic, red with white the most Christmassy; $86. Montenapoleone, the new Italian arrival, has a nightgown of a stately innocence which is made of a polyester satin that feels almost silkier than silk. The skirt is bias; the fitted bodice is of embroidered lace, and inch-wide shoulder straps are made by slotting satin through openwork ribbon. The gown is at its best in lemon, while alternative and dazzling possibilities are more intimidating; $112. And Léron, at 745 Fifth Avenue (57th), has homegrown boudoir numbers. The shop's own robes of Swiss wool challis are laudably simple creations with covered buttons, three-quarter sleeves, a slightly fitted torso, and a gentle outward float at the hem. Small standing collars and yokes are hand-smocked, and colors are often pale, with quiet prints involving minute posies. If Léron should chance to be out of these $259 charmers, they can be had on order in a couple of weeks. Bonwit Teller's lingerie floor, the third, is a pastel realm with a soothing ecclesiastical hush. Here are pajamas in either white or ivory Satin de Lys. They have a cowl-necked, cap-sleeved tunic top, whose likeness to a charioteer's toga is increased by a monkish



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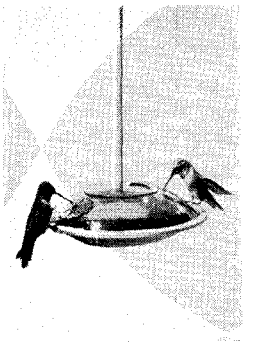

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belt of knotted silklike cord but cancelled out by lace that shows up in a free-form appliqué at the front of the hem; $42. Madonna, if given a month's notice, will come up with an absolutely mouth-watering slip (or, with a longer skirt, nightgown) of silk satin, handmade and hand-embroidered in Italy. There is a well-controlled suggestion of naughtiness about the slip, which has spaghetti straps, and exquisite lacy inserts, scallops, and embroideries at bosom and hem. The gleaming satin shows up to perfection in café au lait, with cream lace; in faded, peachy salmon; and in pale, pearly gray. The price is between $110 and $165, depending on length. Bloomingdale's main floor has some jolly Indian-made plastic decorative combs with brilliantly colored, Missoni-like lightning flashes on them. A good eight-inch fistful of comb, with a back crested like an iguana's, is $8. The same spot has sets of twenty Carmen electric rollers that can be used anywhere in the world, and they come in a case that could pass for that of an executive's Dictaphone; $40. Bendel's main floor has a collection of silver-topped pin and powder jars, dressing-table perfume bottles, silver-backed hairbrushes, and nail buffers. There is also a biscuit jar with a silver-plated lid, to be used either for nibbling needs or for cotton-wool balls; $65. A round Victorian bottle with an ornate, chestnut-size silver stopper is $85. Lord & Taylor's stationery department has some Italian boxes, five inches in diameter and covered with old-rose velvet and moss-and-pink tapestry; $10. At Primavera, there is a single nineteen-thirties French perfume vial, smaller than a lipstick. It has gold-washed silver ribs and pale-blue enamel panels splashed with stylized Art Deco flowers like little gilded parasols; $45.

Perhaps the state of the economy discourages the launching of new perfumes, because there seem to be fewer newcomers than there have been in other years. But the indefatigable Revlon empire is promoting a new, long-lasting scent called Cerissa; Jean Desprez has its Jardanel; and the house of Nina Ricci has come up with Farouche. The translation of this last word is said to be "wild but shy," and the smell is delicious, in spite of that. A charming little shop in the Village, called Soap Opera (51 Grove Street), has a scented, plant-filled, wood-panelled, Edwardian-bathroom atmosphere, and a cornucopia of soaps, oils, loofahs, facecloths, and bath brushes from all parts of the world. One of the establish-

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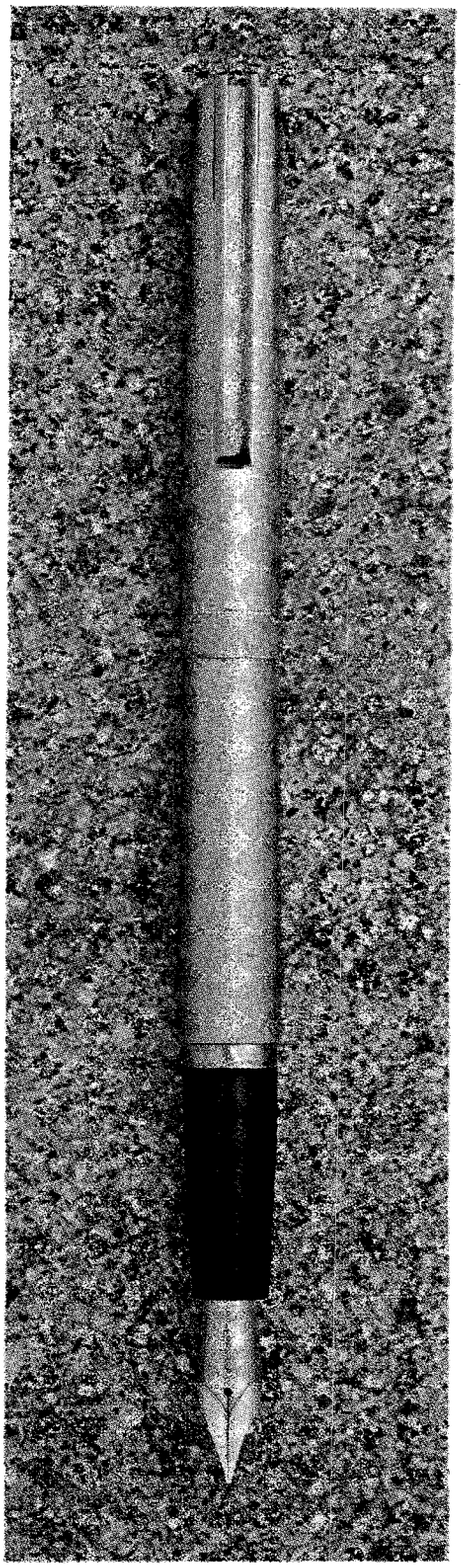

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ment's gift packages—each is done to order and is different from the next—might be a basket filled with variations on a lemon theme: lemon-shaped soaps from France and England, a lemon-scented talcum made here, and lemon shampoo from Crabtree & Evelyn, all tied up with yellow ribbons and topped off with a yellow nailbrush. Such a parcel would be about $15; the shop will even oblige, on request, with a gift basket lined in Provençal fabric from Pierre Deux, which is just around the corner.

People who happen to live on the East Side of Manhattan west of Third Avenue, and who have a doorman to accept delivery of a bunch of flowers each Wednesday morning, may then proceed to look for a Santa who will pay a ten-dollar ten-month subscription to something called the Flower Service, and perhaps even the subsequent monthly bills. This service provides fresh flowers and flowering plants—by way of a young woman, who runs the scheme with a couple of graduate students, who handle the flower-market part and hand over the goods to the doorman—for somewhere between a third and a half of what one might pay in a florist's shop. Subscribers may order as infrequently as they like, and there are weekly "specials." For further details, the inquirer is asked to call an answering service—the number is 369-6745—on Tuesdays, and leave his name and address.

Tony's Flower Store, 33 East 68th Street, is the latest venture of the fashionable young fellow who used to have a plant stand in Bendel and who supplies Elsa Peretti, among others, with flowers of the artfully simple kind. Mr. Tony DiPace's specialty is flowering bulbs, planted in humble clay pots or wooden boxes. Hyacinths, narcissus, and calla lilies are some of the things available for the Christmas season. (After December 1st, two weeks' notice is requested.) Such flowers cost from $5 to $35.

And White Flower Farm, the superb, endearingly cranky nursery in Litchfield, Connecticut, will dispatch the ingredients for raising some scented delights at home; $19.75 (if you live a very long way from W.F.F., it is slightly more) buys bulb fibre and twenty-five pips of lily-of-the-valley.

The Children's Closet

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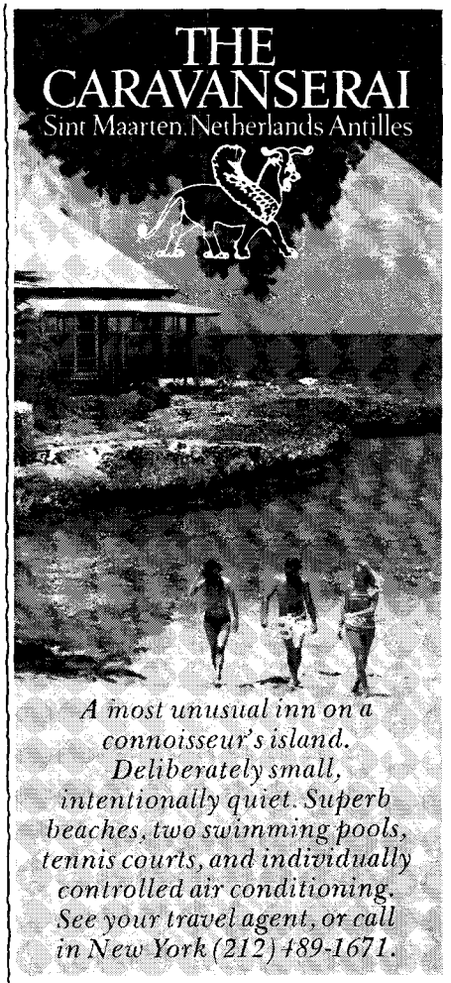
by happy coincidence and by virtue of the current state of design, it probably includes the most appealing and fashionable apparel for children available around town.

A T-SHIRT

THE glorification of the once lowly T-shirt continues, its potential for artistic expression seeming virtually inexhaustible. New and seductive designs appear in all the children's shops. (While several years ago these shops directly reflected the tastes and individualized dress of their surrounding neighborhoods—Madison Avenue, So-Ho, the upper West Side—the denim mania homogenized taste, and parochial preferences have been more or less eliminated.) Virtually any caprice can be worn by children of all sizes: a hamburger with French fries and a Coke printed on a dusty-pink shirt is $9 at Pinch Penny Pick-A-Pocket, 1242 Madison (90th); a large, proud horse's head on a tie-dyed shirt ranges from $10 to $14 (depending on size) at Wendy's Store, 1046 Madison Avenue (80th); a fearsome, scaly batik dragon encircling a royal-blue shirt is $6 at Crocus, an extensive children's store at 145 Montague Street, in Brooklyn Heights, which is well worth an excursion across the Brooklyn Bridge. All sorts of animals are represented on the Crocus shirts, which cost $4.50 in infant sizes, and most of the creatures also appear all by themselves in stuffed batik—a thirty-inch dragon at $20, a rosy hippo at $16, and an orange snail at $16, to give you an idea. The shirts have been paired happily with baby-size underpants of bright, heavy French cotton, at $2.50. The dragon shirt goes nicely with a pair of lipstick-red pants, and a shirt with an orange-and-yellow batik fish teams up with summer-yellow pants. French underwear, well cut in thick cotton, is an inspired choice for infants. At Stone Free Kids, 124 West 72nd Street, and most other stores, you will find a white chemise and a white culotte sprinkled with green and black *petits pois* ($7.60), or printed with a bluebird who holds a red flower in his beak ($8.50) or with narrow red and white or royal and red stripes ($7) or with a variegated red-and-white stripe ($7). Back at Crocus, a white T-shirt has been hand-painted with a delicate patch of bluebells; infant sizes are $6, and sizes 4 to 14 are $8. For The Chocolate Soup, 249 East 77th Street, an artist has painted pale tie-dyed shirts with a royal portrait of *le roi Babar* and *la reine Celeste;* sizes six months



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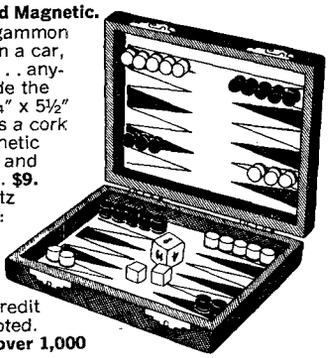

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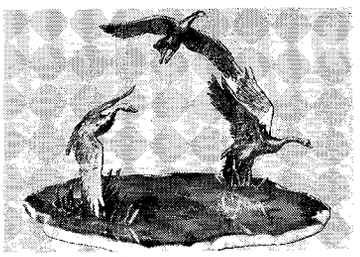

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to ten years are $10. For the twelve days of Christmas, at least, you should consider the splendid Christmas-tree shirt at Bergdorf Goodman; the tree that covers the front is festooned with red rhinestones, which also pick out the features of a snowman on the back. This is $11 up to size 6x, and $14 in sizes 7 to 14. In the sixth-floor corner that Bergdorf devotes to the Marimekko cottons is a fashionably shaped shirt—long sleeves and a dropped crew neck—in double-width Rugby stripes of rose, blue, brown, and black. In sizes XS, S, and M, it costs $15.

A Sweater

LET'S begin with a newborn infant, for whom Saks Fifth Avenue has selected a lacy white double-breasted cardigan in acrylic of the perfect weight. In between the two rows of tiny buttons have been planted embroidered rosettes; $11. Bloomingdale's hand-knit Scandinavian sweater and pompon hat are a hundred per cent wool and would suit a large or x-large baby. The sweater is white, yoked in red, periwinkle, and sky-blue snowflakes, which also cover the hat; $18. Given the need for lower thermostats, one of the most practical and snuggly items around is a French ribbed-acrylic body suit to warm a child, male or female, as efficiently as long underwear, and with no loss of dignity, for the suit is quite chic. It has feet, zips up the front to a buttoned tab collar, and is dyed in bright, clear French primaries. It could serve equally well under a skirt, pants, or a jumper, and in small sizes it can be worn alone. This can be found at L'Enfant Terrible, 844 Lexington Avenue (64th), whose stock comes mainly from France, and at Pinch Penny, among other places. It costs $14 in sizes from three months to four years. Another French basic found in most of the smaller shops is a silky stretch-nylon turtleneck in any of a dozen vibrant colors; sizes range from 1 to 16, and prices from $7.75 to $11.

American machines have transformed the humble shape of the hooded sweatshirt into a natural fisherman's-knit sweater of acrylic which will serve for all the city's winter activities; sizes 4 to 6x are $10.50, and sizes 7 to 14 are $11 at Saks and Lord & Taylor. For boys sizes 4 to 7, the same stores have some sportive sweaters that might have come straight from the slopes at Aosta. The one at Saks is a rugged Italian zippered cardigan knit in jagged horizontal bands of crisp green, royal, and white; $18. The one at Lord & Taylor is a pullover with an allover squared

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geometric pattern of three blue tones and one red, and has a shoulder-button closing, in the European mode, for $13. A matching hat is $4.50. The traditional nautical stripes of navy and natural have been used in a gallant-looking pullover at Children's Concepts, 2295 Broadway (83rd); sizes 2 to 12 are $14, and sizes 14 and 16 are $20. A hand-knit V-neck vest printed with a child's initial or, if he prefers it, his whole name can be made up in any color in two weeks' time by a knitter of Stone Free Kids' acquaintance, for $16. Bloomingdale's offers a hooded sweatshirt, sizes 8 to 20, in red, navy, or track-team gray, bearing, in felt letters on its back, any message the donor dictates: "Knicks Now," "Save the Whales," or whatever. The application of the letters costs fifty cents a line, and the sweatshirt alone is $9.

In Bigi, at Bergdorf's, a contemporary-minded department for young juniors, where gifts for girls in their early teens can also be found, a long-sleeved, dropped-neck pullover of great grace and romance is made of Lurex used with new subtlety in soft tones of rose, blue, and green on a silver field to depict a mother and daughter with a bouquet of flowers; the figures are set off by the lower quadrant of the sweater, which is black, and they have the faintly Oriental cast of Art Deco heroines. This sweater is $21, in S, M, and L. Also in Bigi is a long, sleek pullover of slippery silver or black viscose rib, with the look and sophistication of silk; $21. For $23, the same shape, which fashionably accommodates scarves, appears in coral-, green-, or sand-flecked cotton bouclé, banded at the neck, sleeves, and hips with écru. Small écru pockets have been set in at the hips. At Lord & Taylor, a short-sleeved pullover, reminiscent of the past and meant for ages seven to fourteen, is good for wear with jeans or pants; made of a creamy Orlon patterned with green, red, and blue abstract diagonals on the upper bodice, it costs $10. Bloomingdale's pre-teen department offers a very stylish blouse-like sweater with a

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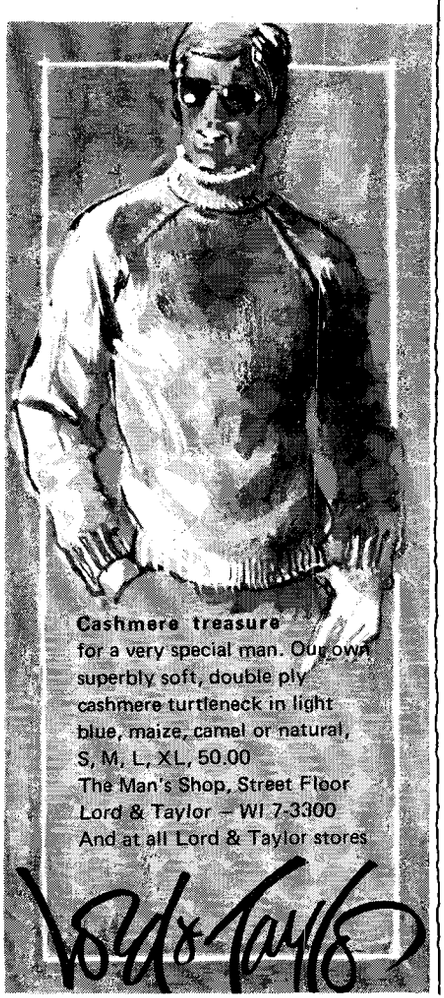

small navy-and-white horizontal stripe, interrupted at intervals by a wider red stripe; it has a wide neck collared in red, and the price is $14. In the same department is a dashing navy acrylic turtleneck with collar and sleeves of bold red and gold stripes; this comes in children's sizes 7 to 14 as well as in the pre-teen size. An additional enticement is a pair of matching nylon

Socks

CERTAINLY this year socks need no longer be considered the gift of a dull mind. For a start, toe hose, knit with individual digitals, are designed for lovers of the current sandals. Pinch Penny has these flamboyant knee-highs in solid primaries with toes of five contrasting colors; $3. Bergdorf's version colors the toes and the legs in a rainbow sequence of either primaries or muted secondaries. Mittens, a cuffed hat, and a floor-sweeping muffler carry out the palette; the mittens are $4, the muffler $8, and the hat and a pair of socks are $5 each. Another mating of socks and hat is to be found at Pinch Penny, where a navy or maroon sock sports a yellow heel, toe, and knee band, and a corresponding dark hat has a contrasting rim and pompon; the socks are $2.50 and $3, and the hat is $4. Bloomingdale's has a vast assortment of socks for feet sized 9 to 11: red knee socks striped with gold and green Lurex are $1.75; solid black, red, or navy Lurex socks for after six are $2.25; tweedy socks of solid green, yellow, navy, or white Orlon flecked with bits of the rainbow are $1.50; and, surely the most extravagant of all, two-tone striped (green and light-blue or maroon and yellow) chenille socks fringed, Indian-fashion, on both sides are $3. Wendy's Store has laid in a generous supply of Peruvian socks, striped in strong, hot confectionery colors, which could serve well as Christmas stockings; $8 a pair. Babies have not been overlooked in this foot folly at Wendy's: scaled-down stripes and solids from France can be found for $2.50. Indeed, at Wendy's there is an even further diminished scale of apparel, designed to fit dolls and Teddy bears. A fine Peruvian felt fedora is $4, a rainbow vest is $8, and tiny flowered pinafores printed with a watery Beatrix Potter scene on their bibs are $8. (These last two items are replicas of larger versions in the store—indulgent but delightful presents for mothering little girls, we should think.) For non-ambulatory babies, Magic Cottage, a small corner shop at 1024 Lexington Avenue (73rd), which has recently

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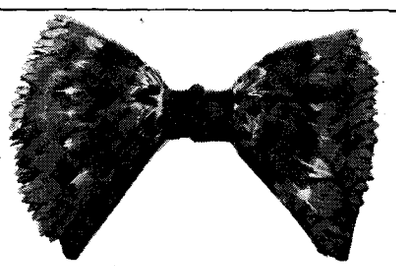

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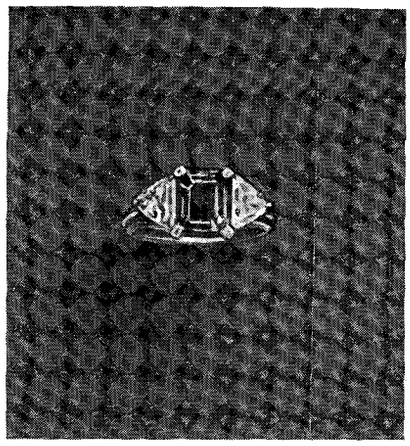

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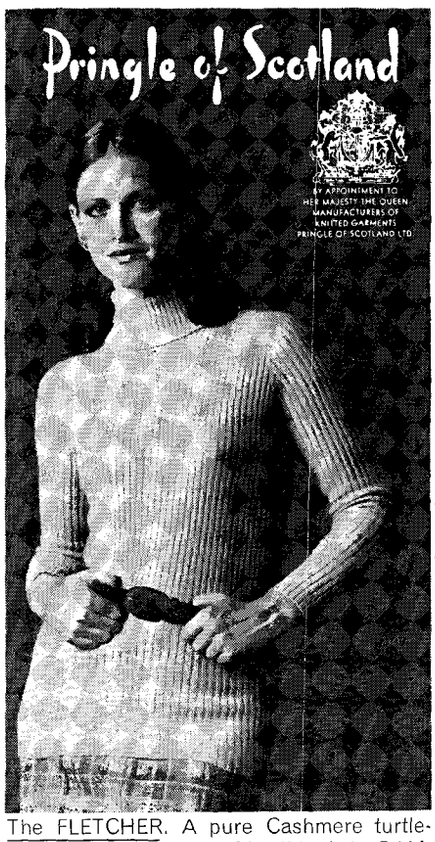

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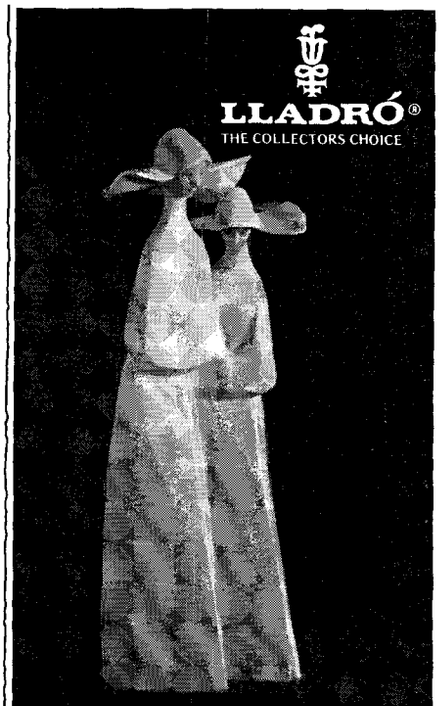
come into new hands, offers more traditional fare in soft vinyl T-strap or Mary Jane shoes. In seasonal red or in classic pastels, they are $5 a pair. At Wendy's, a small-size (two to eight years) red or green version of the espadrille is decorated with contrasting rustic embroidery and threaded with a long white lace that wraps around the ankle and leg, like a toe shoe; $4 and $5, according to size.

Foul-Weather Gear

DESPITE the alarming rate of loss, mittens actually seem to be prized by children. There's a good supply of Irish mittens at The Chocolate Soup, hand-knit in the traditional fisherman's pattern and dyed beautiful deep hues of burgundy, purple, or North Sea blue; $4 to $7. Small Business, a SoHo shop at the corner of West Broadway and Houston Streets, has produced an array of striped mittens that come three to the pair for $5, or the usual two for $3.50. An exemplary pair of machine-made mittens at Bloomingdale's has been fashioned of fleece, inside and out, except for the palms and the binding, which are navy or red waterproof nylon. There are four sizes, priced at from $5 to $5.50, and one or another of them will fit any child. At Crocus, a flannel-lined two-piece rain suit consisting of a hooded yellow three-quarter-length slicker and drawstring pants is meant for those rib-chilling wet winter days; $14 in toddler sizes, and $15.50 in sizes 4 to 6x. A child-size umbrella of clear vinyl decorated with the familiar figures of Little Lulu and Tubby costs $5 at Lord & Taylor. Very handsome masculine garb (sizes 2 to 10) for cold weather is an aviator's jacket at Bambi Boutique, 29 East 61st Street, of featherweight insulated cotton polyester. It is denim-colored, its fleecy collar and lining and its knit cuffs are navy, and the whole is washable; $42. Outfitted with Bambi's navy or red stretch ski pants, too, either wide-legged ($28.98 in sizes 2 to 12) or styled as zip-front overalls ($25 to $28 in sizes 2 to 8), a boy would be ready for anything. Bloomingdale's and Bergdorf's have a ski suit for ages seven to fourteen that is bound to create a sensation. The slim, straight-cut hip-length jacket snaps up to a high collar, and the trousers are styled with a front closing and a wide waistband. Both are a sizzling lemon yellow; oblong patches of orange, purple, green, and blue on the upper quarter of the jacket and on the lower pant leg give the ensemble a mock military air. The two-piece set is $63.50 at Bergdorf's; Bloomingdale's



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sells the pieces separately—the pants for $29 and the jacket for $34.50.

NIGHTWEAR

THERE seems to be a timely Dr. Denton revival about town. Crocus has larger-size (8 to 12) as well as small-size examples of the real article, in classic pink, blue, and maize, for $5.99, while Bloomingdale's presents an updated version (sizes 4 to 14) in red-and-white striped lightweight stretch terry, which has a long zipper front bedecked with lace, for $15. A red-and-white checked flannel granny gown trimmed at the yoke in eyelet costs $8 in toddler sizes at Crocus, and a candy-striped nightshirt from Bergdorf's costs $10 in toddler sizes, and $11 in sizes 4 to 14. Perhaps that large box under the tree should contain a gentle-spirited light-blue-and-white quilted robe of dotted swiss, sizes 4 to 14, from Lord & Taylor. Lace trims the edges and outlines a V-shaped yoke, and a three-quarter-length zipper lies concealed under a center fold; $23 for sizes 4 to 6x, $25 for sizes 8 to 14.

A CHRISTMAS-DINNER OUTFIT

IN the spirit of costumery that invades most households around Christmas, an infant might be happily offered a nautical royal-blue stretch suit sporting a wide, tapered sailor collar; $10 at Wendy's. A camisole-top stretch suit from Stone Free Kids is equally praiseworthy for its versatility and for its cherry-red hue; $8.30. Blithe-spirited young children (up to size 6) who don't accept the more formal roles and costumes assigned to them on festive occasions might appreciate suspender pants from France that faithfully imitate the original high-waisted fly-front design but come in a creamy corduroy sprayed with bouquets of violets or in red corduroy printed with blue nosegays; $22 to $24 at Wendy's. The Chocolate Soup has imbued the recycled denim skirt with a commendable new dignity. It is notably well tailored, and is hand-painted with glossy acrylic figures that suggest fables: a fine fruitful apple tree and a bonneted girl with an apple basket, or a princess on a white horse approaching a castle; sizes 2 to 6 are 16.50, and sizes 7 to 10 are $17.50. e skirts are washable. Elegant pers are in abundance, too: Small ness has a hand-crocheted green per with a delicate band of pris- ic afghan squares across the yoke. is one would go well over a body t; $18 in sizes to order. The but-

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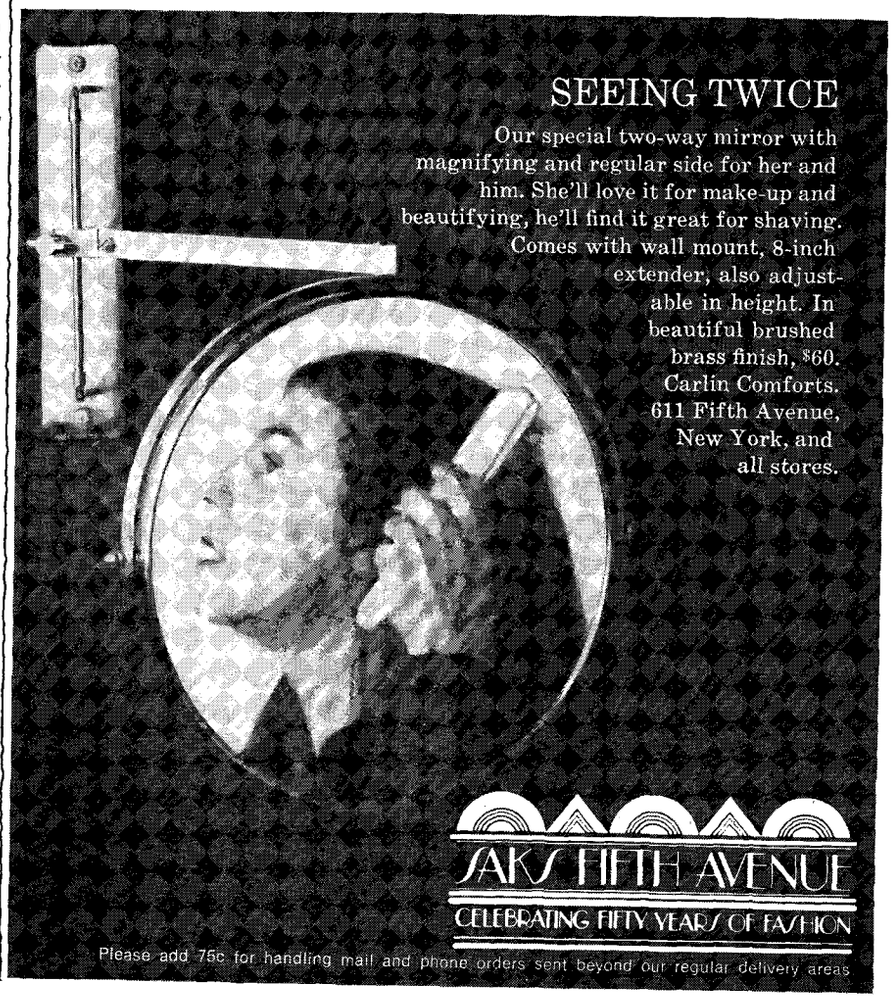

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tery texture of a velour zip-front jumper at Pinch Penny and a choice of sumptuous French colors like leaf green and chocolate brown render it virtually irresistible at $11.

For little girls who like the rustle of petticoats and the swing of full skirts, Pinch Penny makes to order a long chocolate or navy gingham skirt (sizes 3 to 14) with a generous sash over an adjustable elastic waist and with a hemline flounce that shows a white ruffle beneath. The skirt is cut from a full circle, as skirts for dancing used to be, and almost hides a lace-trimmed petticoat. Allow two or three weeks and $28. Wendy's Christmas dress is made in France of a forest-green challis printed at intervals with purple and white flowers. Like its Victorian inspiration, the dress is shaped with a dozen vertical pin tucks that open at a sash-enclosed waist. A high collar and button cuffs are trimmed with a generous width of lace; in sizes 2 to 12, prices range from $36 to $46. At Bergdorf's and Saks, cotton in a sophisticated shirt-stripe of white on red makes a fine puff-sleeve dress to go under a white pinwale-piqué pinafore for young girls (sizes 4 to 6x). There are striped panties, too. A rose-red velvet jumper at Bergdorf's with a bib top and a long dirndl skirt might have been worn by Maid Marian; its high-necked, ruffled blouse is imprinted with heraldic red rosebuds, and it costs $40 in sizes 4 to 6x, and $45 in sizes 7 to 14.

Batman and Superman capes, made of satin in the proper shade of blue or red and decorated with the authentic insignia, are available at Crocus and at Children's Concepts. Wide black satin ties secure the capes at the neck; Superman is $4, and Batman, with mask, is $5. Children's Concepts also has a patchwork Western shirt composed of squares of Indian madras; $8.50 in even sizes 4 to 14. There is a new hand at work in young men's haberdashery, sizes 4 to 7, making suits of elegant informality in a rich starched corduroy. For instance, the jacket of an ensemble in midnight navy recalls an Edwardian smoking jacket, for it has pleated front breast pockets and double kick pleats; the trousers are straight-legged, and the price is $30. Take note here, too, of a cache of polka-dot bow ties; $2.50 apiece.

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THERE are still enough days left before Christmas for even the most unaccustomed hand to produce something to wear, and it will have the

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added value of being economical, currently chic, and personally rendered. At the Ladies Hobby Shop ("Gentlemen Invited"), 2350 Broadway (86th), there are some extraordinary new yarns, which might be quickly and inexpensively fashioned into a sweater that would surely be extravagant if it were bought ready-made. A heavyweight wool, unpretentiously called grease wool (because of its high lanolin content, which makes it water-repellent), appears in a dozen heathery shades—notably Nordic blue, purple, and two shades of natural white. A four-ounce skein is $2.60, and a wonderfully impermeable sweater for an eight-year-old would require three such skeins. A ski hat and mittens can be made from one skein, and thick fisherman's-knit knicker socks from a scant two. A Hafnarfjorour, which is the name that has been given to an Icelandic lopi wool cape, should delight a little girl, even though the name is a misspelling of an Icelandic town. Essentially a circle, this hooded poncho, ringed with two bands of Nordic design, can be made very quickly on large, round needles. A rich Icelandic wool in a variety of autumnal earth colors promises protection against the most northerly brand of cold. The four skeins necessary for a size-8 poncho would cost about $12, and with two hours of work invested daily it could be finished in a mere week's time. Fun Fabrics, at 2316 Broadway (84th), stocks bold, ethnic, and picturesque yard goods, which invite a Christmas sewing project. There is a polished-cotton patchwork of black and white stripes with Indian motifs in primary colors which measures fifty-five inches wide; it is $5 a yard and would make a fine large pillow to flop down on after school. Grandma Moses inspired a primitive cotton frieze of farmhouses, barns, and horse pastures that, with a snip of the scissors, might be a ready-made wall hanging. For doll-bed quilts, perhaps, there is a basket in the store brimming with small oddments of material; a bag containing a handful costs fifty cents.

If you choose to make your own Christmas stockings, the Ladies Hobby Shop can provide a pattern, and if you choose not to, the Elder Craftsmen Showcase, 850 Lexington Avenue (64th), has a supply of hand-knit stockings upon which they will cross-stitch a child's name in time for Christmas. There are various sizes, all stretchy and commodious, and many designs incorporate a Santa with an angora beard. Prices range from $10 to $22. Liberty House, at 2320 Broadway (84th), has

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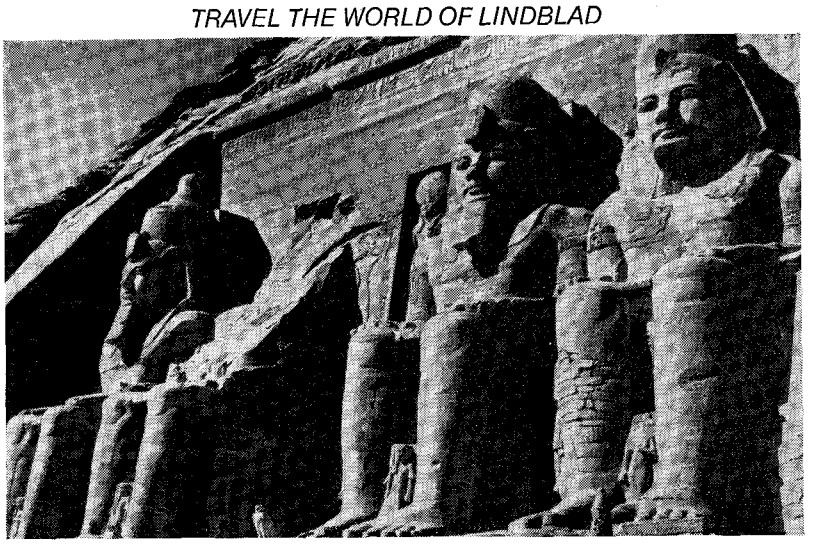

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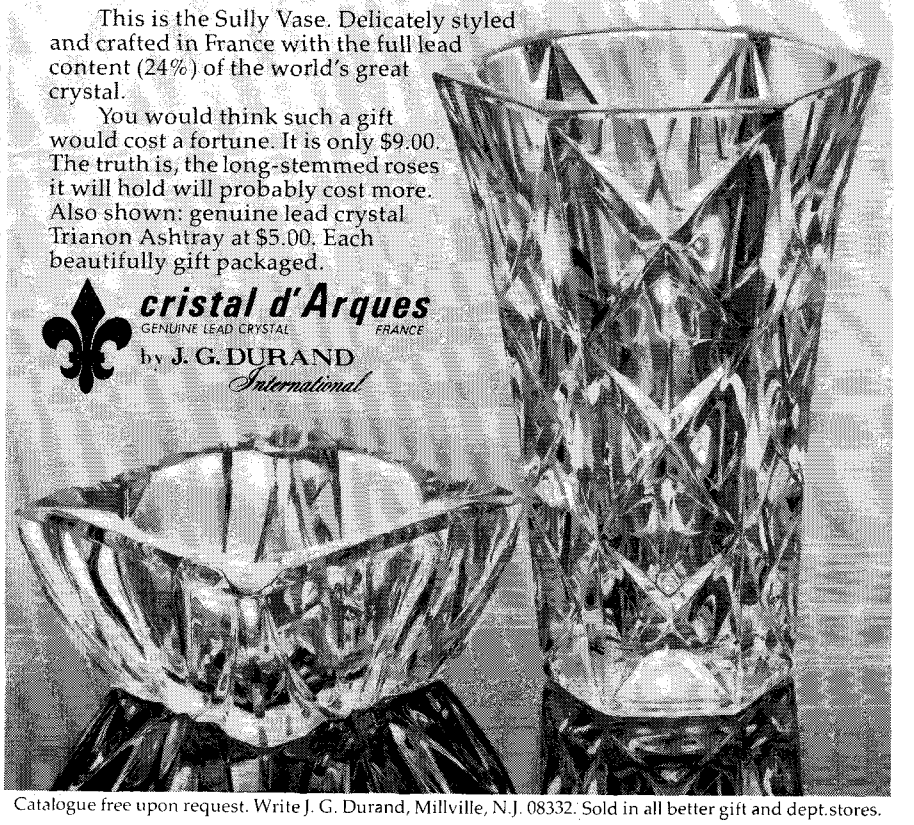

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large stockings patched together of multicolored squares of velvet, calico, and gingham, for $9. This emporium of handicrafts may well provide the stocking stuffing as well; in glass jars about the shop you will find hand-carved and hand-painted animals about an inch high, Brazilian whistles, match-stick whistles, and beautiful natural beads, all at less than a dollar apiece. Also small enough to tuck in a stocking are the old-fashioned cloth dolls with hand-painted and hand-embroidered faces and eighteenth-century clothes at Elder Craftsmen ($3 to $4) or the cornhusk dolls made by Indian women for The Chocolate Soup ($1.50 to $3). Other sundries you might cram into a stocking instead of a box: red elastic suspenders decorated with bunnies, hands, or stars ($3.50 at Wendy's); a belt that is a strip of the Sunday *News* comics encased in clear vinyl ($3.50 at Lord & Taylor). To the ranks of the hobbyhorse this year have been added the hobby dog, the hobby mule, the hobby reindeer, the hobby elephant, and the hobby lamb. Horse, dog, and mule have been styled from a sock and decorated with wool hair and ears, and, often, a hat. The hobby lamb is fleece, of course, with flowered ears and a lace cap, and the hide of both the elephant and the reindeer has been cut of tan suède. Both suède animals are $16.75, the horse is $12, and the others are $9 each at Stone Free Kids and other shops.

Several last addenda, not handmade but well made: Mini-Mundus, Ltd., a new store at 1030 Lexington Avenue (74th), has among its nostalgic wares an old group of children's dishes—a plate and cup decorated with the round-faced Campbell Kids, a Buffalo pottery pitcher—for from $8.50 to $160. In the collection of old and antique dishes for children at Jill of Story Hill, 1186 Lexington Avenue (81st), you will find a turn-of-the-century milk pitcher decorated on the body and lip with delicate pastel scenes from Kate Greenaway, for $16, and an original Raggedy Ann feeding plate, for $25. To seat a baby—if not during dinner, then before or after—Children's Concepts has a fine new contraption called a Bouncinette, invented by the Australians. It resembles our familiar infant seat, but instead of a reclining scoop seat it has a taut cotton mesh hammock hung on an aluminum frame that is a lineal descendant of the original Marcel Breuer tubular-steel chair. The mesh is bright-colored and sturdy, and the suspension is so sensitive that the seat responds to a baby's natural starts and wiggles, so that he bounces gently; $18.95.

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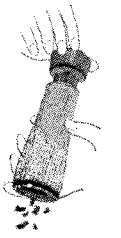

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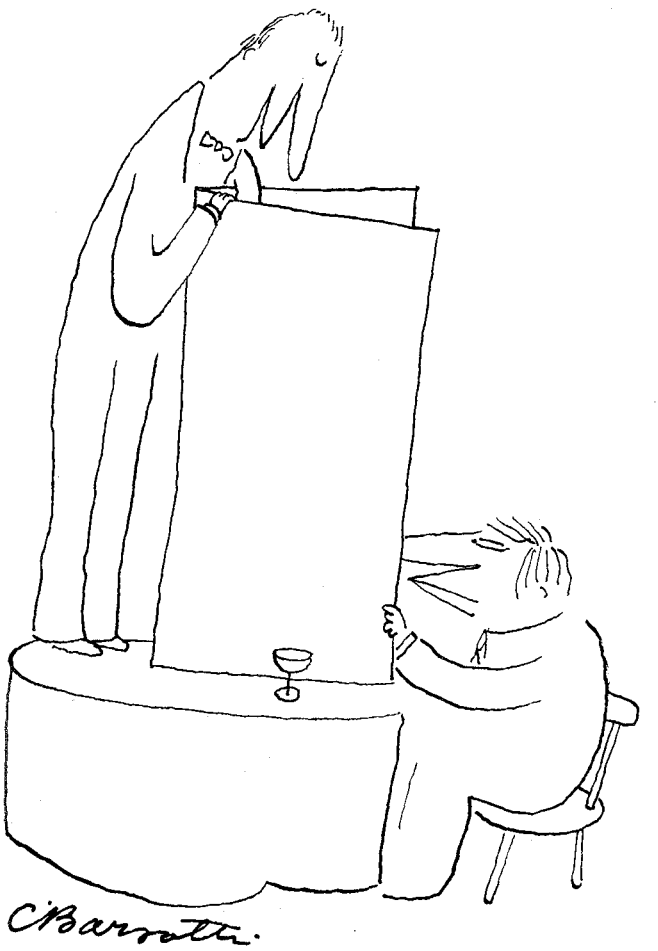
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

NOVEMBER 8

PRESIDENT CAREY, President Brown, Ms. President Grasso, former President Ford, President Stevenson, President Dole, Vice-President Krupsak, President Dukakis, President Bob, Vice-President Ray—anything seems possible, including President Rockefeller, though the odds on that have fallen like the stock market and the autumn leaves. The election results, though predicted well in advance, were interesting for what they revealed about the mood of the country and, perhaps, for what they forecast for 1976, but not for what, if anything, they portend for our day-to-day lives. The best Congress in the world couldn't do much more about inflation than the worst Congress. Congress can't grow food, though it might be able to see to it that a few more oil wells are drilled. No Congress can call off the Palestinian Arabs or their Israeli adversaries. If Henry Kissinger can't do it, no one can. Neither Ramsey Clark nor Senator Javits could, or can, create jobs. The new Congress will be full of conservation nuts and environment buffs, but they'll just cause more air pollution with their talk. Colorado has a new governor who wants to get the smog out of the Rockies, but it takes more than a well-meaning governor to do that. For one thing, it takes money, and Rockefeller is sitting on it all. It was hoped by some dreamers, especially Governor Malcolm Wilson, that the elections would put an end to Watergate. This was never in the cards, never in the stars. The coverup trial will be going on right through our nation's bicentennial, and won't end before John Dean III, free at last, turns gray and hobbles around with a cane, manfully pushing John Dean VII's pram. Also, who can say there won't be more and bigger Watergates, involving Democrats? It was a near thing with Wilbur Mills (Dem., Ark.) and that stripper. Where did our watchdog of the Treasury get the green to order drinks all around at the Silver Slipper? There are probably a few virtuous men among the new congressmen, but virtue just isn't its own reward; besides, there are still a lot of dubious characters around. They'll bear watching, all of them.

In New York, Governor-elect Carey said he interpreted the results as signalling "an end to despair." His meaning was unclear. No doubt *he* never despaired, but he couldn't have meant that. And he couldn't have felt that the elevation of himself and all those other Democrats meant that the voters had sworn off despair and were once more filled with hope; he is surely smarter than that. As a matter of fact, the whole election, from sea to shining (that's the oil in it) sea, registered profound despair. It may also have registered a bit of naïve hope here and there, but disappointment is bound to follow sooner or later—probably sooner. Still, the election may be the beginning of something. It is agreeable to have a few intelligent, and perhaps even honest, men in the government and to be rid of a tribe of scoundrels and scalpers. That smart, honest men can't do much about anything is a sound enough generalization, but it requires amendment: they can't do much *soon*. Rome wasn't built in a day, and neither was this great city on Father Potomac. It just may be that in time—lots of time, perhaps a couple of Congresses from now—we'll get a handle on inflation, so that a pound of sugar won't cost more than about ten dollars. As for jobs, even if everyone had one there would still be unemployment, for we have this uncivilized way of counting people on many government public-works projects as unemployed. Because of this economic fallacy, it has been possible for loose thinkers and hard, corrupt ones to say that Franklin D. Roosevelt wasn't any good, because after his first two terms we still had millions of unemployed. We *didn't*. Not all those so-called unemployed were in fact unemployed. It was just that they were working at jobs unacknowledged by the statisticians. To paraphrase the late, great Calvin Coolidge, when people are hard at work unemployment *still* results. We could have a W.P.A. under Ford if only he would buy the idea. He may, but he probably won't. He won't even cut back defense by more than a few pairs of G.I. underwear. He could learn, but only after much instruction, more than he got in all those years at Ann Arbor and later at Yale Law School—all those years of walking and chewing gum without a helmet.



"Monsieur, may I suggest . . ."

ONE real surprise was the vote in New Jersey rejecting the idea of turning Atlantic City into another Las Vegas. Those Jerseyites must be out of their minds. *They* don't have a rich governor, and they could have been rich themselves. The Puritan ethic seems to be operative (thanks, Ziegler) up there in the Garden State. It seems they were bothered not so much by the prospect of legal sin in A.C. as by the illegal loansharking that would flourish just outside the casinos where the friendly dice roll. But don't all the gambling and the loansharking go on anyway, legally or not? Legalized gambling would have done no more than give we the people a bit of the action. It would have hurt lonely wives and hungry children, but no more than they hurt now—perhaps a bit less. And it would have revived the boardwalk and all those beautiful, mostly empty hotels. (New construction was under way before the Jersey mosquitoes voted against their own best interests.) What a boon it might have been to barkeeps, laundries, dry cleaners, hotel

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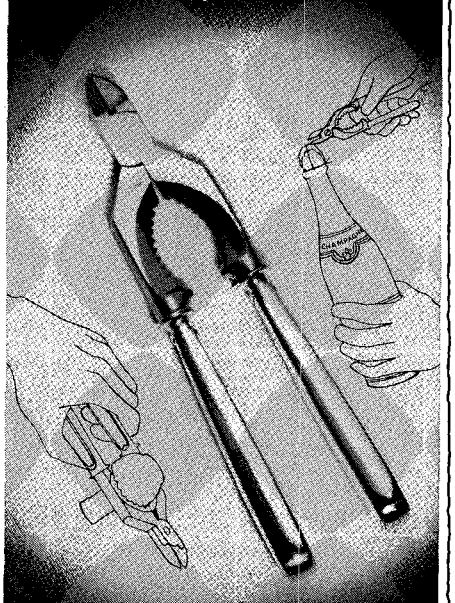

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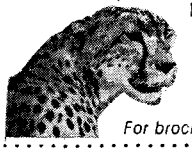

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IN the aftermath of the voting, there is much uncertainty about foreign policy. Through most of the campaign, Henry Kissinger was off on a jaunt, and probably enjoying himself too much to explain things to us. Maybe he didn't explain because he couldn't, or maybe it was because he didn't want us to know. Now all those young Democrats in Congress will want not just explanations but prior consultation; they will be more of a headache for diplomats and generals than Fulbright ever was. A lot of them are fed up with turning over dangerous weapons to the authorities in Chile, Turkey, South Vietnam, and a hundred or so other countries, most of them run by tyrants or jokers. The new men and women don't think much of the C.I.A., either. Why should the poor taxpayers have been billed for wigs and trick cameras for E. Howard Hunt and his fumbling, bumbling burglars? For those who admire the C.I.A., there should be required study of the testimony of the boss, William Colby—himself a onetime, big-time covert operator—to the effect that we could stop all this stuff and not lose a legislator. In South Korea, legislators cost quite a bit but aren't worth anything, and President Ford is expected to be horrified when he sees things at first hand there this month—assuming he goes at all, and leaves the country to the mercy of Speaker Carl Albert (Dem., Okla.). To get back to substantive issues, one thing about them is that they are numerous. All of us except Henry Jackson, often irreverently spoken of as the Senator from Boeing, want détente with the fierce Bolsheviks. Jackson has raised many objections in the past, not so many of late. To hear him talk, you might think him a merchant of death who wanted to sell Boeing bombers to Russia. He's not that way at all; he wouldn't think of selling as much as one obsolete propeller to the Russians or the Chinese, or Reds of any kind, except maybe our brave Rumanian allies. No, what he wants is for *us* to shop at Boeing. One

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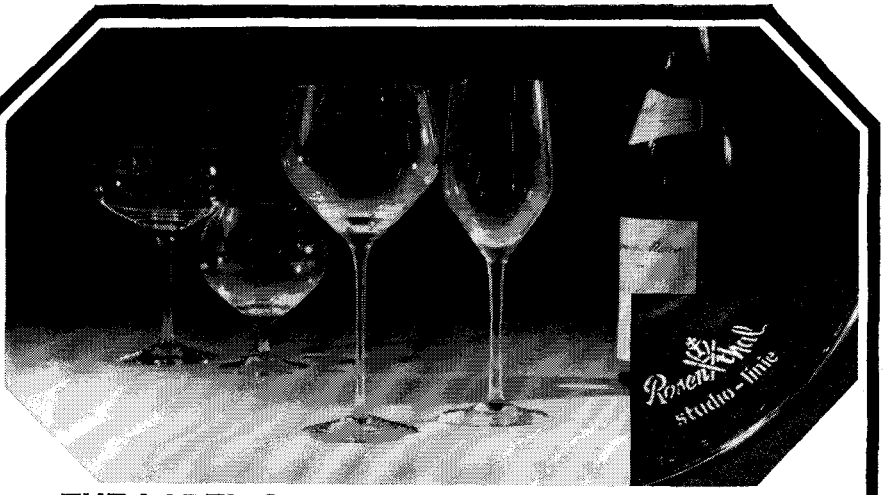
often wonders what has become of patriotism in this country. You'd think that if we needed hardware to defend ourselves, Boeing would *give* it to us, not sell it at a handsome, cost-overrun profit. But we pay for it through the nose—and then Kissinger turns around and gives it away.

Meanwhile, to catch up with Kissinger, if such a thing is possible: Almost every day, there is a bulletin from somewhere in which he is quoted as saying that he sees light at the end of some tunnel in the Middle East. No sooner does he speak than an Arab douses the glim, and all is darkness for another day or so. One moment, the Israelis are said to mistrust him; the next, he is reported to have stroked them and restored their faith. It's all so remote, as Neville Chamberlain (Tory, U.K.) once said of Czechoslovakia, thereby giving Adolf Hitler (Nat. Soc., Third, or 1,000-Year, Reich) the green light to chew up that nice country. Some people are unkind enough to say that Kissinger is taking orders not from President Ford but from Nelson Rockefeller, who once handed him a bagful of money, which the Secretary worthily invested in an expensive education for his children. It has been learned from usually reliable sources that there is not a word of truth in these allegations. Kissinger is Ford's man all the way.

IN the glare of the television lights, Jacob Javits, a monument from New York, kept accusing Ramsey Clark, a Texas carpetbagger, of going all the way to Hanoi and saying nice things about the heirs of Ho Chi Minh (V.C., N.V.) and the government that holds power there. Poor Clark—he kept trying to say that he was praising the *people* for their spirit of dedication. As for their government, he said, he had no more use for it than Javits had—though he couldn't help being impressed by the fact that the people liked their government, whether it was rotten or not. He failed to enlighten Javits, who may not have wanted enlightenment, because he was determined to hold on to that Senate seat. Javits could have made more money if he had stayed with his law firm in New York, but he's all for public service and damn the cost, and he likes to finger seditionists like Clark, who seems to have forgotten to remember the Alamo, to say nothing of the Maine. Clark said he was just as pro-Israel as Javits, whom he classified as one of Nixon's "gang of thugs." Javits, hard put to it to deny this, pointed out, quite



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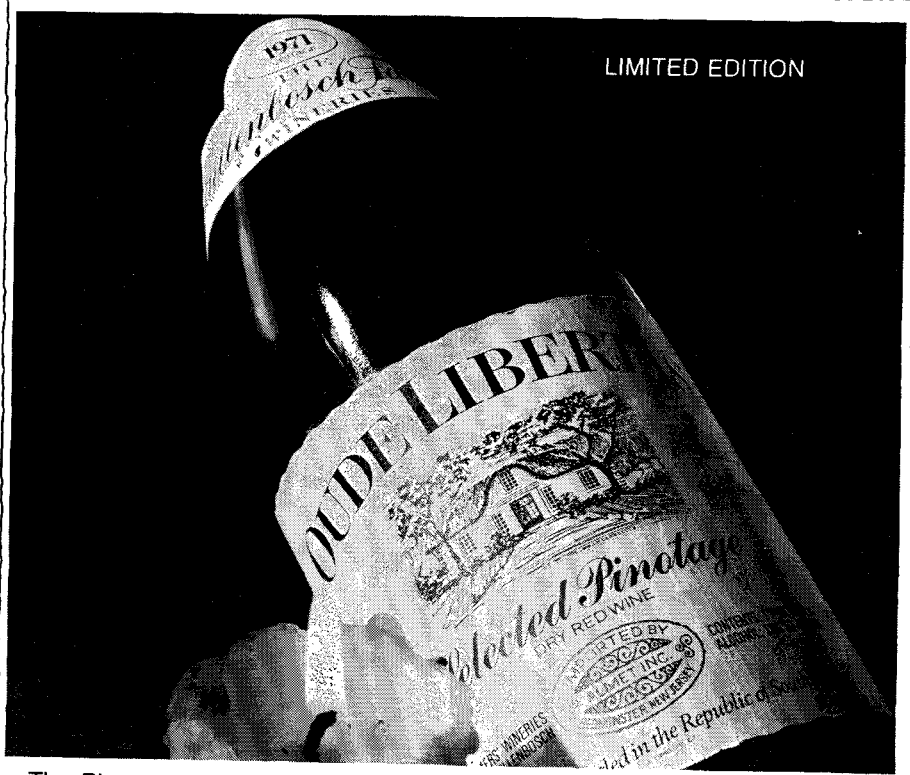

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correctly, that he had eighteen years of seniority, while Clark, if elected, could count his seniority in hours. No one ever knew what Israel or senior citizens could do with all that seniority—David Ben-Gurion and Golda Meir had more seniority than Javits, and where did it get them?—but Javits certainly could go on about it for hours and hours. As for Clark, he refrained, while there was all this talk about Hanoi, from pointing out that Javits had much more recently been in Havana, making eyes at Castro along with Claiborne Pell (Brahmin, R.I.). It was pretty poor politics for Clark not to have made an issue of that trip to Havana. He may say that his restraint was a gesture of courtesy, but everyone knows that courtesy has no place in politics, and Clark, who is the son of Tom, a former Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, should certainly have known it. We can get along without Galahads; what did they ever do for King Arthur (Independent, Angleterre)?

IT was nice to hear that California will get a new governor. It sure needs one. From this distance, it's hard to tell, but evidently the forty-niners struck it rich this year and had two men of pure gold—Edmund Brown, Jr. (Dem., Sacramento), and Houston Flournoy (Rep., Ibid). Brown won, and that is that. What isn't settled yet is the future of Ronald Reagan. He will need employment come January, and he is said to be seeking the Presidency of the U.S. The job is already filled, as he must know; moreover, since the party he led for eight long years was severely trounced, one must wonder what makes him think that he could run for President and win. The Republicans do seem to have a death wish, and prominently displayed it in San Francisco in 1964. After that disaster, surely they wouldn't do it all over again in 1974. Maybe they would. Some people don't know which side their bread is buttered on, but Californians and movie actors generally know where the money is. They have this gut feeling about it; to them it's the name of the game. Reagan must be some kind of biological sport.

FINALLY, there's the environment. It's terrible. Dirt everywhere, poisonous water, gas fumes, garbage. Up in Connecticut, it's said, no one swims in Long Island Sound anymore; private pools are safer but no sure thing. Now, Connecticut has been on to this matter longer than most states. It had a governor, Abraham Ribicoff (Dem.,

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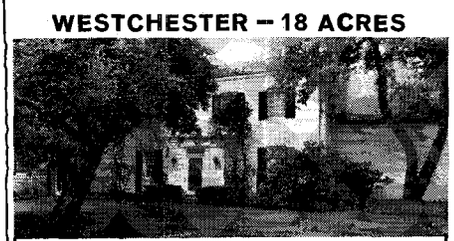

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Hartford), who did all sorts of good things, like putting speeders in maximum-security jails. Ribicoff, just returned to the Senate, was Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare a few years back, and he tried to get things going, but he couldn't move the H.E.W. bureaucracy and finally had to admit defeat. In the Senate, he held some hearings on urban blight, and they were very well managed, with all sorts of highly knowledgeable and articulate witnesses, many of them mayors, no less. Nothing came of this enterprise. What hope is there for the rest of the states if Connecticut, with a long lead, has barely held its own? In Kansas, there was a candidate for the Senate who was both a doctor and a lawyer and who wanted a chance to fight for clean wheat. But the voters rejected him and chose instead a Hawaiian pineapple grower named Robert Dole, a Republican. Just imagine—a pineapple grower from Kansas, where they couldn't tell a pineapple from a tomato. That shows how much people care about their environment. It will serve them right if they choke on their highways. And it will serve Ford right if Philadelphians drown in oil instead of, as they so fervently hoped, Brotherly Love. Ford never learns anything. His first choice for Federal Energy Administrator was Andrew E. Gibson, former president of the Interstate Oil Transport Company of Philadelphia. That company is deep in oil. Gibson has a ten-year "employment-separation contract" with it that should net him eighty-eight thousand dollars for each tenth of the next decade. Talk about conflict of interest! Now the White House is claiming that Ford didn't know about any of this. But we did; we heard it right on television that they're longtime friends and are on a "first-name basis." Ford doesn't have such friends for no good reason. That you can be sure of.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

School officials in Barre and Montpelier are upset with the hearing procedures for the new capital punishment and suspension rules proposed by the state Department of Education.—*Barre-Montpelier (Vt.) Times-Argus.*

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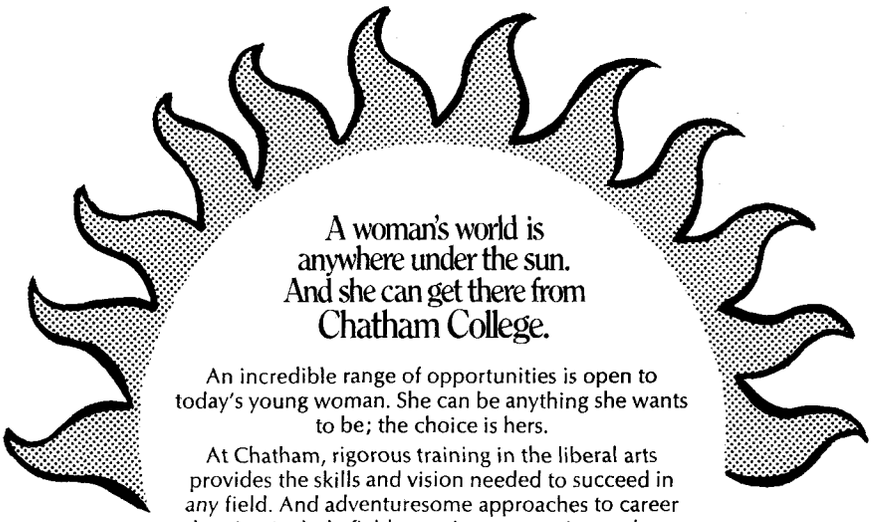

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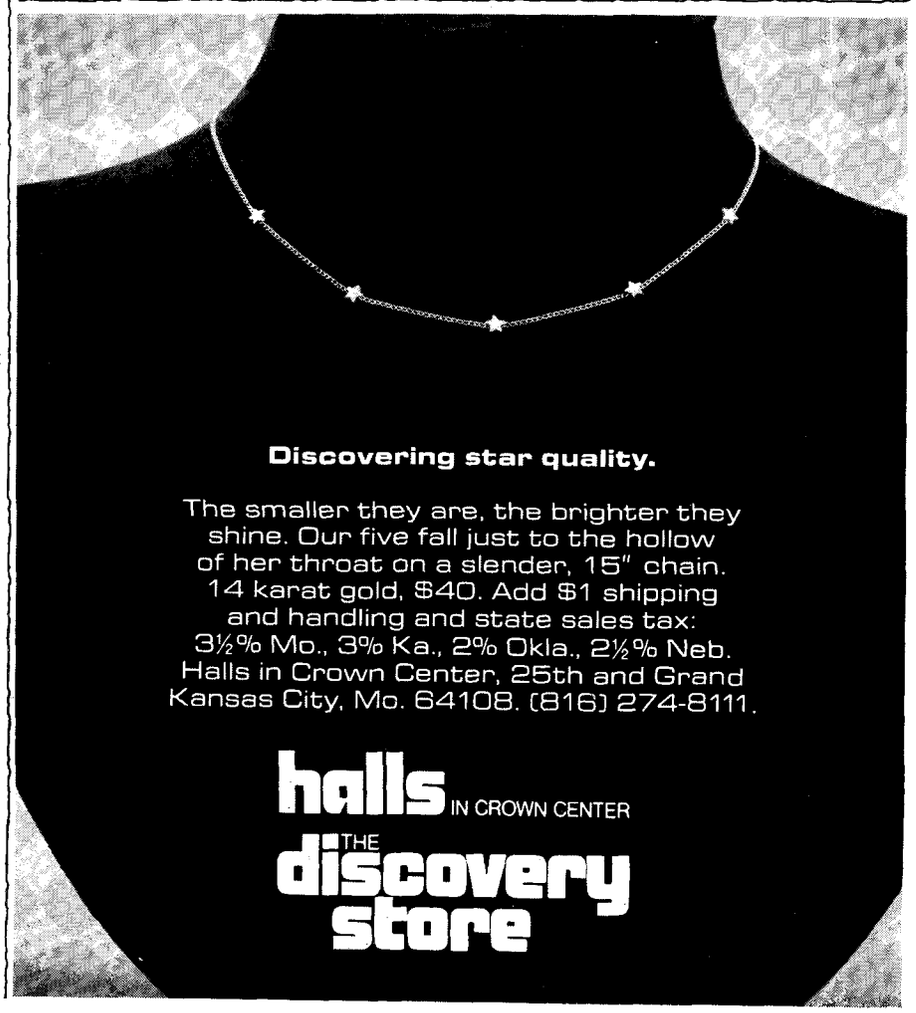

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THE RACE TRACK

Dahlia Didn't

THAT ugly popping noise you might have heard last Saturday afternoon was the parlays on Dahlia in the Washington, D.C., International going up the flue. As you probably know, Dahlia ran third to Admetus and Desert Vixen at Laurel. Twenty-four thousand people came to Laurel to see her, and many more—just how many the people who make the television ratings can tell you—turned on their sets for the same reason. To be sure, Dahlia doesn't have the following here that she has abroad, but the race left all of us a little sad. Nobody likes to see a good horse beaten. The obvious explanation for what happened is that Piggott, who rode her, got her boxed in on the rails and she was in close quarters until the turn for home. Perhaps Piggott wanted to make a grandstand finish with her, as he did in the 1968 International, on Sir Ivor, or perhaps Dahlia herself resented the restraint. Fillies do get touchy, you know. Certainly in the stretch she was far from the brilliant, relentless runner she had been in the Man o' War. Oh, well, Bunker Hunt, who owns her, says she'll be back for the 1975 International.

In my book, the heroine of the race was Desert Vixen, who led the greater part of the way. Though she had never run on grass before—don't you believe the old saying that a good horse runs well on any kind of going—and had never gone a mile and a half, even in a workout, she was out in front until the last few strides. And I have never seen Turcotte, her jockey, ride so well. The pace he set was just the thing to suit his mount. They did the first six furlongs in 1:17⅕, and the mile in 1:42 (buggy-horse time, but ideal for Desert Vixen's situation). Of course, Turcotte was remembering that he had been bumped from Dahlia after he won the Man o' War with her, and he was settling the score. I must confess that I hadn't given a thought to Admetus until he was led into the winner's circle after the race. Owned by Sir Michael Sobell and his son-in-law Sir Arnold Weinstock, he is a four-year-old, slightly swaybacked Irish gelding by Reform out of La Milo, and he is trained by John Cunnington, Jr. The Cunningtons have the largest public stable in France, keeping some two hundred horses in training at Chantilly. Admetus had fair form abroad. In the International, he was always in a good position; the slow pace helped him, and he finished with a rush after going wide turning into the stretch. At the track, he paid a $64 mutuel, but if you bet on him with OTB, which makes its own odds on the money taken in, you got $80.60.

AN hour or so after Dahlia's defeat, Forego won the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Aqueduct. As he stood in the winner's circle after the race, with the sweat of battle on his flanks and the light of victory in his eyes, he looked a champion all over. Actually, it was an easy race for him. Gustines, who rode him, let him go as he pleased while Group Plan, winner of the Hawthorne Gold Cup, led the field for about a mile and a half of the two-mile distance. Forego was warming up all this time, and suddenly he gave out with a great run as they came to the stretch turn, taking the lead and going on to win by two and a half lengths. Copte, a French horse, ridden by Saint-Martin, the leading jockey in Europe, who sits a horse and rides him the way Laverne Fator did years ago, was second, and Group Plan lasted long enough to be third. Sherrill Ward, who trains Forego, hasn't announced it, but I'd say that this was Forego's last race of the season. He's had eight firsts, all in stakes races, out of thirteen tries this year, and has won $545,086 in purses. Not bad. Actually, he's the biggest first-rate horse in training, standing seventeen hands and girthing seventy-seven inches. Dr. Manuel Gilman, a veterinarian at the track, said he had never measured a horse before who girthed that much. Altogether, it was a good day's racing at the Big A. It was also the day that the pari-mutuel take went back from fourteen per cent to seventeen. That didn't seem to affect the punters in the crowd of more than thirty-four thousand. They tossed $4,587,377 into the tote.

KEYSTONE RACE TRACK, the nation's newest, at Cornwells Heights, just outside the Philadelphia city limits, opened last week for the longest meeting in the East that anyone remembers. It will run without a break, barring blizzards and except for Christmas Day, for two hundred days, closing on May 31st. The thirty-million-dollar home of the Continental and the Eagle Downs Racing Associations, which have been sharing nearby

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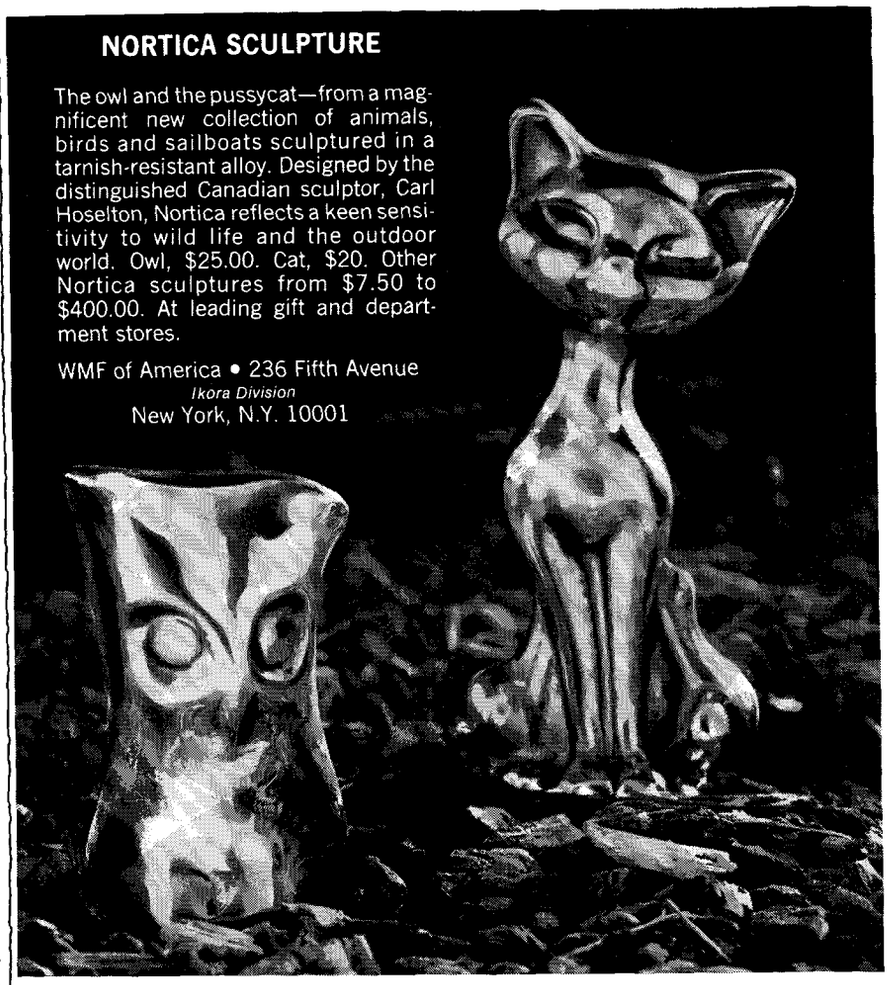
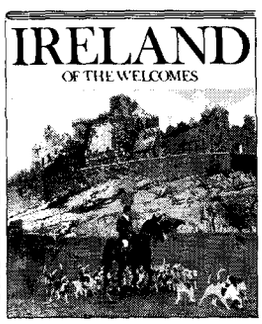
Liberty Bell with the trots, covers four hundred and seventeen acres. The grandstand is a glass-enclosed, air-conditioned three-decker affair, and your ticket, costing two-fifty, with a program and free parking for lagniappe, admits you to any part of it except a clubhouse for boxholders on the third deck. The track is a one-mile oval, with a chute for races at seven furlongs, and there are thirty barns on the backstretch, with stabling room for fifteen hundred horses. It was a first-class opening, with a crowd of 14,248 that bet $1,237,868 on the nine races. Cool Spring Park, a three-year-old who has been racing in Maryland, brought off a 28–1 chance in the Keystone Inaugural Handicap. The time for the mile and a sixteenth was 1:40⅘—only a fifth of a second off the mark for the distance at Aqueduct. Apparently, Keystone has a zippy racing strip. It's my guess that there are more horseplayers in Philadelphia than in many other large cities. In fact, they made New Jersey's Garden State Park the success it was, and long before that special trains hauled them to the Maryland tracks. This winter, they can take their play to either Keystone or Garden State Park. Beginning November 25th, the New Jersey Sports and Exposition Authority will race at Garden State through December 31st, and after that the regular Garden State meeting will continue through May 26th. Colonel Martingale says, "You can have too much of a good thing."

THE first entry for this department's Christmas book list, "Secretariat," by Raymond G. Woolfe, Jr. (Chilton), arrived last week, and it's a delight—either to read or just to look at the pictures. Mr. Woolfe traces the progress of the most highly rated horse since Man o' War from the toss of a coin that gave him to the Meadow Stable as a foal by Bold Ruler out of Somethingroyal, through his baby years and early training at the farm in Virginia, through his races at two, which won him Horse of the Year honors (the first colt his age to make it), and on to the triumph of the Triple Crown. Nobody who saw him win the Belmont by thirty-one lengths will ever forget it. Mr. Woolfe knows his racing. He should; he was riding in jumping races when he was sixteen, he has been a licensed trainer, and he has managed horse farms. At present, he is a photographer for the *Daily Racing Form*. Says he's taken about five thousand shots of Secretariat, two hundred of which he's used in his book. Fifteen dollars. —AUDAX MINOR





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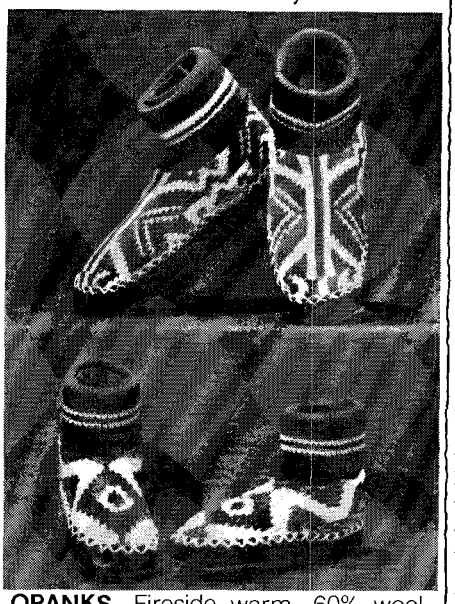

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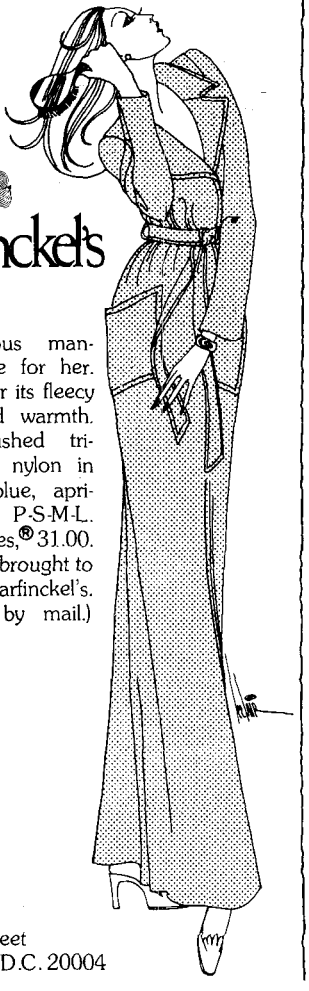

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

When the Saints Come Marching In

"LENNY," the Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman, is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Julian Barry, who wrote the Tom O'Horgan 1971 stage show, starring Cliff Gorman, has written the screenplay, and the material is conceived for well-meaning innocents who never saw Lenny Bruce and who can listen to Dustin Hoffman delivering bits of Bruce routines and think, People just didn't understand him then—he isn't shocking at all. There was every reason to believe that O'Horgan knew the difference between Lenny Bruce the performer he'd been on the same bill with back in the late fifties and the Lenny Bruce turn-on myth he helped whip up. His "Lenny," which came between his "Hair" and his "Jesus Christ Superstar," was part of an effort to create a youth theatre; the show dealt with Bruce not as a man but as a sacrificial symbol surrounded by tribal symbols on stilts and decked out in papier-mâché heads and grass skirts. It was James Dean updated—Lenny Bruce as a misunderstood kid, the way "Jesus Christ Superstar" was to be Jesus as a misunderstood kid. Taking over the O'Horgan-Barry material, Bob Fosse has eliminated the totemic haberdashery. His staging goes all the way in the opposite direction: the film is in black and white, in a semi-documentary style. But Julian Barry hasn't rethought Bruce's life or fleshed out the characters, and the closer Fosse gets to them, the more abstract they become. Lenny's wife, the stripper Honey Harlow (Valerie Perrine); his mother, Sally Marr (Jan Miner); a fictitious manager (Stanley Beck); and Lenny himself are still no more than symbolic figures, and they inhabit an abstract, stage-bound world that doesn't seem to relate to a specific period or to the cities where the key events of Bruce's life actually took place.

Fosse has learned a phenomenal amount about film technique in a short time; "Lenny" is only his third movie (after "Sweet Charity" and "Cabaret"), and it's a handsome piece of work. I don't know of any other director who entered moviemaking so late in life and developed such technical proficiency; Fosse is a true prodigy. "Lenny" is far removed in style from "Cabaret," yet it's controlled and intelligent. But the script is simply too thin for the method Fosse uses. A searching, close-in documentary technique can sometimes provide glimpses of the riches of people's interior lives, but it is rarely effective with actors: their controls are exposed, and we become more conscious of their acting than in a conventionally dramatized work. The idea here seems to be that what the writer has failed to provide, the camera will somehow probe. But since the characters have nothing to yield up, it probes superficiality. Essentially, the method is to cut from episodes recalled by Lenny's family and associates to Lenny performing a sliver of a routine that seems to have developed out of each episode. However, the film never quite achieves a "present": we might almost be watching him perform after the survivors were interviewed. The crosscutting between present and past is smoothly engineered, but it doesn't really do anything for us. I get the impression that, unlike O'Horgan, Fosse thought he was really getting at truth, and that he got so caught up in the complicated structure he didn't see that it surrounded a void. Despite the fluent editing and sophisticated graphics, the picture is the latest version of the one-to-one correlation of an artist's life and his art which we used to get in movies about painters and songwriters. Lenny's life becomes footnotes to his night-club acts—as if the acts needed footnotes!—and often the biographical account has the odd effect of making his stage acts seem like simple rationalizations of what was going on in his life. In the traditional movie, life is transmuted into art; here the hero's routines are so unfunny that no transmutation seems to have taken place.

Fosse may have tried so hard to stretch himself that he lost perspective (and his sense of humor) on this project. Within its serious conception, "Lenny" is very well made. But why does it take itself so insufferably seriously? Why the sociological black-and-white investigatory style for a subject like Lenny Bruce? The style says, Listen, kids, this is going to be about a very important man; be quiet, now—remember you're in church. The movie turns out to be the earnest story of a

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Jewish prophet who shouldn't have got involved with a shiksa junkie.

There really is no script. There was no play inside O'Horgan's production, either, but there were so many dervishes whirling that most of the audience didn't seem to mind. Gorman delivered large chunks of Bruce's material, and though he lacked the spiv comic's jabbing hostility, he was able to build up a rhythm with the audience. His actor's exertion and the sweetness he brought to the material fitted O'Horgan's sacrificial-lamb concept: the audience could appreciate the humor without feeling the danger that made Bruce's audiences prickle with nervous pleasure. Gorman seemed like such a nice boy up there, harried, and working hard. So does Dustin Hoffman, but he can't even work up a performing rhythm, because in the movie the shticks have been reduced to snippets and high points.

Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman ingratiates himself with an audience by his shy smile, his gentleness, and his insecurity. He wins people over by his lack of physical confidence; you pull for him because he's so nonthreatening—you hope that he isn't actually weak and that he'll prove himself. But that clenched, nasal voice of his is the voice of someone trying to get along in the nervous straight world Bruce fled; his putziness is just what Bruce despised. Hoffman is touchingly childlike (he was at his best on the TV show "Free to Be . . . You and Me," when he read Herb Gardner's monologue about a child's first crossing a street by himself); there was nothing childlike about Lenny Bruce. He vamped the audience with a debauched, deliberately faggy come-hither that no one quite knew how to interpret; he was uncompromisingly not nice.

Who would be right to play him? Is there an actor with the hooded eyes and sensual come-on of a Persian hipster prince? Lenny Bruce had a treacherous glint under those heavy lids, and his cool pimp's mask of indifference was almost reptilian. He took off on the whole straight world, and that certainly meant the Dustin Hoffmans and it could mean you, because he was more of a hipster than anybody, and it was his vision and his rules (no rules at all) he played by. Hoffman's Lenny Bruce, like Gorman's, is on your side. Lenny Bruce was on nobody's side. The farthest-out hipster, like the farthest-out revolutionary, has an enormous aesthetic advantage over every-

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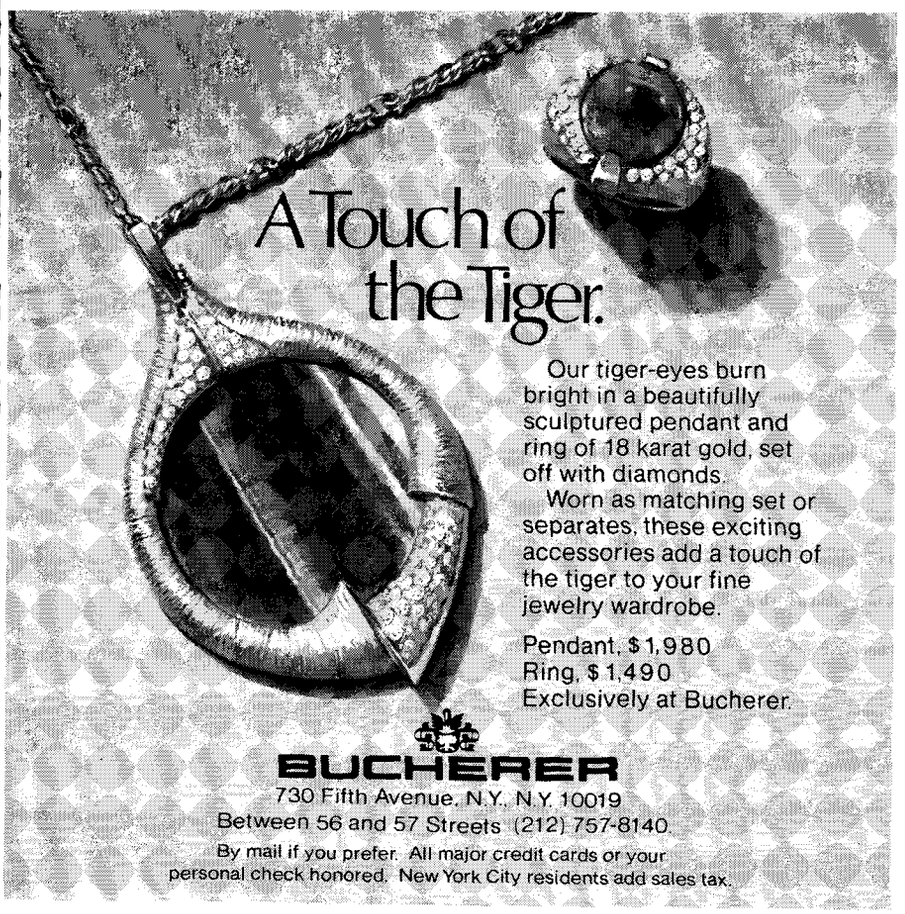

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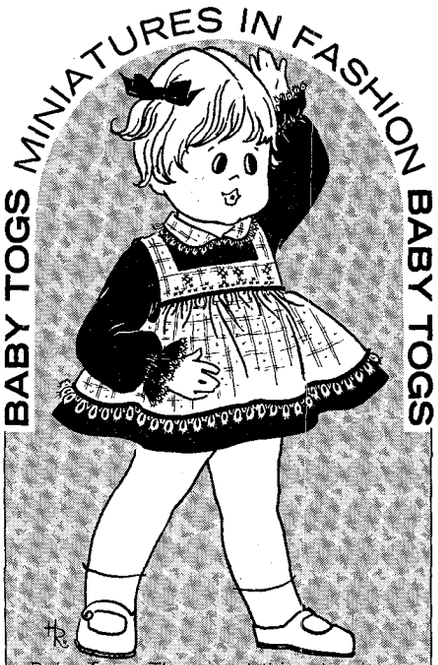

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body else: he knows how to play his hand to make us all feel chicken. Bruce's hostility and obscenity were shortcuts to audience response; he could get and hold audiences' attention because they didn't know what or whom he was going to attack and degrade next, and they could sense that he wasn't sure himself. He was always open to darts of inspiration, so suspense was built in. He dropped the barrier between the vagrant obscene jokes that club comics, jazz musicians, and assorted con artists might exchange offstage and what was said publicly onstage. Educated left-wingers were probably his natural audience, because his gutter shpritz was often a more extreme and nihilistic form of what they were thinking, and the maggoty vitality of his language was a heady revelation to them. Words whizzed by that you'd never heard before and that may not have existed in any argot but his own, yet their sound was so expressive that the meaning got across. He flew recklessly low, and the audience, awed and delighted, howled at feeling so ridiculously dirty-minded, howled at the joke of how good it felt to be shameless. We hadn't known how many taboos we were living with, and how many humiliations and embarrassments we were hiding, until we heard him pop them one after another, like a string of firecrackers. That's what a Bruce routine did, and why it felt liberating. Bruce's gleeful, surreal, show-biz Yiddish-jive dirtiness was a mind-opener. He was always testing the audience and himself, and for religious people his blasphemy could only be a whack in the face. He wanted to reach audiences and hold them, yet the only way he knew how was to assault them with obscene jokes about everything that could conceivably be sacred to them. For the people sitting there, complacency was impossible. No matter how hip they thought they were, he would find ways to shock them. The prudish were almost forced to walk out.

Bruce's material is practically indelible for many of us who heard him, and his records stay in the mind for a decade, yet some of Bruce's best stuff is in the movie and we don't remember it ten minutes later, because the man who delivers the bits doesn't know why Bruce said them. The scriptwriter of "Lenny" must think that Bruce's material is so good that an actor can say it and that this will be enough. But those routines don't work without Bruce's teasing, seductive aggression and his delirious amorality. If they are presented as the social criticism of a man who's out to cleanse society of hypocri-

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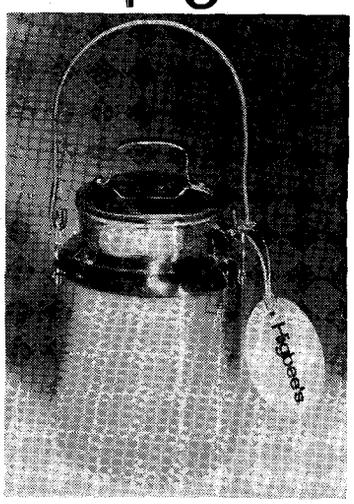

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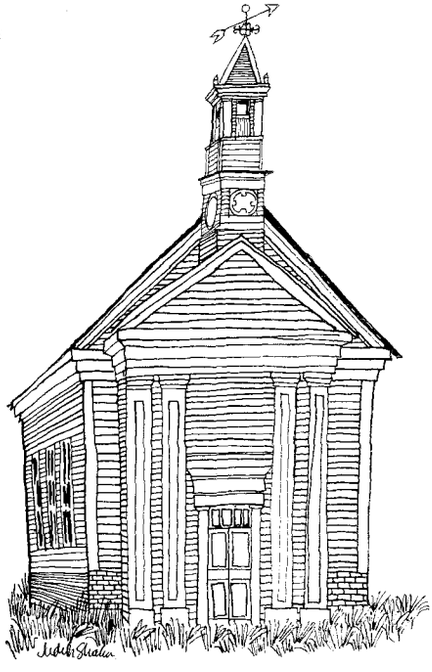
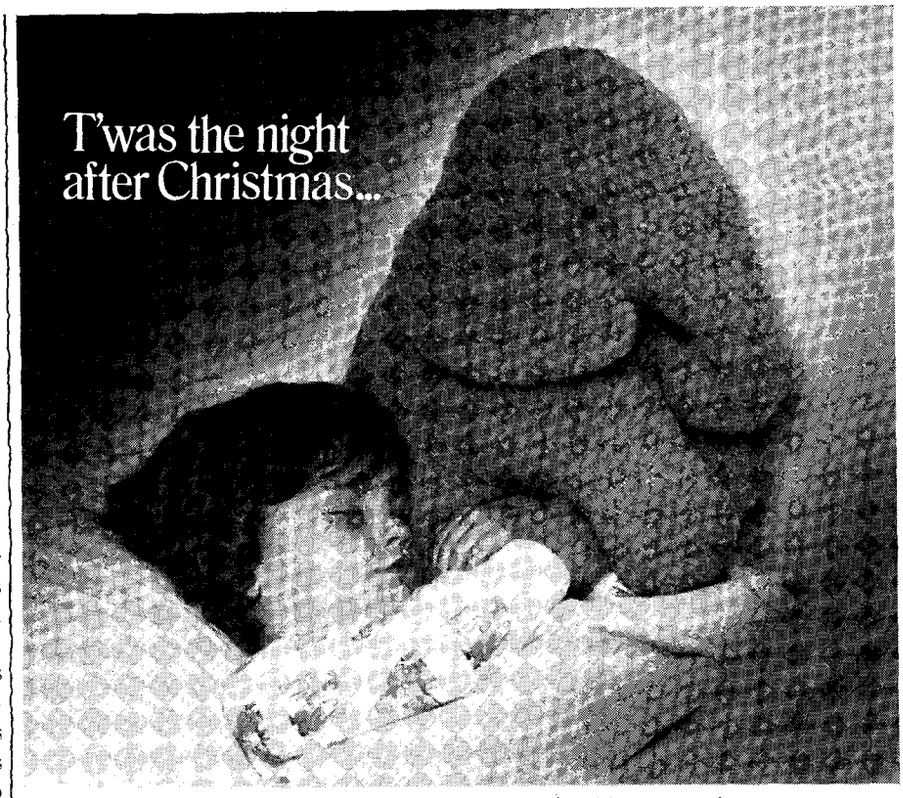
sy, the material goes flat. When Hoffman's Lenny tells the people in a club that he feels like urinating on them, Hoffman's tone is uncertain and his blank face says that he doesn't understand why Bruce felt that way. The screen never ignites: you're listening to Lenny Bruce's shticks and you don't even feel like laughing.

This Lenny, with his flower child's moral precepts, is a drag. When he does the famous Bruce bit about Jacqueline Kennedy trying to climb out of the assassination car, he attaches the moral that it's important to tell the truth about it in order to help other girls who might be in similar situations. When he assaults his night-club audience, singling out individuals as niggers, kikes, and greaseballs, he expounds on how much better the world would be if those words were freely shouted. Apart from the idiocy of the picture's endorsing this dubious theory and trying to wring applause for it, there's the gross misunderstanding of Bruce's methods. If Bruce did in fact stoop that low upon occasion, gathering sanctity around himself, the moviemakers should have had the brains to know that those explanations were false. I certainly don't recall Bruce's smiling at black patrons (as Hoffman does) to take the sting out of having called them niggers, but if he ever did, that wasn't Bruce the comic, it was Bruce the phony. His cruel jokes may have been a release for the audience (I think they were), but that's not why he did them. He didn't ridicule Jackie Kennedy's actions in order to help women, and he didn't use racial slurs in order to cleanse the national air. He did heartlessly cynical bits because there were





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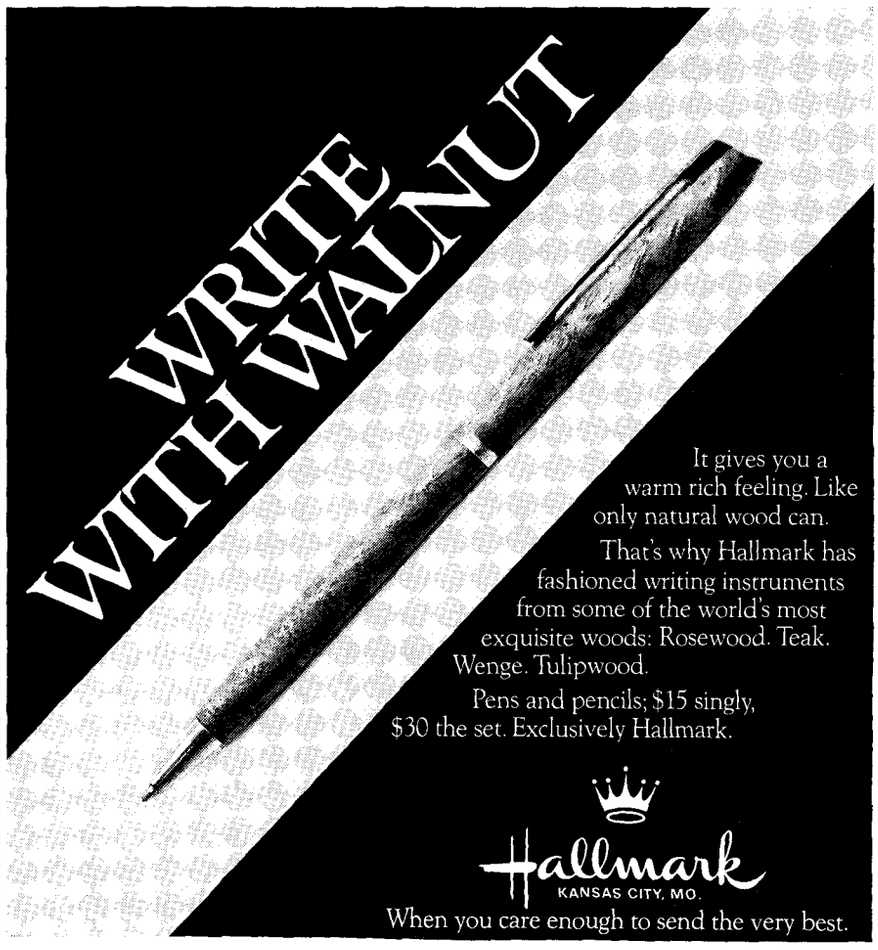

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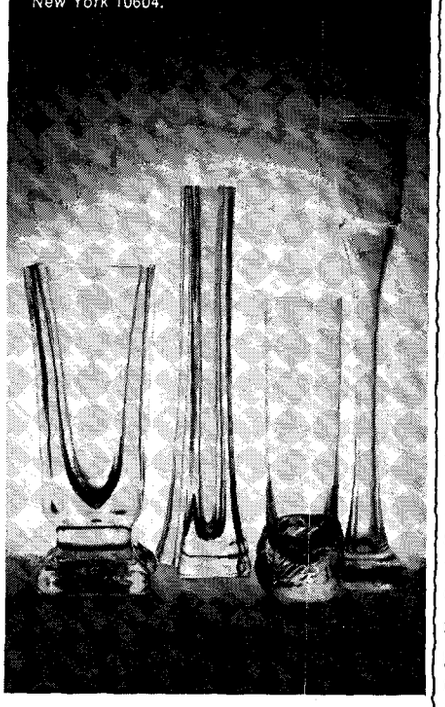

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only two possible audience reactions—to be outraged or to laugh. And either way he was the winner. But when he drove people out, he was the loser, too. He didn't *want them to be outraged* only: he was a comic, and he wanted them to laugh at what outraged them. Yet some people couldn't laugh at Bruce, because laughter was an admission that the ideas he was shocking you with weren't altogether new to you—or that, if you hadn't entertained them, you knew that you could. There was a good reason for him to become a counter-culture hero: his scabrous realism never seemed a matter of choice. However, he went to the farthest lengths he could dream up, not out of missionary motives but out of a performer's zeal.

THERE are two views of Bruce competing for public acceptance now, and though a major-studio movie like "Lenny" is bound to set the pattern in which most people will think of Bruce for years to come, this movie suffers in just about every imaginable way by comparison with the Albert Goldman book "Ladies and Gentlemen Lenny Bruce!!" Goldman's greatest value is probably in supplying the show-business milieu that Bruce's humor came from. He provides a sense of how Bruce's act developed, and of who the audiences were, what the clubs were like, and what the other comics were doing. Goldman argues against the saintly view of Bruce, yet in his own way he falls into it—glorifying Bruce the junkie and putting down those who stayed clear of drugs. The book is brilliant, but it made me uneasy, as if Goldman were working off something on Bruce—maybe his own *not* being a junkie. Lenny Bruce got to him—Goldman admires him so much that he feels chicken for his own traces of cautious sanity.

The book has the involvement that is missing from the movie. I felt cold and remote while watching "Lenny," with its plaster saint; the Goldman book, with its saint junkie, has overheated perils. The book is show business. Goldman gets the hype going and then doesn't go underneath it; the book stays hyped up, and the reader tires. You may begin to feel that Goldman wants the highs of a junkie without really getting hooked, and that he creates the hysterical hero to which his own prose is appropriate. He's so addictively involved that he assumes he's inside Bruce's head, and the interior view he gives is suspect. Goldman doesn't really see Bruce's suffering, because he thinks Lenny Bruce should

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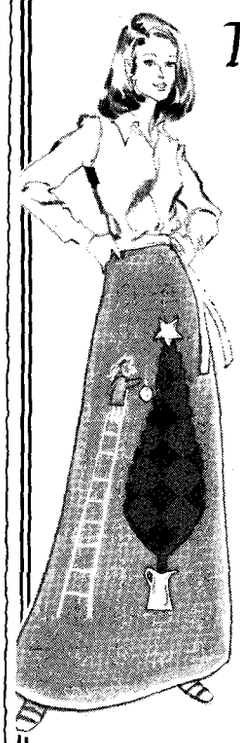

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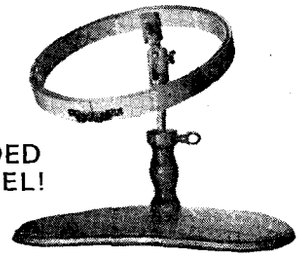

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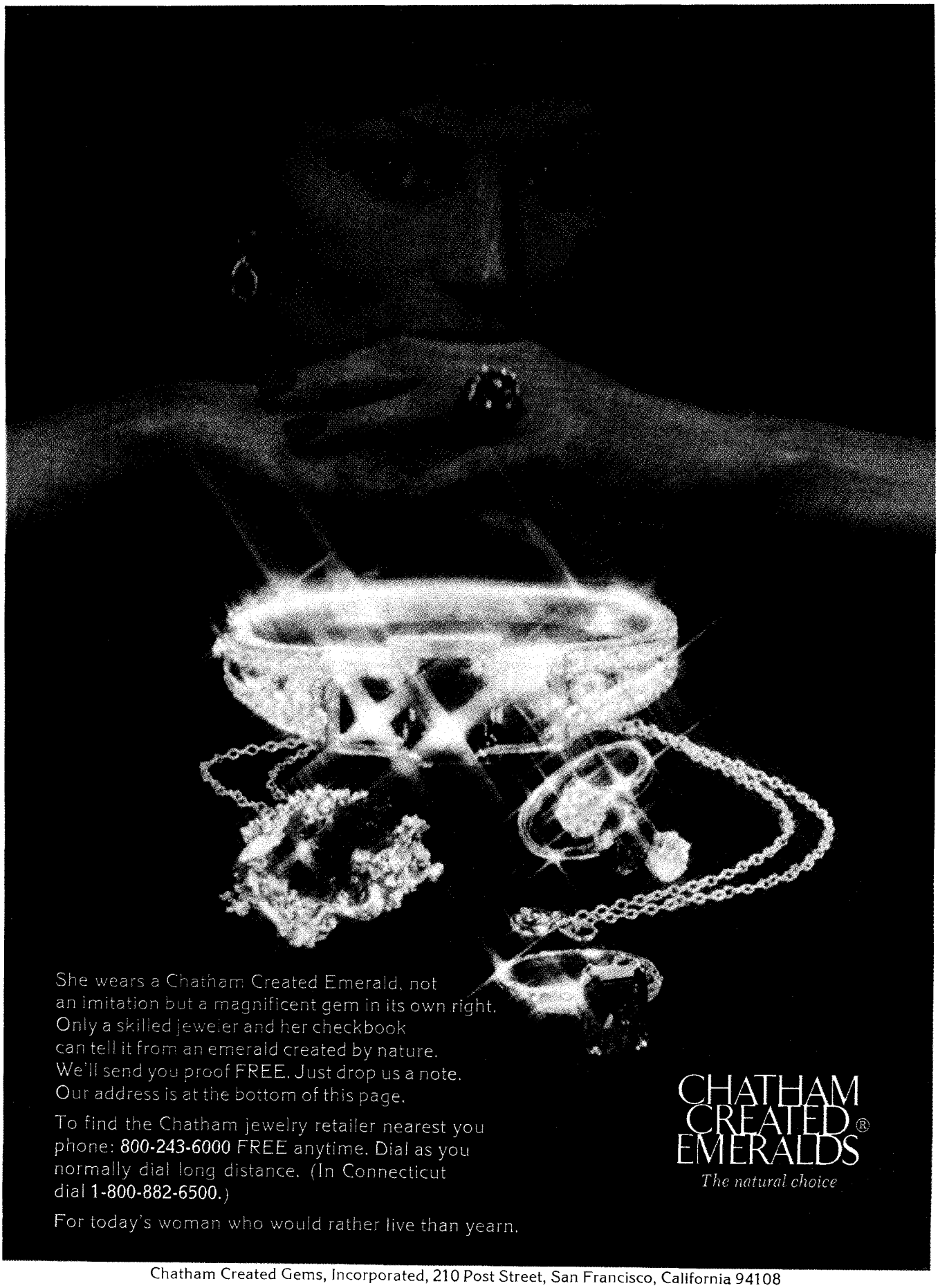

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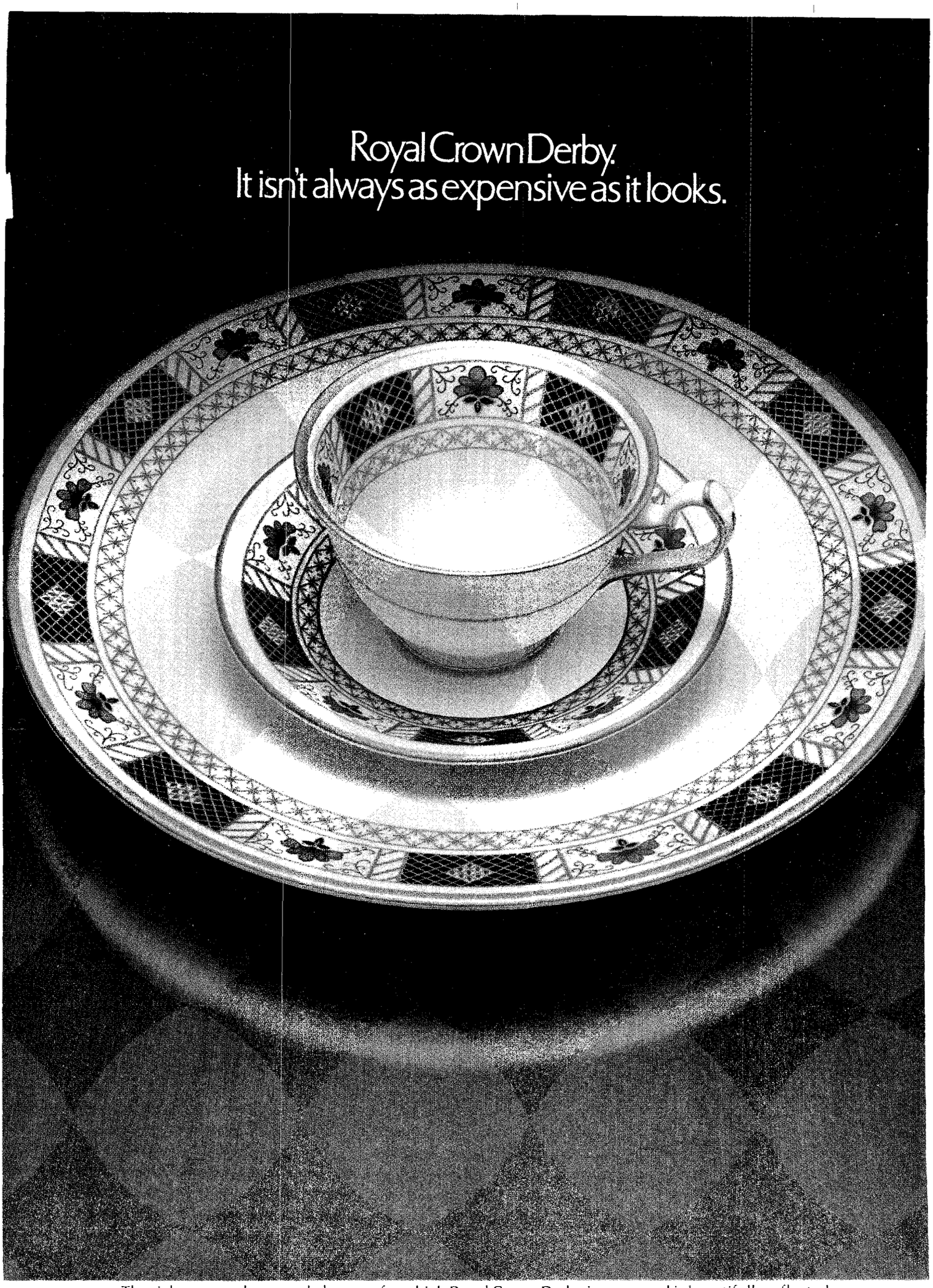

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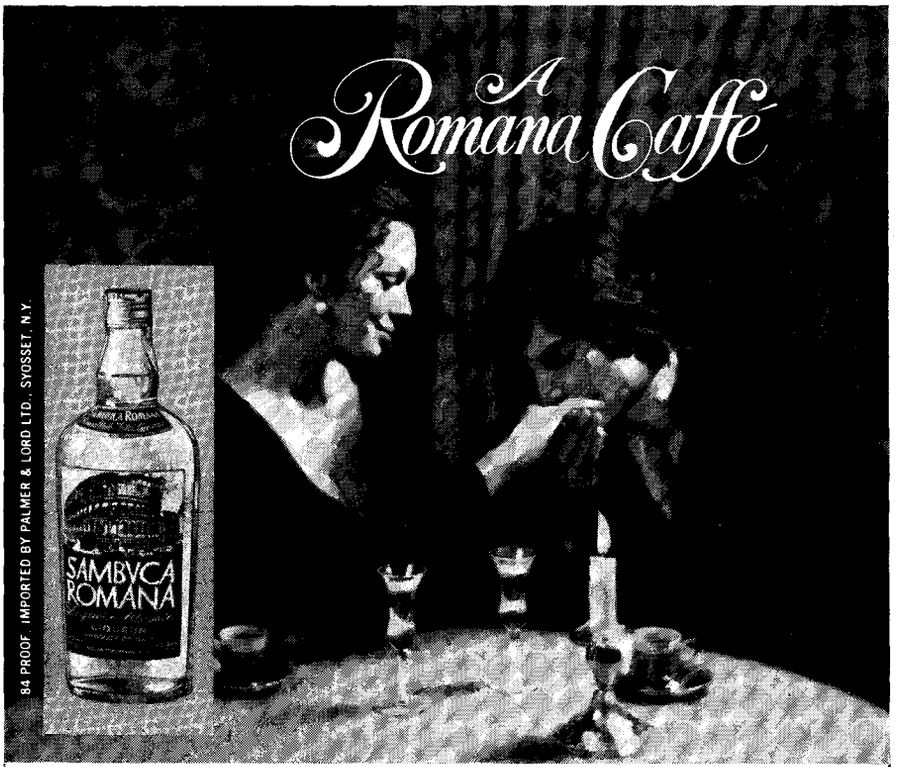
know he's the great Lenny Bruce. He denies Bruce his pain. In his own way, Goldman competes with Bruce. He isn't just writing a biography; he does what Bruce did—he works the room.

The movie isn't show-biz enough; it's so busy with travail that it never gets any hype going—though Bruce was a hype artist. His view of the world came from the cruddiness and corruption of show business. Bruce spent his youth on the bottom rungs of the sordid club world, guided by his tough, lively mother, Sally Marr, also known as Boots Malloy, who worked as a comic in burlesque joints, managed comedians, and trained strippers. (In "Harry & Tonto," Sally Marr plays the friendly old broad at the end who suggests to Art Carney that they get together.) And Bruce's seeing the world in show-biz terms was the key to his wit. In his "Religions, Inc." number, the Oral Roberts-type preacher greets Pope John on the phone with "Hey, Johnny, what's shakin', baby?" (This amiable near-obscenity isn't in the movie; if it were, Hoffman's Bruce might explain that it's not good for people to believe in the superstition that the Pope is holier than other men.) Many other comics have lifted Bruce's put-down style of treating the leaders of church and state as cheap hustlers, but when Bruce used show biz as the metaphor for everything squalid and hateful—and lively—in the world, it had a special impact. He was obsessed with bringing everything down to his own terms. Maybe most people who grow up in show business begin to see the world as an extension of it ("Life is a cabaret"), but the traditional performer glosses over the sleaziness with show-biz sentimentality. Even an insult comedian like Don Rickles lays on the sentimental shock absorbers; he titillates the audience by his naughtiness and then asks acceptance as a good boy. Bruce wouldn't play that show-biz game; he despised theatrical sentimentality as the worst form of sleaze (as in his great "Palladium" number). Sentimentality was a rotten, wet show; it disgusted him. Flattering the audience, squeezing for approval, offended his performer's instinct, which was far deeper in him than any social morality and was the base of his satirical outlook. It wasn't until late in his life that he got told that it was a moral base—and after that his instinct began to play him false.

Bob Fosse could have made a sensational movie if he had shown the backstage life that shaped Bruce's awareness, if he had given us a Lenny Bruce



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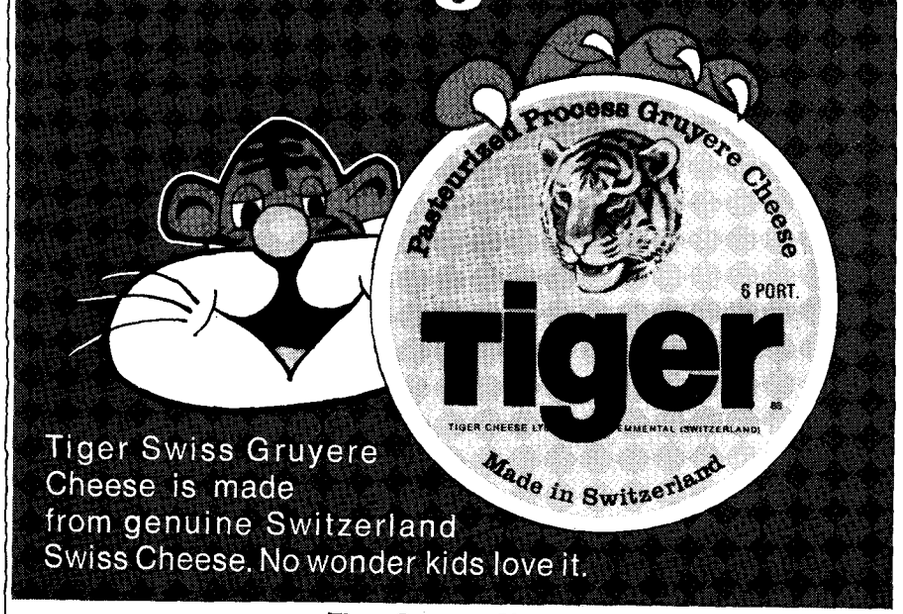

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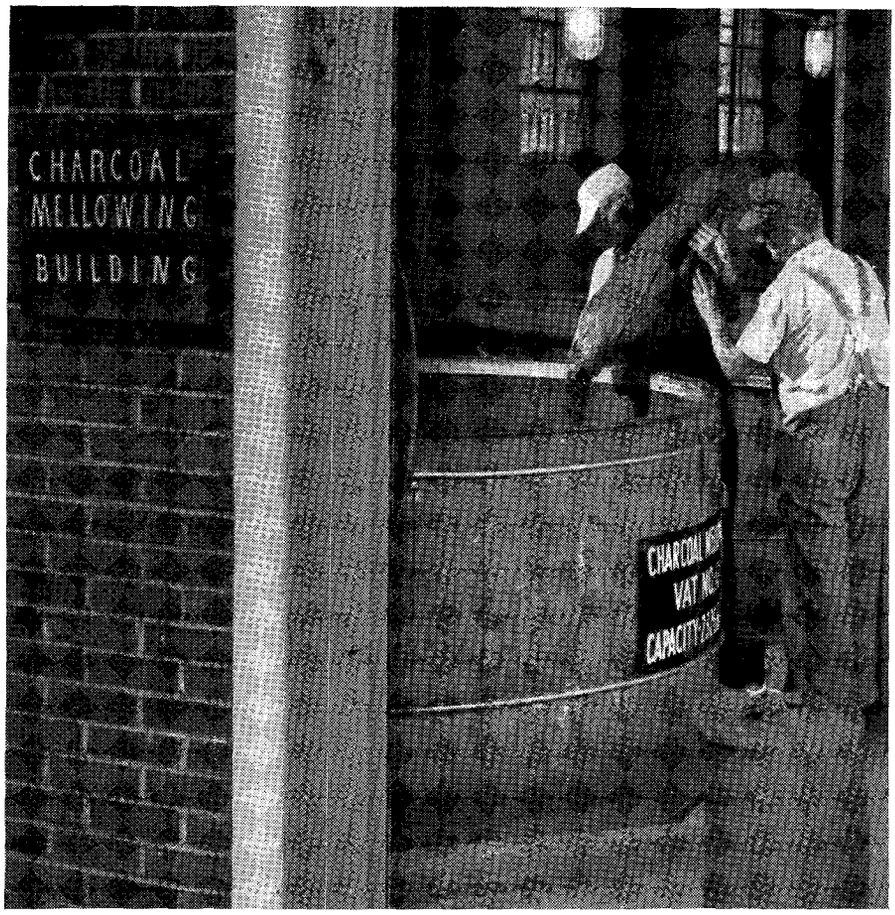

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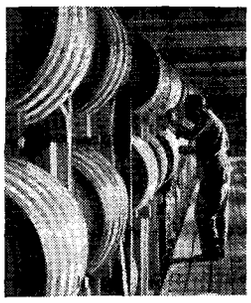

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who enlarged his satirical perceptions of show biz to include the world—going from imitations of other performers and parodies of movies to parodies of religious show biz and, ultimately, to those labyrinthine, bebop satires of the law in which he was entangled. Maybe for Fosse that approach seems too close to home and too easy. He may devalue the show-biz sensationalism that he's practically a genius at, but the best bit in the movie is Gary Morton's performance as Sherman Hart, a comic based on Milton Berle (who pitched in for Bruce's funeral expenses), and Valerie Perrine's early striptease number has high theatrical dazzle. It's out of character for Honey, because Honey wasn't a top headliner, but if Fosse couldn't resist shooting the works and outblazing Blaze Starr, who will complain? Nothing in Honey's personality ties in with that high-powered strip, but Valerie Perrine gives an affecting, if limited, performance, and her Honey comes closer than Hoffman's Lenny to being a character. Hoffman has his moments; he looks better (and acts less gawky) when he's bearded, and he gets a jazzy performing style going on one piece of tape we hear, but he's respectable, like Paul Muni when he impersonated historical characters. No matter what he does, Hoffman never manages to suggest a hipster.

Lenny Bruce's story is a show-biz story. That's what the Julian Barry script, with its already dated leching-after-youth liberalism, fails to get at. Before his death, in 1966, Bruce himself began the moist process of canonization; it was his amorality that had shocked people, but now he began to claim that it was his morality. This movie swallows the lie that his motivating force was to make the audience well, and, having swallowed that, it can only defuse his humor. The movie-makers are working something off on Bruce, too: they're staking higher claims for themselves, trying to go beyond show business. The black-and-white earnestness of this movie and the youth-culture saintliness laid on Lenny Bruce are the ultimate in modern show-biz sentimentality.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

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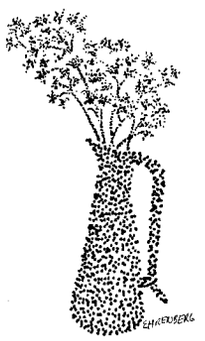
AROUND CITY HALL

NEW FACES

A YEAR ago, few New Yorkers would have taken seriously a prediction that in November of 1974 the state's voters, by nearly eight hundred thousand votes, would choose as their next governor Hugh Carey, a machine politician from Brooklyn whose respectable but undistinguished record during his fourteen years in the House of Representatives had brought him only dimly to their attention. It would have been even harder to persuade them that the New York governor elected by the highest percentage of votes in this century would be an Irishman. The only other Irish American ever elected governor of the state was Al Smith, who left office in 1928, and everybody knows that in recent years Irish political leaders have been increasingly quaint phenomena on the New York scene.

"Are you the last of the Irish pols?" a reporter asked Paul O'Dwyer last January at a gathering in the City Hall rotunda before the swearing-in of Abraham Beame as mayor. When the white-maned O'Dwyer, the younger brother of William O'Dwyer, the city's last Irish mayor (1946-50), was elected president of the City Council a year ago, he became the first Irishman to win any citywide office since 1965. "Oh, there are still a few of us around," said O'Dwyer, who has never lost his brogue, although it's fifty years since he arrived here from County Mayo, at the age of seventeen. As it happened, one of the Irish few was right at hand—Councilman Matthew Troy, the Queens County Democratic leader. "Don't forget, there's going to be a big one coming up in 1976," Troy said. He meant, as everyone there understood, that Senator Edward Kennedy (who had been Troy's barracks mate in their Army days) might well be the next Democratic Presidential candidate. The exchange was a reminder that to a sizable, although no doubt dwindling, number of Americans, another Kennedy in the White House would represent a revival not so much of Camelot as of Tara, the seat of ancient Irish kings. On the local scene, some of these same citizens are bound to feel occasional nostalgic pangs for the old days when the Irish ran the political show in this city. Seventy-five years ago, when the Board of Aldermen—the forerunner of the City Council—was almost entirely Irish, some joker is said to have slipped among an alderman's papers a resolution proposing the draping of City Hall with flags and bunting in honor of Queen Victoria's birthday. According to legend, the alderman barely escaped with his life at the Board's next meeting, and he lost that year's election by a wide margin. Of the forty-three members of the present City Council, only seven are Irish. And although Troy, one of the seven, was just reëlected as a councilman, he was ousted in September from his powerful role as Queens County leader, in a coup widely believed to have been engineered by Mayor Beame, who didn't like Troy's criticism of his current budget. The episode was taken note of in some of the debates during this year's gubernatorial campaign. If a Democrat from Brooklyn should be elected governor, one Republican assemblyman warned, "the State Legislature will become as much a creature of the governor as the City Council is of the mayor of New York." Beame is also a Brooklyn Democrat, of course, and the Republican cited Beame's "dumping of Mattie Troy when it suited him." Troy's removal came three days before Senator Kennedy's announcement that he wouldn't run for President in 1976. "At least he could have waited until after my birthday," Troy complained as a few members of his family and staff gathered for a subdued celebration of his having that day reached the age of forty-five. Unfortunately, the election of a fellow-Irishman as the state's next governor will probably not bring either O'Dwyer or Troy the political rewards he might have hoped for. In the Democratic primary in September, both men guessed wrong and backed Carey's Jewish opponent, Howard Samuels.



AS in any election, the road to the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November was cluttered with not always statesmanlike episodes. Robert Abrams, the Democratic candidate for state attorney general, posed on one occasion—at a rally for a new bus service to the Bronx Zoo—with a boa constrictor draped around his neck. Ralph Caso, the Republican candidate for lieutenant governor, who is a flashy dresser from suburban Nassau County, made an excursion to a fair in upstate Columbia County, where Republican votes were needed to balance those in the heavily Democratic city; he posed with a thousand-pound Black Angus bull, and, according to Thomas Poster, in the *News*, was forced to remain behind for a time as the rest of the party moved on: the steer was standing on his foot. Fortunately, he wasn't wearing his usual white patent-leather boots that day. Jerry Tuccille, the gubernatorial candidate of the Free Libertarians, one of six fringe parties that fielded candidates in the election, in the hope not of winning any contests but of attracting fifty thousand votes, which would automatically give them a place on the ballot the next time out, posed with a large bluefish in front of 123 Lexington Avenue, where Chester A. Arthur had been sworn in as President in 1881. Tuccille, whose party platform is heavily against big government, explained the fish and his choice of hero by noting that the twenty-first President had been criticized for going fishing too often. "On the occasions that President Arthur went fishing instead of attending to the duties of his office, he avoided passing any new restrictive legislation," Tuccille pointed out.

Ramsey Clark, the Democratic candidate for United States senator, avoided posing with livestock, but he did climb the state's highest peak—five-thousand-three-hundred-and-forty-four-foot Mt. Marcy, in the Adirondacks—to demonstrate his dedication to nature and the environment. The excursion had been announced ahead of time, and that morning Governor Malcolm Wilson, who, of course, was running at the head of the Republican ticket, expressed grave fears about the excessive use of foot trails in the Adirondacks, adding that such traffic, "particularly in the Mt. Marcy area, poses a serious threat of irreversible damage." Having made the longest climb of any candidate, Clark also made the shortest response during any of the campaign debates. In a session that included Clark and his two rivals, Senator Jacob Javits, the Republican incumbent, and Barbara Keating, the Conservative candidate, Javits said, wagging his finger in Clark's face, "I would say to the people of our state, 'Beware the self-righteous, beware the men who proclaim their virtue as being the only virtue.' That's the stuff of zealots, despots, and persecutors." Clark's reaction to this was "Wow!"

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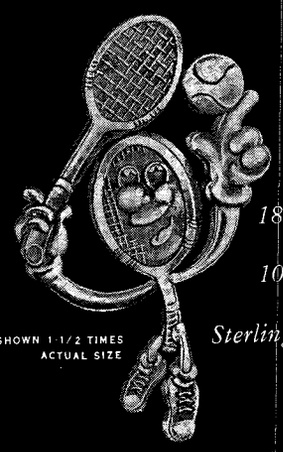

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est words throughout the campaign went, hands down, to Governor Wilson. Indeed, there is some suspicion that he will be remembered longer for his use of one phrase—"the felicitous concatenation of fortuitous circumstances," which he tossed off in the midst of a routine rally—than he will for anything he did during his twelve months as governor. He also referred frequently to "the essentiality of frugality" in government. For the causes of the current economic crisis, however, he had a shorter term: it was "Careyism," which he introduced on the ground that inflation is the result of overspending by the Democrat-controlled Congress, of which Carey is one of five hundred and thirty-five members. Putting Carey in charge of the state's finances, he announced, would be "like putting Dracula in charge of the blood bank." Unfortunately, his fierce opposition to congressional spending was out of concatenation with his complaints that Careyism had failed to provide him with an extra two hundred million dollars to keep New York subway and commuter fares from rising in the coming year. " 'M' stands for money and 'M' stands for mouth," said the Governor of New York. "I've had enough mouth. I now want the money. I want the money, the money, the money."

O'Dwyer's and Troy's failure to back a fellow-Irishman in the primary wasn't the only mistake in this election. It has been a year of monumental wrong-guessing, particularly on the part of the Republicans. In February, the G.O.P. leaders rammed through the Legislature a bill delaying the primary date from June to September—a measure that was intended to give Wilson, who succeeded to the governorship only last December, after Nelson Rockefeller's resignation, three additional months to show off his qualifications for being elected governor on his own. Meanwhile—so the theory went—the Democratic candidates would be busily ripping each other apart. It turned out, however, that Wilson was not a man whose qualifications improved on closer acquaintance. Instead, the delay gave the little-known Carey a long summer to establish himself as a plausible and attractive alternative not only to Samuels but also to Wilson. On the assumption that Wilson's opponent would be Samuels, who, although he had been trying to get the Democratic nomination for governor off and on for a dozen years, had never been elected to public office, the Republicans had planned to feature

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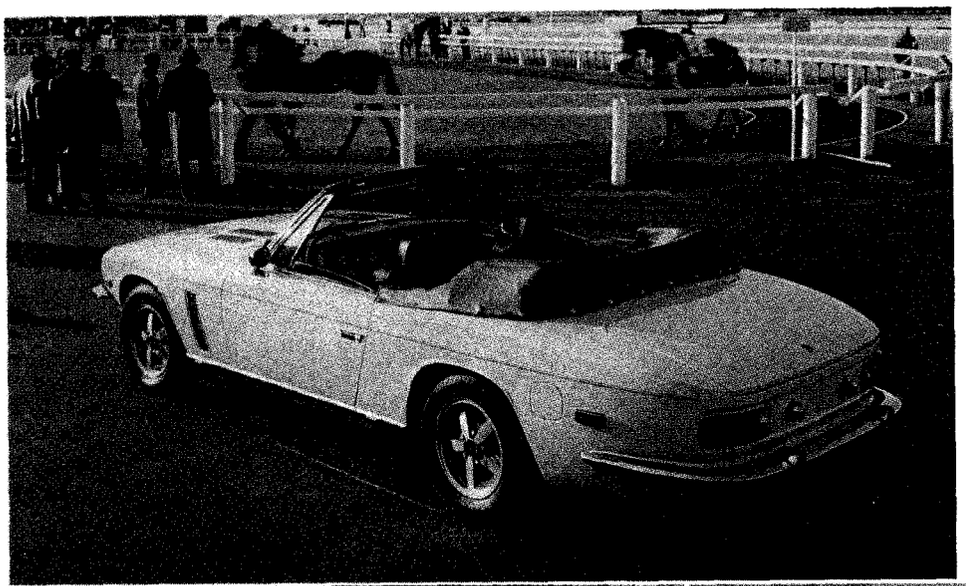

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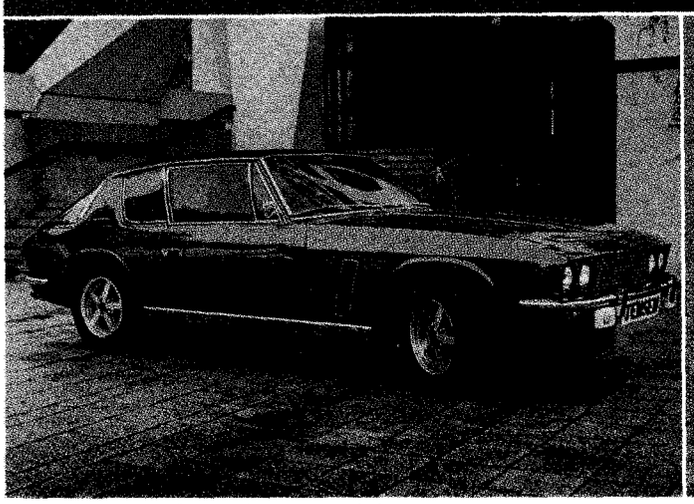

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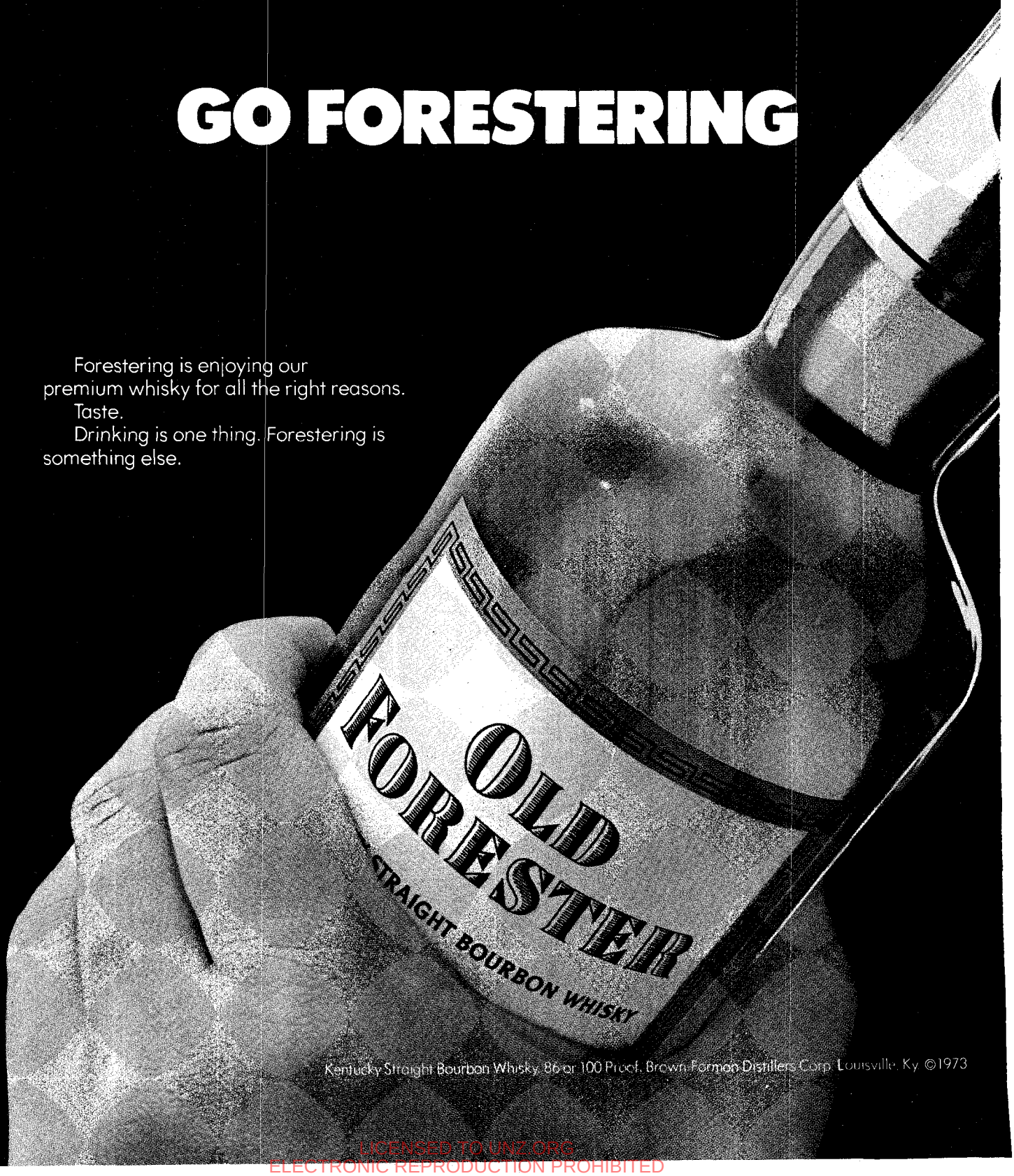

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky. 86 or 100 Proof. Brown-Forman Distillers Corp. Louisville, Ky. ©1973

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Wilson's long experience in Albany, and they even filmed a commercial showing him patting the very desk he had sat at when he first came to the state capital, as an assemblyman, in January of 1939. In a year when incumbents were generally being treated as guilty until they were proved innocent, however, having been in office for thirty-six years was no great advantage. But this commercial may have done no more damage than did one of its replacements, later in the campaign, which showed the funeral of a murdered police officer and implied, as Carey noted, that the Democratic candidate was responsible for the shooting, because he opposes the death penalty. ("Carey laughed it off," the narrator said just after the casket was shown passing by.) Among the problems with that commercial was the fact that large numbers of voters undoubtedly had difficulty associating softness on cop-killers with a candidate who, by common consent, looks like an Irish police sergeant from Brooklyn.

There was reason to believe that in New York, even without the Watergate influence, a new face was particularly welcome at the head of the ticket this year. The typical political cast of characters in this city and state resembles an aging repertory company, being made up of men who have been running for one office or another, often against each other, for a generation. In twenty-eight years in public life, for example, Jacob Javits has run four times for Congress, once for state attorney general, and four times for the United States Senate. Louis Lefkowitz, who served in the State Assembly from 1928 to 1930, has been elected and reelected as state attorney general at intervals for the last eighteen years. ("Not any Louie-come-lately" was his television boast in this year's campaign.) In 1961, he was the Republican candidate for mayor of New York against Robert Wagner. Robert Morgenthau, the Democratic candidate for governor in 1962 and a candidate for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination again in 1970, was the successful Democratic nominee this year for Manhattan district attorney. Arthur Levitt, who is about to begin his sixth four-year term as state comptroller, ran in 1961 for the Democratic nomination for mayor against Wagner, who, having been elected three times as mayor and having retired in 1965, ran again in the Democratic mayoral primary in 1969, almost became the Republican-Liberal candidate for the same office in 1973, and as of last

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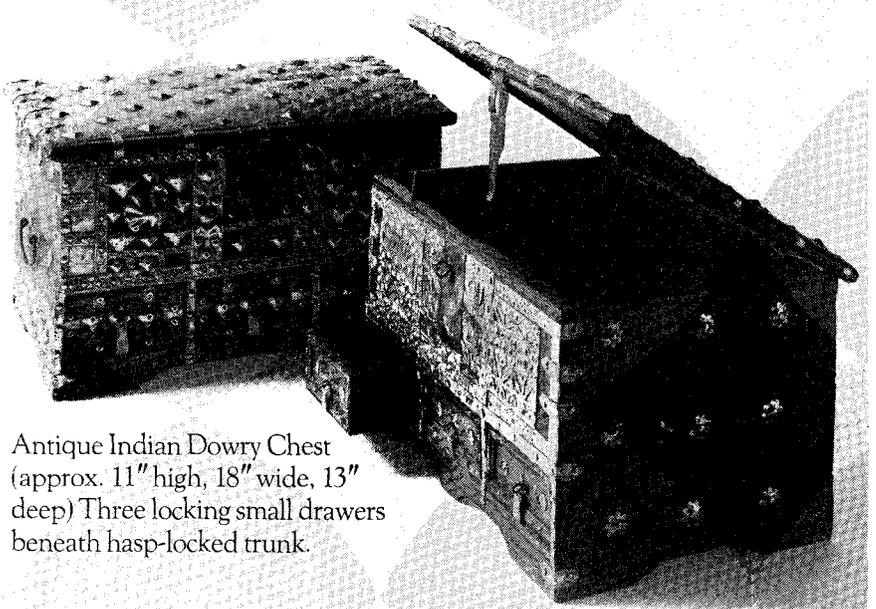

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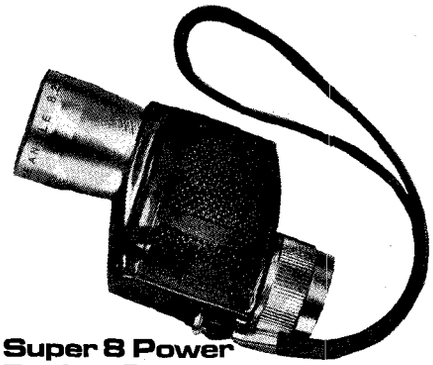

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February reported that a number of people were urging him to run for governor this year. (Instead, he settled for being Hugh Carey's campaign chairman and chief political adviser.) In 1956, Wagner also ran for the United States Senate against Javits, whose opponent in 1968 was Paul O'Dwyer, who in 1965 was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for mayor against Abe Beame, who in 1961 was elected city comptroller under Wagner. Compared to this company, Carey is clearly a new face. Although he is hardly a newcomer to public life, his seven terms in office have been served in the House of Representatives, whose local members have often in the past been treated by New York political leaders and many of their constituents as if they were players in some distant road show, in contrast to the principals in the original cast back home. When Richard Croker, the Tammany Hall boss in the eighteen-nineties, was asked to name a young friend as county clerk of Manhattan, his answer is supposed to have been "He's a good boy, but that job requires brains and experience. He'll have to be satisfied with going to Congress."

The Republicans also guessed wrong this year in counting on the Democrats' celebrated tendency to commit fratricide. Instead, the long primary fight left comparatively few contusions. Samuels, calling his opponent's campaign "brilliant," immediately fell to work helping elect the winning ticket, and the Democratic team appeared together at frequent intervals, the picture of amity. When the opposition tried to stir up trouble by gibing at Carey for running with that political maverick Ramsey Clark, Carey's response was to compare Clark with Abraham Lincoln, and add, "You can't have too much conscience." He frequently referred to the Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor as "the star of the ticket." The Republicans had happily pointed out after the primary that the Democratic ticket included no Italian Americans, a group said to be the state's second-largest ethnic bloc, after the Jews, accounting for nearly a quarter of New York's voters. In the three-way primary contest, two Italian candidates had been defeated by Mary Anne Krupsak, a state senator of Polish extraction, from upstate Canajoharie, whose slogan was "She's not just one of the boys." Senator Krupsak immediately announced that New Yorkers of Polish descent were the next-largest ethnic bloc in the state. And nationally, of course, 1974 turned out to be the

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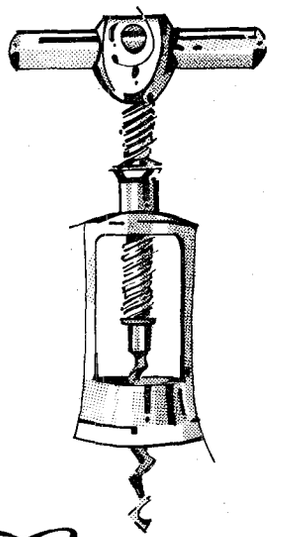

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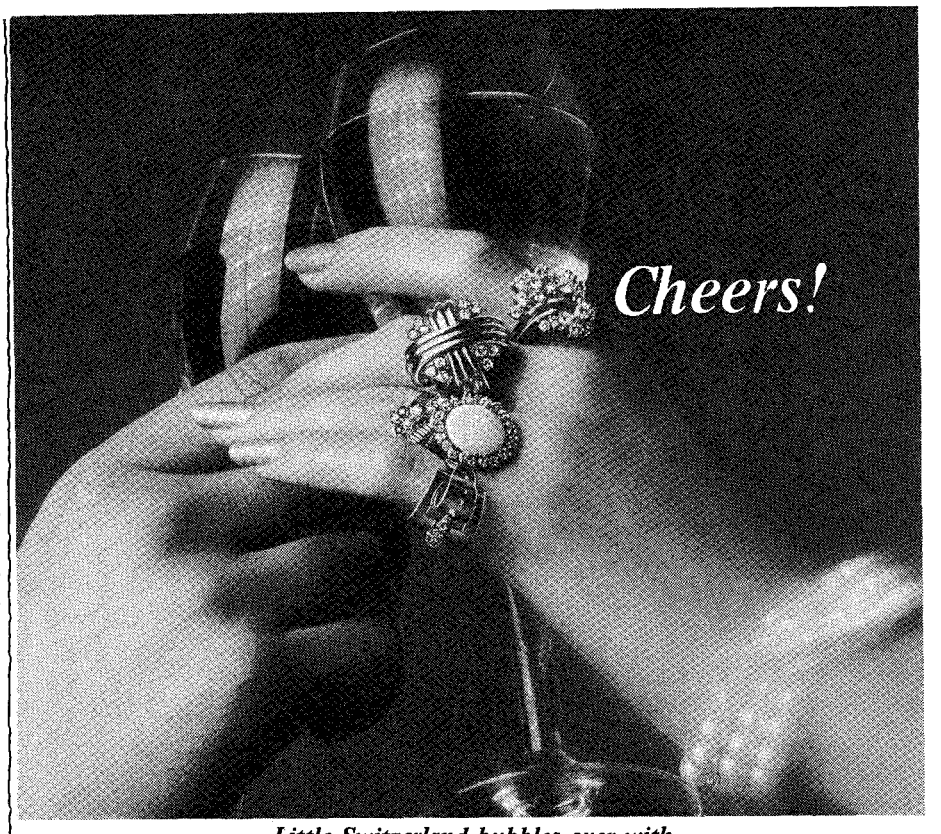
year when the woman candidate had to be taken seriously. Senator Krupsak's Italian American Republican opponent, Caso, spent most of the campaign trying to explain away a remark he made right after the primary—that Senator Krupsak wasn't one of the boys "but I'm just wondering if she's one of the girls." (Later, he referred to her as "Senator Krapsak.") "The Republicans' candidate for governor is overrated, and their candidate for lieutenant governor is X-rated," the Suffolk County Democratic leader, Dominic J. Baranello, commented. Meanwhile, the Democrats introduced a song called "The Mary Anne Krupsak Polka" to counter the sound of "Santa Lucia" constantly being played before Caso made his standard speech, which began, "*Fratelli e sorelle.*"

As it happened, it wasn't the Democrats but the Republicans who fell to quarrelling and undercutting one another this year. The Republican candidate for comptroller, Stephen May, was quoted as saying of Wilson early in the campaign that the record of the Republican governorship in Albany was "a winning story, but I'm not sure he has the winning personality." A G.O.P. Assembly candidate from Manhattan announced that she was dissociating herself from Wilson, because of his "Neanderthal approach," and quoted John F. Kennedy's statement that "sometimes party loyalty demands too much." The Republican campaign was complicated by the fact that Javits was running on both the Republican and the Liberal ticket, as was Lefkowitz, while Wilson was endorsed by the state's Conservative Party, which had conducted a national campaign to raise money to defeat Javits. (The campaign cost more than a quarter of a million dollars—a few thousand more than it brought in.) Wilson assiduously avoided showing up on the same platform as Javits but made numerous appearances with the state's other Republican senator, James Buckley, who, of course, was originally elected on the Conservative ticket. The Conservative candidate in the senatorial race, a young Vietnam-war widow named Barbara Keating, denounced both Clark and Javits as "ultra-liberals" and "two peas in a pod," but she seemed to get more fun out of attacking Javits. When, apparently reading from prepared notes, she demanded to know whether the Senator planned to have himself declared a national landmark and whether he considered himself an endangered species, there was a suspicion that some of her material



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might have been written for her by one Buckley brother or another.

THE word most often applied to the first phase of the long campaign, which ended with the September primary, was "apathy." To prove its point, the *Times* reported in August that when candidate Mario Cuomo identified himself to a woman lying on the beach at Far Rockaway and told her that he was running for the Democratic nomination for lieutenant governor, her answer was "So?" A few days later, *Newsday* reported that on a Brooklyn beach another woman—could it have been the same woman?—had given candidate Lee Alexander the same "So?" response when he told her he was running for the Democratic nomination for United States senator. (In any case, both men lost.) After Carey's surprise victory over Samuels in the Democratic primary, there was a flurry of election excitement, but almost immediately polls indicated that Carey had a commanding lead over the dreary incumbent Governor, and what interest there was shifted to the contest between Javits and Clark, for the same early polls suggested that Clark might have a real chance to defeat the veteran vote-getter. For a few euphoric weeks, anything must have seemed possible at Clark headquarters, whose candidate had got less than one per cent of the delegates' votes at the Democratic convention in June but had gone on to win the primary over two rivals. In the end, of course, the seventy-year-old Javits took forty-five per cent of the vote, with thirty-nine per cent going to Clark and sixteen per cent to Mrs. Keating. For all the talk of the handicap of incumbency and the need for new faces, Abrams (who, pulling youth, had frequently pointed out during the campaign that the state attorney general's office had been in Republican hands for thirty-two years, "since I was four years old") lost by three hundred and thirty-eight thousand votes to the seventy-year-old Louis Lefkowitz. And Stephen May, who, at forty-three, was the youngest candidate on the Republican slate, got the answer to his campaign slogan, "Will you remember May in November?" In November, he lost to seventy-four-year-old Arthur Levitt by one million seven hundred and thirty-seven thousand votes—the largest majority in state history. On the whole, the results seemed to undercut the thought with which Councilman Troy had tried to console himself after his run-in with Mayor Beame. "Let time take its

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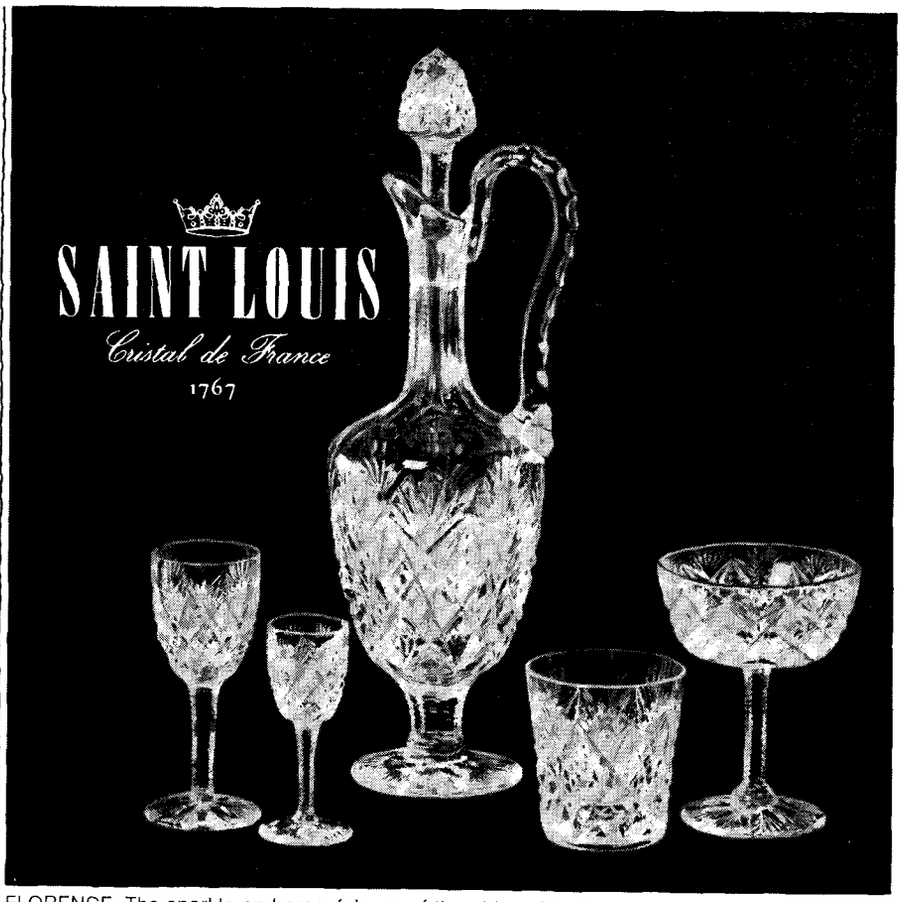
course," he said. "When he's seventy, I'll still be only forty-seven."

THE Washington columnists Evans and Novak, who, after the state Democratic convention, had pronounced the delegates' failure to nominate Carey instead of Samuels proof of the Party's continuing "death wish," wrote just before the primary that if Carey won he would "become an instant national power in a party now devoid of dominant figures," and shortly before the election they predicted that he might well be the next Democratic candidate for the Presidency. A few days before the voters went to the polls, Senator Kennedy arrived in town to campaign for the Democratic ticket and, at a large breakfast gathering of devout Party members at Junior's Restaurant, in Brooklyn, made the same suggestion about Carey and the White House. It was the kind of thing that had happened in other large Irish families, he pointed out. During Kennedy's stay here, there were many public reminders that both of his assassinated brothers had been close to Carey (who often wears a PT-109 tie clasp), and that, indeed, Rose Kennedy had campaigned for Carey when he first ran for the House of Representatives, in 1960.

In his victory speech on election night, Carey, who will be the first Democratic governor of New York in sixteen years and the second in thirty-two years, invoked the names of both Franklin D. Roosevelt and Al Smith and managed to sound much more like the former than the latter: parochial schools, from which he received his entire education up through Brooklyn's St. John's College and St. John's University Law School, have changed since Al Smith's accent made him a figure of fun among politicians outside the city. Carey also began several sentences with John Kennedy's incantation "Let the word go forth," which set the big Democratic crowd to clapping more wildly than ever. Over breakfast with Teddy Kennedy, however, Carey had remarked that he had decided to leave Congress "because I really can't go through any more of those seventeenth-of-March celebrations singing 'Danny Boy.' " He seemed to have forgotten momentarily that at the world's largest St. Patrick's Day parade, in New York City, the governor's presence is virtually compulsory, even when he isn't an Irishman being talked of as a candidate for still higher office. Clearly, the next governor of New York hasn't heard the last of "Danny Boy." —ANDY LOGAN



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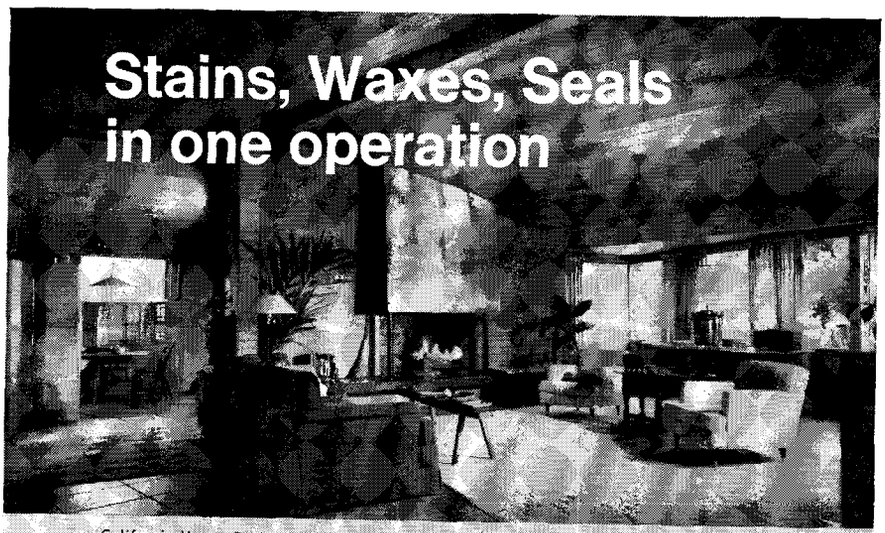

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Munching a Beanstalk

EARLIER this year, David Hamilton wrote in these columns of his eagerness to hear Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire" sung in an English translation:

> ...and not only because it would increase the work's immediacy for most of the audience. Few American performers of "Pierrot"—not even the admirable Miss DeGaetani—focus and shape the poetic lines as sharply, as dramatically as do native Germans; they follow Schoenberg's inflections, of course, but they do not add to these the myriad tiny refinements that the native German, drawing upon a lifetime of experience and associations, will automatically, often unconsciously, practice. In an English-language performance our singers would exercise similar skills, and their responsiveness would be further heightened by the knowledge that every inflection is conveying something to the audience.

Last month, in Carnegie Recital Hall, Valorie Goodall, with the Rutgers University Chamber Ensemble, conducted by Daniel Schuman, brought us a performance in English of "Moony Pete." The translation of Ingolf Dahl and Carl Beier was used. If Mr. Hamilton's hopes for the outcome remained unfulfilled, the fault was not any flaw in his argument (which, while true of almost all vocal music, applies with especial force to so carefully nuanced a composition as Schoenberg's). Nor was it Miss Goodall's—but, rather, that of a translation which did not fit the music closely enough. In particular, over and over again Dahl and Beier had chosen an English spondee ("pale lips," "sharp nail") or bacchius ("the dank fumes") to represent feet that in Otto Erich Hartleben's German, and Schoenberg's setting of it, are trochees ("Lippen," "Nagel") or anapaests ("aus dem Qualm"). The difficulties of pitching and projecting "Pierrot" are formidable enough; in addition, Miss Goodall was set the further task of uttering long syllables to short notes and trying to make sense of the result.

In the best book ever written about the relation of words and music, Harry Plunket Greene's "Interpretation in Song" (essential reading not only for singers but for all who essay, or pronounce upon, translation), the great Irish bass-baritone had much to say about the niceties of length, stress, speed, and sense that constitute so much of the art of song. This Rutgers "Pierrot" sent me back to his chapters. The mat-

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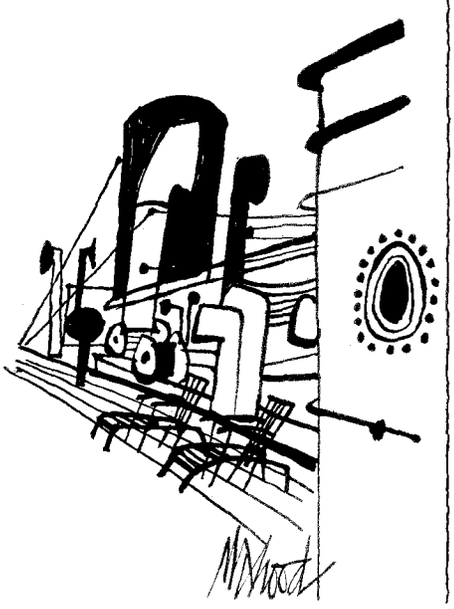
ter of sung spondees was meanwhile raised again by Harold C. Schonberg's Sunday *Times* article about Britten's "Death in Venice." Britten has long seemed to me one of three composers—the others being Purcell and Virgil Thomson—who set English words with so delicate an understanding of musical values that even the most familiar lines, once heard conjoined to their music, are thereafter remembered inseparably from it. And so I was surprised to read that Britten

> tries to be scrupulous in matters of accent. Yet a fingerprint of his style involves the constant use of spondees, and words come out with equally stressed syllables. But there are no spondees in the English language, and thus Britten's settings often sound mannered and unnatural.

I quote this not to quarrel with a colleague but because Mr. Schonberg has brought up a point about Britten's musical prosody worth investigation. It can sound mannered, I agree; but would disagree that in English there are no spondees, or that Britten uses them constantly. Try setting the lines "A blackbird is a black bird" or "A redcap wears a red cap" to music, and the spondaic values emerge at once. English spondees are generally made of monosyllabic adjectives and nouns, as in the schoolboy mnemonic for a classical hexameter ("Down in a deep dark hole/ sat an old cow munching a beanstalk"), and occasionally of monosyllabic nouns and verbs, as in Tennyson's "Leonine Elegiacs": "Winds creep; dews fall chilly: in her first sleep earth breathes stilly."

But Mr. Schonberg is referring, I imagine, to Britten's habit of setting iambic or anapaestic lines to notes of equal length. This he has often



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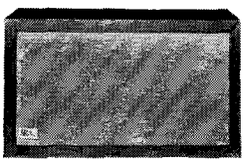

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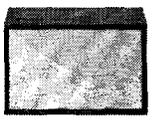

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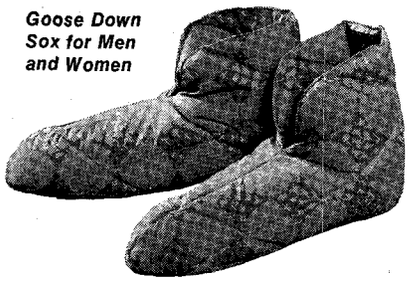

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done. In "Peter Grimes," Ellen Orford sings, "The life at school to me seem'd bleak and empty/ But soon I found a way of knowing children" in spans of equal crotchets. In "The Rape of Lucretia," the Female Chorus's "Their spinning wheel unwinds/ Dreams which desire has spun" flows in equal unbroken crotchets. In "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the fairies sing "Over hill, over dale, thorough bush, thorough briar,/ Over park, over pale, thorough flood, thorough fire,/ We do wander everywhere" with a crotchet to each syllable. In these and similar passages there is often motion up and down the scale, and the "beats" of the verse are often displaced from the strong beats of the musical measure. It does constitute a fingerprint, a mannerism. But I find little of it in "Death in Venice," and where it is most noticeable, in Aschenbach's aria at the close of the penultimate scene, it seems, like so much else in the score, to be a favorite device of Britten's past used freshly—to anyone who knows his music doubly poignant, since the familiar idea takes a new turn (reflecting, incidentally, the theme of the opera). Although the lines "Does beauty lead to wisdom, Phaedrus? . . . For senses lead to passion, Phaedrus" are set, in the main, to descending scale passages in equal quavers, the slight lingering on the first syllable and the little catch, in both rhythm and melody, across the utterance of the proper name give distinction to the phrases and make them memorable. In any case, equal notes need not mean equally stressed syllables, any more with Britten than in, say, Schubert's "Der Leiermann," which is set very largely in even quavers. As Plunket Greene says, discussing trochees or iambics that in a score appear to be spondees:

> Why should those two crotchets, *written* of equal value, be *sung* with even values? He does not *speak* them with even values. He may give them (though even that is not always necessary) equal *time*-values, but surely there is no necessity for equal *pressure*-values? He would not speak the words "pebble," "comma," "faster," as "pebb-url," "com-mah," "fast-ur," any more than he would say "re-new," "ay-gain," "pree-tend," unless he were a prig. Yet in any song he may meet any of those words written to two equal crotchets or quavers. He has simply got to use his common sense and sing them with the same pressure-values as he speaks them . . . always on the understanding that, if ever there is a dispute in the matter between text and music, the music should have the preference.

Amplifying the parenthesis in this quotation, Plunket Greene then sets out

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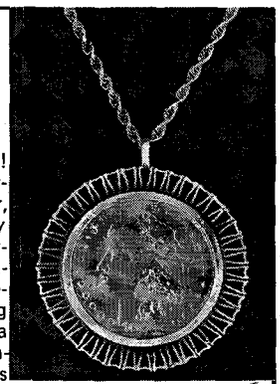

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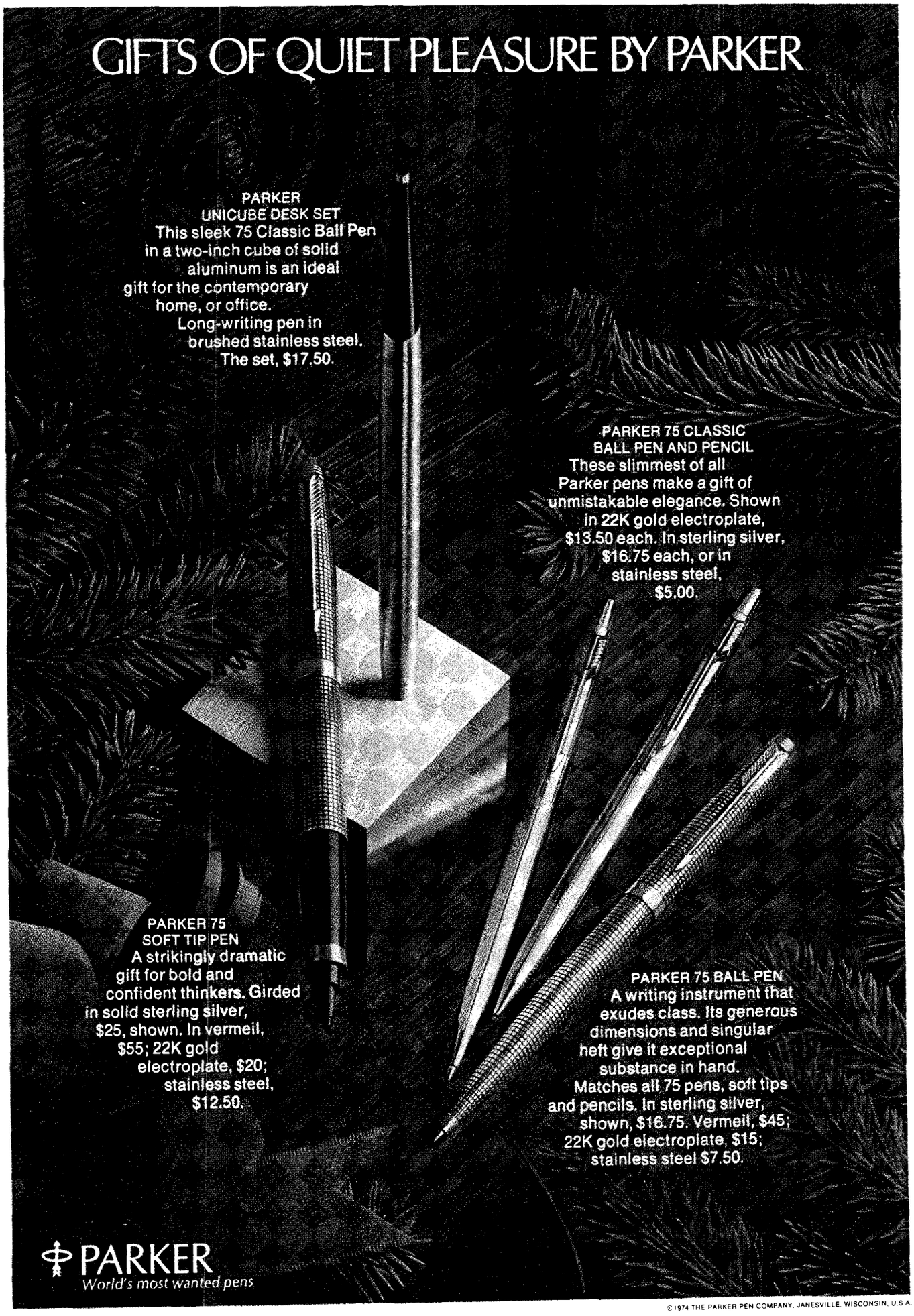

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"Der Leiermann" (in Paul England's English translation as "The Hurdy-Gurdy Man") in first a typographical and then a musical notation that attempt to show the "myriad tiny refinements" that a singer, drawing upon a lifetime of experience and associations, might practice. For

> if he sang those opening words with their full quaver pressure-values or even time-values, he would be monotonous with a vengeance . . . the very negation of interpretation.

Two related observations, before getting back to "Pierrot." First, contradictions between musical and verbal ictus can often have charm and point. Measured by the bar lines, the opening words of Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress" must be scanned: "THE woods ARE green AND bird and BEAST-at-play;" but when the phrase is sung with natural accents, independent of the 2/4 accompaniment metre, it acquires a lilting, vernal grace. Translators must beware of making the words and the musical beats fit too closely when in the original, by design or perhaps by happy chance, they may not. The German translator of "The Rake's Progress" did not err in this way. Nor the translators of Britten phrases mentioned above; the Erzählerin of "Der Raub der Lukrezia" and the Elfenchor of "Ein Sommernachtstraum" do preserve the cross-accents that, if ignored, would correspond to ". . . unwind dreams WHICH desire has spun," and "over hill, over dale" with "o-" and not "hill . . . dale" in arsis. Singers must exercise a similar care. Banging down on the first beat of the measure in, say, "LA donna è mobile" is a fault heard often from English-speaking tenors; Italians—and students of Plunket Greene—tend to give equal "pressure-values" to the first two syllables of the aria.

Second, "unnatural" setting may be dictated by thematic or motivic considerations. In the first scene of "Death in Venice," Aschenbach sings, "Should I go too beyond the MOUNTAINS?," leaping a sixth to a sustained note on "-tains" (whereas a spoken inflection would give a falling close to a weak note—as it were, "MOUN-t'ns"). Two factors may have determined the odd setting. The rising close is Britten's regular way of asking a question in music; it echoes the Junius-Tarquinius duet of "Lucretia," where the interrogative phrases "What makes the Nubian/ Disturb his heavy MOUNTAIN? . . . What drives the Roman/ Beyond his river TIBER?" trace a similar pattern. More important, a stepwise descent fol-

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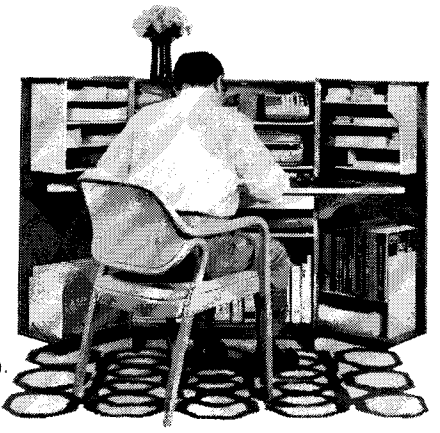

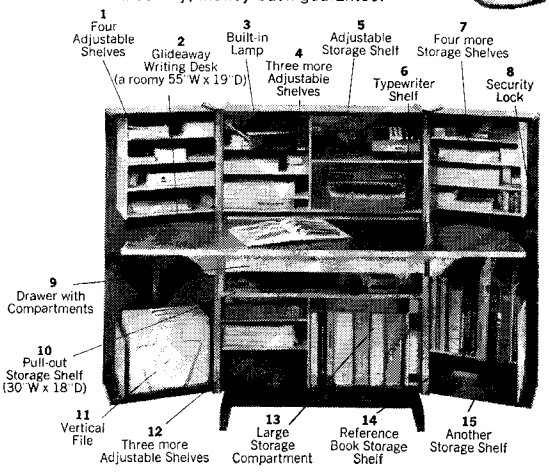

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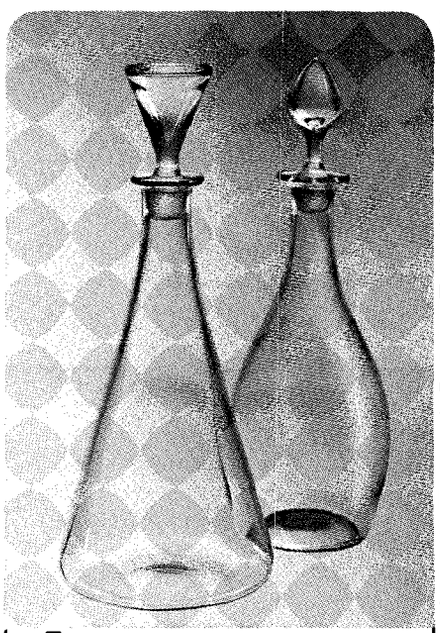

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lowed by a leap to a sustained note is a basic motif of "Death in Venice," associated with the promptings of the mysterious Stranger, on which Aschenbach is musing. So the musical point overrides strict fidelity to natural declamation.

No one could call the flighty, fantastic declamation of "Pierrot Lunaire" natural, but it has its starting point in German speech inflections, and the closer an English version gets to these the more vivid an English-speaking declaimer can be. Cleo Laine has recorded the work in English, using a different translation, Cecil Gray's. (The disc, from R.C.A. Victor, is published in England and will be published here in the late spring.) Gray avoids the awkward Dahl-Beier spondees and bacchius cited in my first paragraph; "lip of," "gimlet," and "From the mists" are his fitting solutions of "Lippen," "Nagel," and "Aus dem Qualm." Like Dahl-Beier, he uses "BALD pate OF Cassander" to render "BLANken KOPF Cassanders" (Miss Goodall changed it to "bald head"—not happier, since that also carries the spondaic stress of "red head" rather than "redhead"). Miss Laine, by a skillful adjustment of accents, gets round that one, but "giant BLACK-moths" for "Riesenfalter" defeats her; Miss Goodall was better served by the Dahl-Beier "giant mothwings."

Details could be multiplied. One more, and I have done. The opening lines of No. 10, "Raub," are "Rote, fürstliche Rubine,/Blutge Tropfen alten Ruhmes," and Schoenberg has marked them to be sung in strict tempo. Line two presents no problem; Gray has "Bloody drops of antique glory" and Dahl-Beier "Bloody drops of ancient glory." But how are we to fit "red" into the first line? Gray has "Ancient royalty's red rubies" and Dahl-Beier "Princely, luminous red rubies." "Princely" gives the better consonantal attack but a poor vowel. Both versions set "red" to an unstressed sixteenth note, the final "e" of "fürstliche"—with the result that both Miss Goodall and Miss Laine are compelled to something like "r'drubies." Shifting Schoenberg's first comma, we might try something like "Red, imperial, gleaming rubies,/Bleeding drops of ancient glory." Not much good; the first two notes should join—but not in the manner of "re-dimperial." (If only rubies were crimson or scarlet!) So we can try reversing the lines; try starting with "rubies;" try playing with "fiery . . . fabled," "red . . . royal . . . radiant . . . rubies" in an endeavor to

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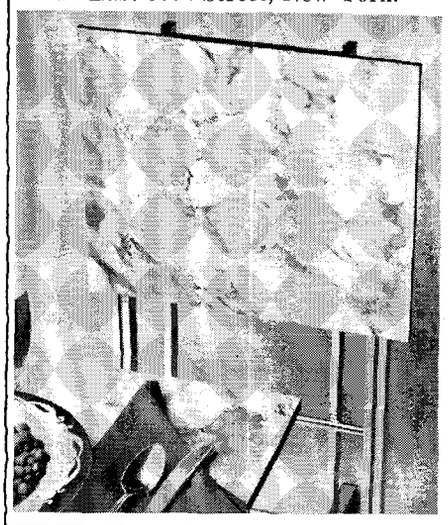

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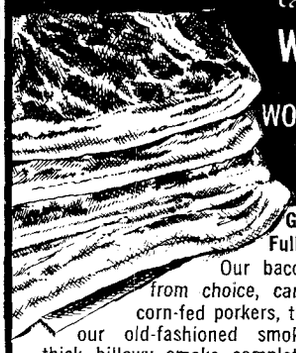

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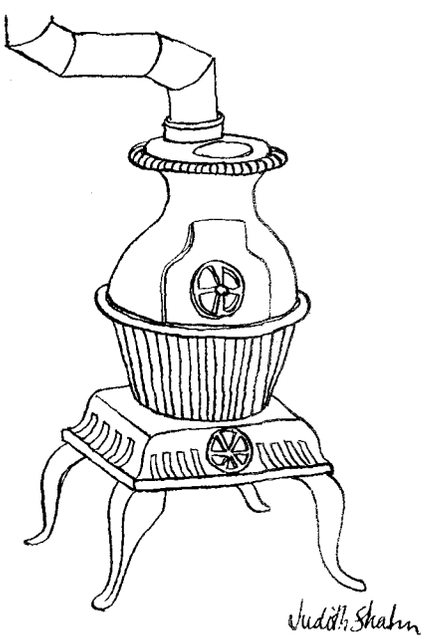
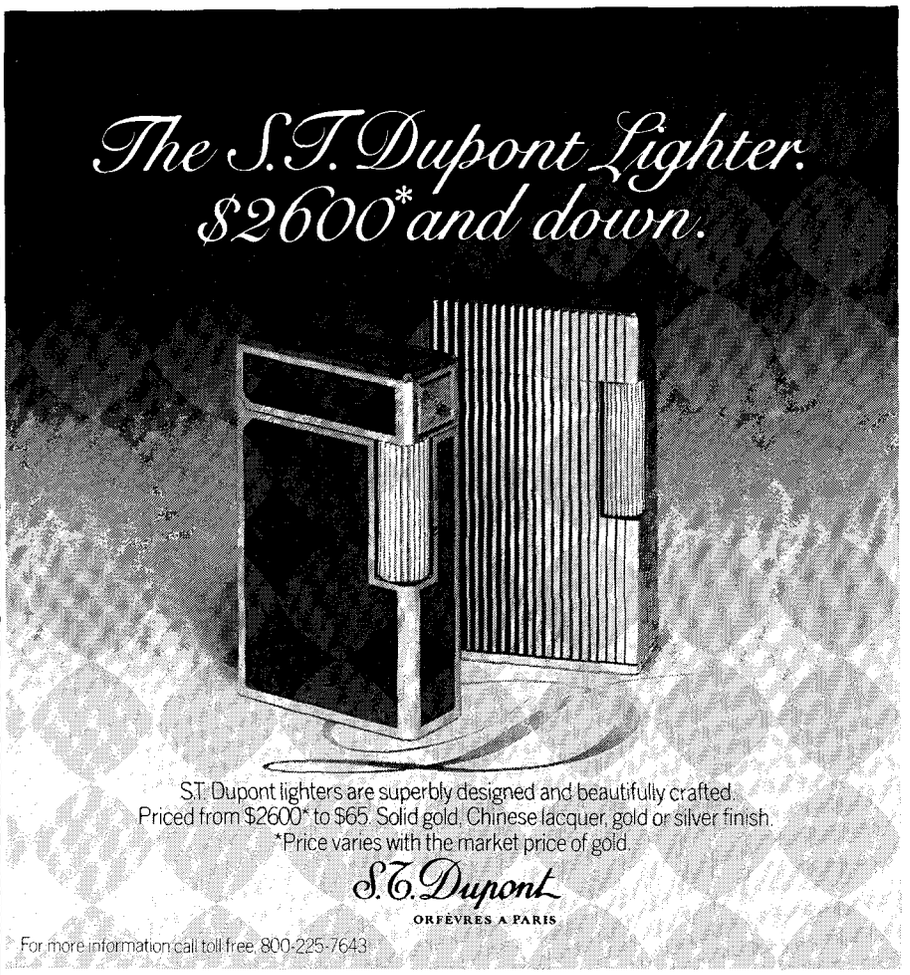
mirror Hartleben's alliterative patterns; then try again to match the open "o," closed "o," and sustained "uh" that color the peaks of Schoenberg's phrase.

From all this, three simple conclusions. (1) Translating verse for singing is a very tricky business. (2) Singers must be masters of prosody. Recommended reading, besides Plunket Greene: Edith Sitwell's studies of word values and letter values. Recommended listening: Plunket Greene's and John McCormack's records. (3) When, in the old arguments for and against vernacular performance, someone says, "But it sounds so awful in English," be sure that it is not just the particular ill-fitting English translation that sounds awful.

IT should be possible to give a thoroughly satisfying account of a Mozart piano concerto in Avery Fisher Hall, but I have yet to hear one. It would call for a more careful attention to platform placing, orchestral tally, and dynamic balance than was evident at last week's Philharmonic concert, when Radu Lupu played the C Major, K. 467, and James Conlon made his début with the orchestra. It would need, too, an instrument that Mozart would have recognized—or at least a more "Mozartean" handling of the modern Steinway. Mr. Lupu was neat but unremarkable. The hushed romance of the slow movement escaped him. The finale was a scamper.

Mr. Conlon's program ranged widely. Once again, he impressed me as an able and promising young conductor who knows his scores but does not yet give to each its due color and character. The "Flying Dutchman" Overture required broader, solider sound—more





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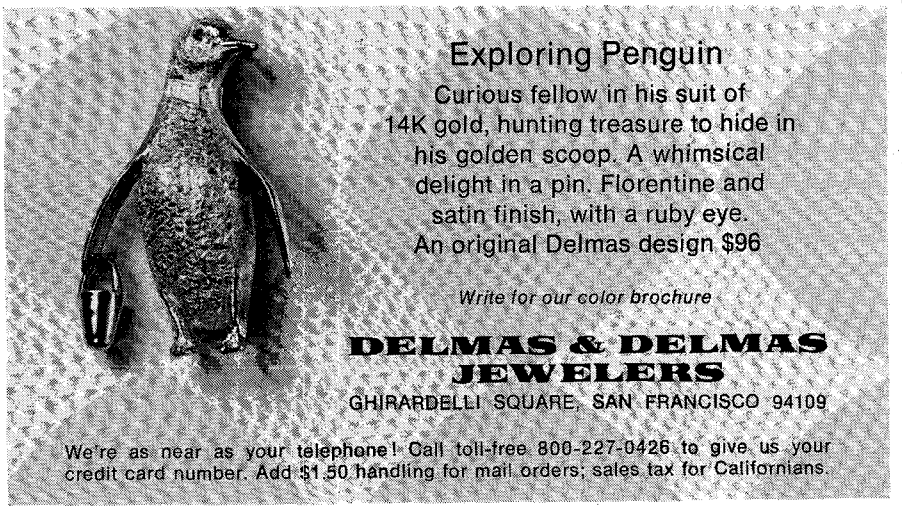

string tone to support the violent brass. The solo oboe in two "Gymnopédies" (Satie scored by Debussy) was not thin enough for music that, as Henri Sauguet said, "seems to come from very far and very high." "Printemps" (Debussy scored by Henri Büsser) went best. The play of color effects was prettily managed; the rhythms were lilting. Bartók's "Miraculous Mandarin" Suite needed harder, more incisive playing. —ANDREW PORTER

•

NOT SO THE CHAIRS

The tables slept on their feet
like horses
could wait there
forever if commanded
no matter what men set on them
a strong back was all it took
and a little patience

the beds never got up at all
pampered in linens
sprawling in perfumed chambers
while on their breasts the gentry
shrieked and sweated
muffling from time to time a sigh
in a diffident pillow

once in a long while a mirror
might lift a negligent arm
or brush dust from a sleeve
merely to lapse in an absent smile
against the entry wall
a portrait of discretion

not so the chairs
no wonder at first so few appeared
only a king could afford one
set cross-legged on a stone
at the end of the hall
his master ground
the royal haunches in his lap
after an hour all circulation ceased

later in the dark he sat
unflinching as a tree
while silver straight-pins pierced
his meek upholstered thighs
through all of which he made not once
out-cry
nor raised an arm in self-defense

little wonder now in the night
they bruise our shins with their bony
knees
or drive a sinewy shoulder
in the corporate belly
one day they will turn the tables on us
the mirrors will begin to leer in our
faces
there is no viper
like an insolent servant

—DONALD FINKEL

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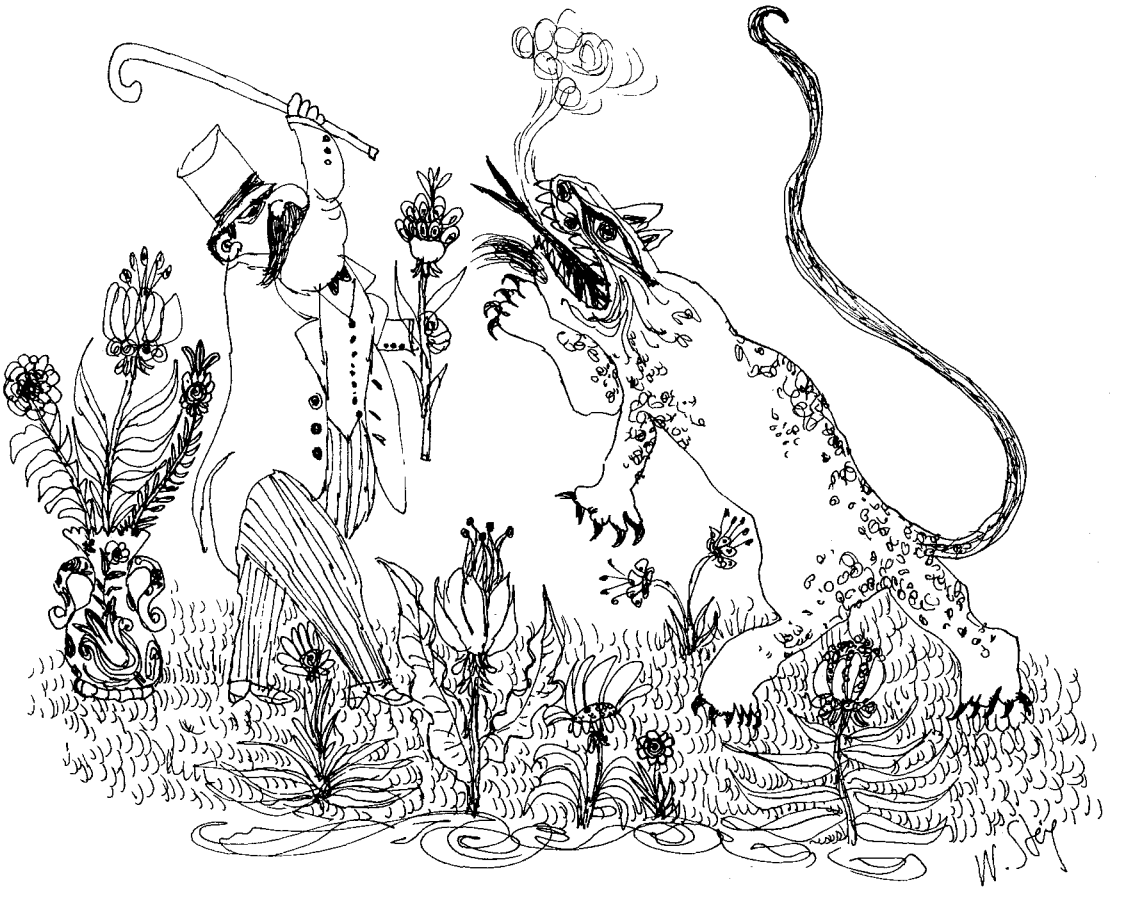
BOOKS

Two Photographers

"A WOMAN of about fifty looks at a Marin exhibition in bewilderment. She turns to Stieglitz: 'Is there someone who can explain these pictures to me? I don't understand them at all. I want to know why they arouse no emotion in me.' Before Stieglitz quite realizes what he is saying, he replies, 'Can you tell me this: Why don't you give me an erection?' He walks back into his office. The woman acts as though she isn't quite sure she has heard him correctly." Neither is the reader of this passage in "Alfred Stieglitz, An American Seer," by Dorothy Norman (Aperture; thirty-five dollars). Nothing that has come before in the long text that accompanies the book's photographs has prepared him for this ribaldry. The man who has all too insistently emerged from Miss Norman's worshipful biography is a person of such surpassing pomposity, sententiousness, emotional dullness, and Teutonic humorlessness that it is hard to credit him with a dirty mind, let alone with being the most gifted and daring of American photographers and one of the most radical and influential of forces in American modernism. But the photographs are there to confirm the artistic reputation—the winter view of the Flatiron Building, the stage plowing through a snowstorm down Fifth Avenue, the immigrants in the steerage, the portraits of Georgia O'Keeffe are among the classics well reproduced in the book—and the facts (not easily extracted from Miss Norman's overdetailed and undercritical text) support his historical position. Stieglitz almost singlehanded dislodged photography from its situation at the turn of the century as a kind of genteel hobby and propelled it into the mainstream of modern art. This achievement was carried out in two stages and was buttressed by two ideas. The first of them was giving a name—the Photo-Secession—to what was then (1902) the most advanced tendency in photography, one whose exponents modelled their photographs on paintings by Impressionist, Symbolist, and Pre-Raphaelite painters. Like Lawrence Alloway's coinage "Pop Art," Stieglitz's label gave definition and direction to something that was not all that definite and direct, and provided both practitioners and public with a point of departure. Today, the Photo-Secession is largely viewed as a misguided attempt to make photography an art form by turning it into a bastard form, and compared to subsequent achievements—such as the work of Walker Evans, André Kertész, Henri Cartier-Bresson, and Paul Strand—the misty, dreamy landscapes and blurred romantic portraits of gowned ladies and marmoreal naked children (achieved by out-of-focus lenses and manipulated negatives and prints) are strained and unreal. But if one looks back to photography before the Photo-Secession—to such anecdotal "art photographs" as Henry Peach Robinson's "Fading Away" (a staged tableau showing a dying girl attended by her grief-stricken family) and the bleak geography-book pictures of foreign cities and exotic landscapes—the pictorial school assumes its proper significance. Although photography went "straight" (i.e., photographers put their lenses back into focus and stopped scratching their negatives and smearing their printing paper with gum bichromate) a few years after its most "crooked" period, it has retained the essential pictorialism of the Photo-Secessionists. What has changed is the *literalness* of photography's relationship to painting: photographs no longer exhibit the surface qualities of paintings and drawings, but they retain painting's formalism. Although Stieglitz was among the least painterly of the Photo-Secessionists, he tolerated any manipulations by his colleagues, provided that they held to the more fundamental pictorialism that he, correctly, felt was the crux of photography's liberation from its mechanical basis and of its transformation into an art form. The aliveness and spontaneity that his early photographs display as no other contemporary's do were accompanied by the strictest pictorial formalism, and this—a prerequisite for all else—was the real lesson of the Master.

Stieglitz's second and more extraordinary innovation was to show, in his gallery at 291 Fifth Avenue (it came to be known simply as "291"), the most advanced painting and sculpture of the day along with the work of the Photo-Secessionists. Picasso, Cézanne, Picabia, Rodin, Marin, Hartley, Dove,



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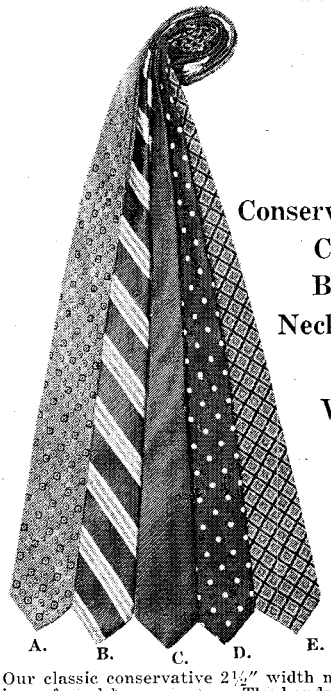

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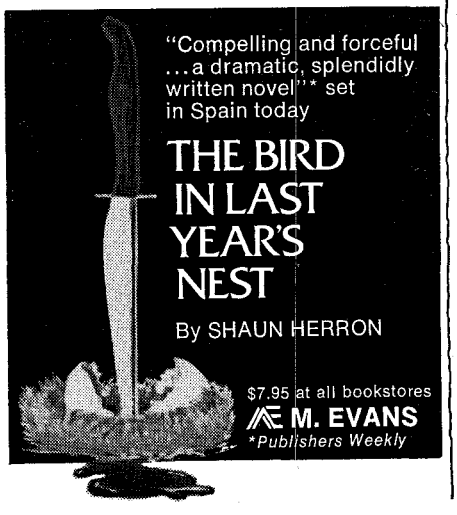

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and Maurer (then almost unknown in America) were among them—all this well before the Armory Show of 1913 "brought" modern art to America. During most of its existence, "291" was the only place in New York where modern art was regularly shown, and the importance of Stieglitz's pioneering move is acknowledged by all historians of modern painting in America. What has been insufficiently acknowledged is the importance for photography of the hanging of strange, puzzling abstractions together with Whistlerlike and Corotlike Photo-Secession photographs—an association of photography with modernism that we now take for granted but that was scarcely a historical inevitability. It was rather a historical accident that a man of Stieglitz's extraordinary intellectual forwardness (his personal forwardness is something else again) should have entered photography then—when there were combination photography-and-bicycling clubs, when a museum would as soon have hung a pot holder as a photograph. That the Museum of Modern Art formed a department of photography in 1940, that most museums now show photographs, and that an almost automatic interest in photography exists among people who consider themselves advanced—all this goes back to him.

Stieglitz was born in 1864, in Hoboken, of German-Jewish parents, and grew up in a well-to-do, culture-centered household in which, Miss Norman writes, "neither the question of 'being Jewish' nor the meaning of the term was discussed." In 1881, his father decided that he had made enough money and took his wife and six children to Europe. Alfred enrolled at the Berlin Polytechnic to study mechanical engineering, then switched to photography, and by 1887 he had mastered the medium to the point of winning first prize in an important British competition. In 1890, he returned to America and, for lack of anything else to do, sulkily entered the photoengraving business his father had set up for him—"an undertaking in which I had no interest"—but the idea of being a commercial photographer was "unthinkable." (" 'What?' I replied. 'Sell my beautiful prints? No, I will not.' ")

The business did not prosper, but Stieglitz's activities in photography grew; he became editor of the *American Amateur Photographer* and then of *Camera Notes*. During this period, he took some of his most remarkable photographs—the Flatiron Building, the icy evening in Central Park, the

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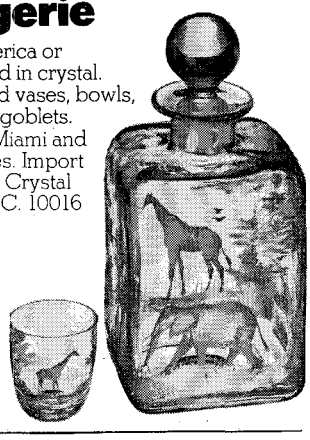

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horses breathing frostily in winter weather. These were photographs that expanded the technical and thematic possibilities of the medium and earned him the reputation among his fellow amateur photographers which was the basis of his leadership. In 1893, he married his first wife, Emmeline Obermeyer, the sister of his partner in the engraving business. According to Miss Norman, the marriage was "ill-fated from the beginning." Emmeline's "timid, conventional approach to life, her lack of interest in anything other than shopping and fashionable hotels—so different from Alfred's complex and adventurous outgoing nature—unnerved him." This passage, like many others, points up the problem of the book—the reader's difficulty in finding any evidence for the contention that an adventurous and outgoing Alfred existed along with the disagreeable scold. Imogen Cunningham, who photographed Stieglitz, expressed a wicked satisfaction at having caught "that grim little look in the eye, you know, disliking everything and everybody." The grim little look pervades Miss Norman's text and the notebooks she kept as disciple, assistant, and self-appointed Boswell at the Stieglitz "Factory," where disciples, aides, hangers-on, and tourists swarmed, where, Miss Norman blandly remarks, "if you were not ready, on your own, to undertake what you did in Stieglitz's behalf or if you could not sense what was right for him, you had better do nothing at all." Her first meeting with Stieglitz would have been most people's last. In 1926, she went to the gallery and tried to buy a Marin but couldn't get Stieglitz to pay any attention to her. She went back a few days later and was told, "Kindly do not handle the pictures!" On the third visit, after she had meekly listened to Stieglitz reduce another woman to tears, Miss Norman was rewarded for her inexplicable patience. Stieglitz turned to her and proudly reported that "that is the third time this week that a young woman has stood here weeping." And "so our conversations began, and so it was that I made a vow to share my experience of Alfred Stieglitz."

Everyone probably gets the Boswell he deserves, and it is only fitting that Stieglitz should have drawn a biographer who, in her sycophantic innocence, has done a job on him that his worst enemy would have felt some scruples about. But poetic justice is not biographical truth; the truth about Stieglitz that has eluded Miss Norman—why did this particular man do

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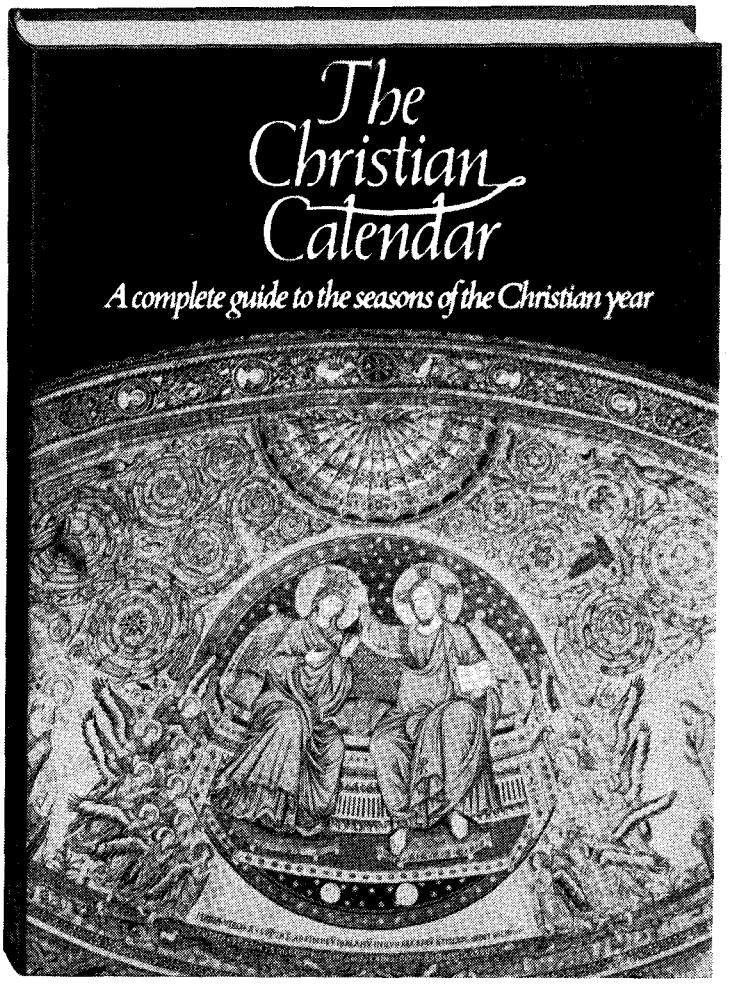

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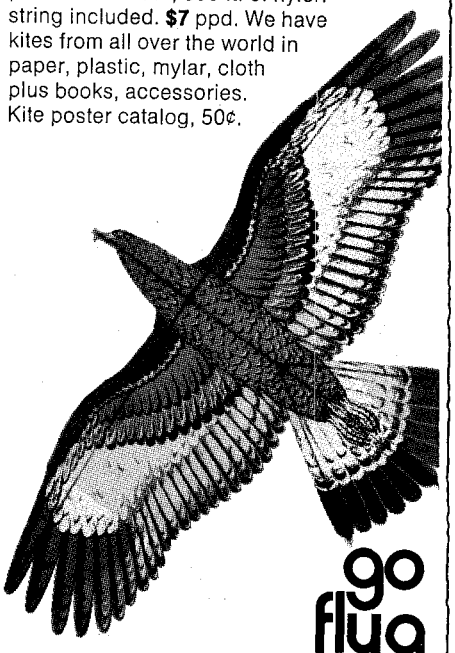

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this particular work?—still awaits its Schliemann. Here and there in Stieglitz's writings the reader gets a hint of the hidden connection he has been seeking, and in one place—an account of how Stieglitz took his great photograph "The Steerage"—he feels that he has almost grasped it. Stieglitz begins, with characteristic pettishness:

> In June 1907 my wife, our daughter Kitty, and I sailed for Europe. My wife insisted on going on a large ship, fashionable at the time. Our initial destination was Paris. How distasteful I found the atmosphere of first class on that ship, especially since it was impossible to escape the *nouveaux riches*.
>
> I sat in my steamer chair much of the time the first days out with closed eyes. In this way it became possible to avoid seeing faces that gave me the cold shivers. But those strident voices. Ye gods!

Stieglitz gets up and walks along the deck. Then, glancing down into the steerage, he *sees* his great picture:

> The scene fascinated me: a round straw hat; the funnel leaning left, the stairway leaning right; the white drawbridge, its railings made of chain; white suspenders crossed on the back of a man below; circular iron machinery; a mast that cut into the sky, completing a triangle. I stood spellbound for a while. I saw shapes related to one another—a picture of shapes and underlying it, a new vision that held me: simple people; the feeling of ship, ocean, sky; a sense of release that I was away from the mob called "rich." Rembrandt came into my mind and I wondered would he have felt as I did.

Stieglitz had time to race back to his cabin, grab his camera, and take the picture (God is good to artists: no one had moved) that is one of photography's masterpieces. The peripeteic account of its creation—the abrupt transformation of the languid snob into the super-artist—is one of art history's illuminations.

THE expansive, barefoot vegetarian, sun-and-sand-centered, womanizing subject of "Edward Weston: Fifty Years," an illustrated biography by Ben Maddow (Aperture; forty dollars), presents a considerable contrast to the surly, cape-wearing, mutton-eating, snow-and-rain-loving, monogamous Stieglitz. Further to the point, Maddow's book is the lucid and resonant portrait of an artist that the Norman book falls so short of being; it should be reprinted in a more modest and less expensive format, and not be permitted to languish in the world of remaindered coffee-table books. Another problem about the book in its deluxe state is that the photographs—which are so exquisitely reproduced that they almost leap off the page—

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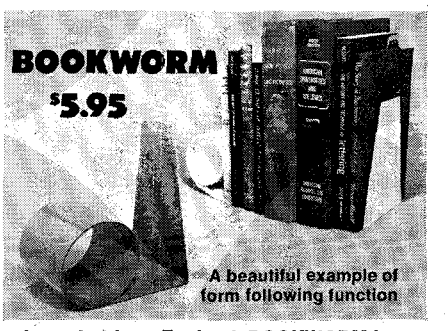

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do not in their vast entirety support Weston's reputation as one of the great men of photography; only a few are in the big league: the nudes, the studies of vegetables and shells, some portraits, some landscapes. The bulk of the volume is devoted to the landscapes and nature studies done in the thirties and forties, after he had abjured abstraction for a kind of Sierra Club realism which was taken up, and pushed to even greater heights of artlessness, by West Coast followers such as Ansel Adams, and which represents a reversion to early photography rather than a development of the medium. The sharp focus, tonal richness, and clarity of detail that Weston and the f/64 school strove to achieve in their prints (f/64 is the smallest lens stop) came to be the subject of the photograph (in the way that painterliness dominated so many Photo-Secessionist works) rather than a tool for artistic expression. All too many of these pictures are boring, or—as Stieglitz would say of photographs he had rejected for publication in the *American Amateur Photographer*—"technically perfect, pictorially rotten."

Maddow wouldn't agree, and what he says about photography is worth examining, since it represents one of today's major positions among photographers and writers on photography, and reflects one of today's strongest predispositions: the leaning toward the amateur, the naïve, the vernacular, the nonacademic, and the unself-conscious that has found its expression in the folk-art and vernacular revivals and that has led to an aesthetic in which patchwork quilts are equated with Mondrians, ship propellers with Brancusis, and snapshots from old albums with Stieglitzes. John Szarkowski, director of photography at the Museum of Modern Art and one of the leading exponents of vernacular photography, distinguishes between the painterly and vernacular schools by observing that "paintings were *made*—constructed from a storehouse of traditional schemes and skills and attitudes—but photographs, as the man in the street put it, were *taken*." Maddow goes so far as to say that "photography is a folk art," and supports this proposition with the observation that billions of photographs have been taken in America since the invention of the camera. But both Szarkowski and Maddow leave something out of account, and that is the fine-arts-derived post-modernist consciousness through which the vernacular and folk art are perceived and to which they largely owe their aesthet-

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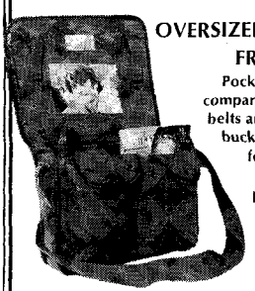

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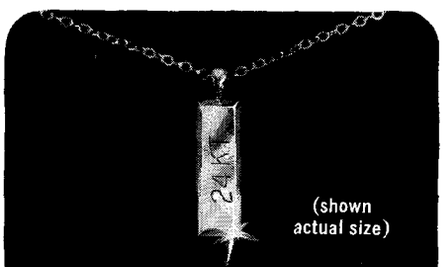

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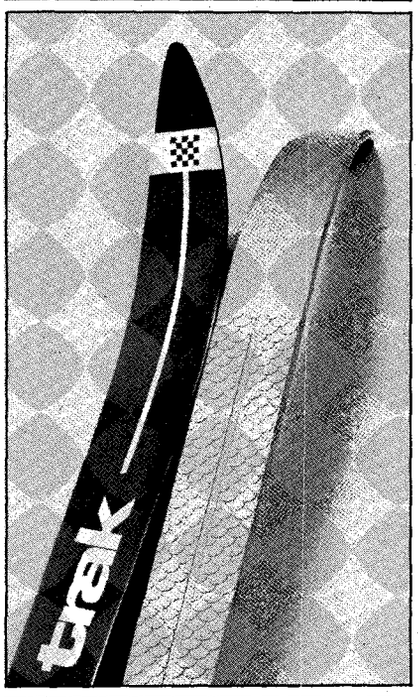

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ic existence. The anonymous nineteenth-century photographs of whores posed around their madam, and of barbers at work, which Maddow admires for their quality of "innocent amateur truth," look the way they do today because conscious modern artists like Stieglitz and Evans and Strand have so strongly affected our vision—in regard to photographs as well as to reality. Maddow (not altogether seriously, one would think) writes of the "necessary catastrophe" caused by the struggle of photographers to become artists, and views the Photo-Secession with the distaste and condescension that seem almost obligatory among writers on photography today, and that don't fit the facts. For Weston himself was a child of the Photo-Secession. His first serious work was done in the misty, moisty manner of Clarence White and Gertrude Käsebier, and, as even Maddow grudgingly allows, it wasn't bad. One of Weston's most beautiful photographs is a torso of a boy, one of his four sons, which at once transcends pictorialism and affirms its powers. Looking at this lovely soft-focus picture, which is cropped at the shoulders and at the root of the penis, one feels something of the emotion one feels in looking at a Greek statue.

Weston—like Stieglitz, like almost every photographer—entered the medium by chance when, in 1902, his father gave him a camera, but, unlike Stieglitz, he became a professional photographer. He grew up in the Midwest and then emigrated to a suburb of Los Angeles in 1906, worked at odd jobs, went to Chicago for a year to study photography, and then set up a studio, after marrying Flora Chandler, the mother of his four sons—the sort of "mistake" for Weston that Emmeline was for Stieglitz, though she gets somewhat longer shrift from Maddow than poor Emmeline receives from Norman. In 1923, he left Flora and went off to Mexico with the beautiful actress and photographer Tina Modotti—on what Maddow calls the Odyssean "psychic voyage" that, somewhere between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five, a man sometimes takes: "a circuit of escape from himself that returns him to the home where he started; altered, of course, and not necessarily for the better." Although Flora and Weston did not divorce until the thirties, the Mexico trip was the end of the marriage and of his conventional domestic life. One gets a touching sense of Flora's predicament in a letter written by Margarethe Mather (a strange, beautiful woman with whom he worked and had briefly

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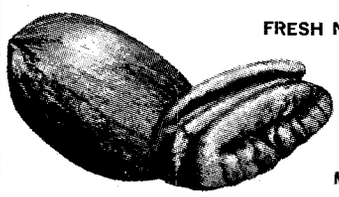

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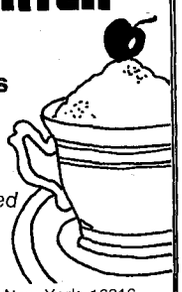

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been in love). It describes an event in California while Weston was in New York showing his photographs to Stieglitz:

She [Flora] wept around here one A.M. after Edward's first Stieglitz letter [from New York]—blaming herself for holding Edward back—I told her—in front of Tina—that she was responsible for Edward's success—without the balance of her and the children—the forced responsibility—Edward would have been like the rest of us—dreaming—living in attics—living a free life (O God!) etc. etc. not growing and producing as he had.

But the pictures taken in Mexico—of Rivera, Orozco, Tina Modotti, and D. H. Lawrence—confirm rather than refute the romantic notion that if you leave your wife and children (Weston hedged his bet a bit and took one of the boys along) you, too, can paint pictures like Gauguin or write poems like Shelley. There is an entry in Weston's notebook about the portrait of Tina—in which she looks heartbreakingly sad and indrawn, like someone steeling herself against the death of a loved one—that shows how biography can enrich a work of art. The picture was taken when things were not going well between Tina and Edward (she had other lovers); they had been about to make up their quarrel in bed when there was an interruption and

...our mood was gone—a restless night—unfulfilled desires—morning came clear and brilliant—"I will do some heads of you today, Zinnia"—The Mexican sun—I thought—will reveal everything—something of the tragedy of our present life may be captured—nothing can be hidden under this cloudless cruel sky—and so it was that she leaned against a whitewashed wall—lips quivering—nostrils dilating—eyes heavy with the gloom of unspent rainclouds—I drew close—I whispered something and kissed her—a tear rolled down her cheek—and then I captured forever the moment—let me see—f.8-1/10 sec. K 1 filter—panchromatic film—how brutally mechanical and calculated it sounds—yet really how spontaneous and genuine...

MADDOW's biography is as much the story of a life in love as of a life in art, and the interaction between the two lives and the integration of them that Weston achieved (unlike most artist-lovers, who founder on Yeats' choice) give the book its enormous, almost novelistic interest. Akin to the novel, too, is the firm social setting Maddow establishes. There is his evocation of the group of bohemian intellectuals among whom Weston lived in California in the twenties, who "went to parties, drank wine, and made daring excursions together," and included the homosexual intellectual Ra-

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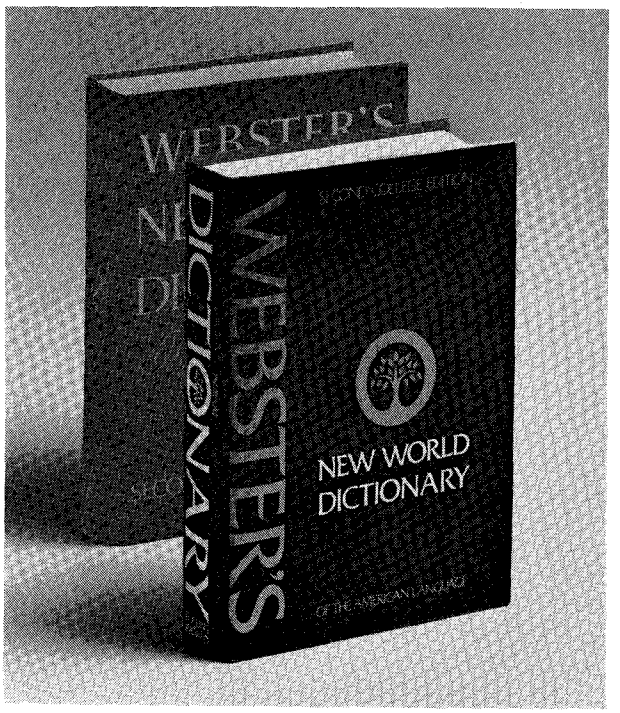

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miel McGehee, the bisexual Margarethe, Tina Modotti, the painter and sculptor Peter Krasnow and his wife, and "a curiously matched couple—the woman was a concert pianist, and her husband, a professional burglar." Writing of the shrill attitude of this group toward American middle-class society, Maddow observes that "neither he [Weston], nor indeed Mencken, nor Sinclair Lewis, invented this acidulous view of America; it was part of the intellectual equipment of the time," and goes on to say that "these opinions [which] were vulgarized (if that is possible) in Stieglitz's famous photograph of the rear end of a castrated horse, which he labelled 'Spiritual America' . . . were not only violent, bitter, obscene, and indiscriminating; they were also true. Glendale, in particular, was appalling."

And yet California—with its paradisal climate and unreal scenery—may have been the crucial element in Weston's liberation from middle-class morality. Men have been known to have Lawrencian love affairs in cold, dirty, ugly Northern cities—but not with seven or eight women at one time, as Weston contrived to do after he returned from Mexico and lived apart from Flora in the beautiful seaside village of Carmel as its Bunthorne-Mellors. "Christel Gang, too, fell in love with Weston, and was in love with him for many years," Maddow writes, and dryly adds, "Since the affair with Bertha Wardell had just begun, and he was already sleeping with Kathleen and the *criadas* from Mexico, a certain amount of re-scheduling was necessary. . . . Edward Weston—what with Christel, Kathleen, Miriam, Fay, Elisa, Elena, and Bertha, not to speak of Harriette and another Ruth (whose surname he never knew)—was truly enjoying the middle-aged Saturnalia of the early-deprived. . . . And there was still Margarethe; poor melancholy Margarethe." There was also Sonya, who lived with him for several years (during which he produced the great vegetable series), and a few less serious attachments. Finally, there was Charis.

Weston's marriage to this remarkable woman, who was twenty-eight years younger, offers obvious parallels to Stieglitz's marriage to Georgia O'Keeffe, who was twenty-three years younger, but though Miss Norman reveals little more about this relationship than that she approved of it, Maddow's treatment of the courtship, marriage, and divorce of Weston and Charis is so full one feels abashed by what one learns about these two *real* people. When they

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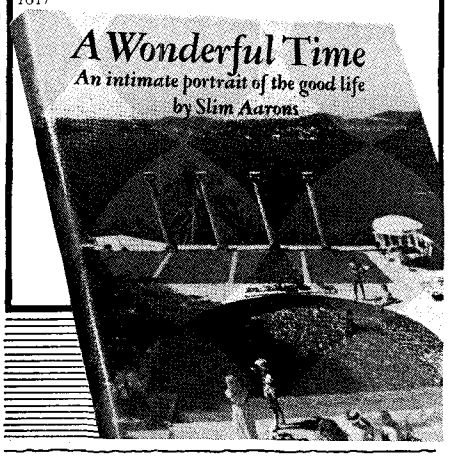

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met, in 1934, Charis obligingly fell in love with Edward just as the rest had done before her, but she was "a new sort of person, common in Europe at the time, but just beginning to flourish in America: well-to-do, well-educated, quick, frank, aristocratic, but coarse and open about sex and the less interesting functions." After three years of posing for and sleeping with Weston, she wrote him a "moving and courageous" letter that Maddow reprints, asking "Yes or no?," and he divorced Flora and married Charis. A photograph of her shows a girl in a black beret and sweater—staring into the middle distance, straddling a ladder-back chair, elbows outthrust, chin resting on her wrists, her brows furrowed, her slip showing. The composition is striking in its symmetries of legs, arms, and chair posts and ladders, and in the deployment of blacks, grays, and whites. The portrait of Tina expresses the bitterness and sadness of the relationship; the portrait of Charis—with her comical pose and mock-serious gaze—expresses the playfulness and courtliness of the relationship between the young woman and the older man, and, indeed, is a kind of testimonial for age disparity in love that, given the present scratchiness between men and women of the same age, is not unpersuasive. However, after eight years of a marriage that friends and visitors regarded as ideal, Charis left Edward, because of, according to Maddow, "the unexpungeable difference in their ages." By this time (1945), Weston was afflicted with Parkinson's disease, which was to take his life in 1958.

Maddow never met his subject, and his view of Weston has the commanding detachment (and slight exasperation) of the true unofficial biographer. His book will outlast many of Weston's photographs. —JANET MALCOLM

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TOUCH THE WATER TOUCH THE WIND, by Amos Oz, translated from the Hebrew by Nicholas de Lange in collaboration with the author (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). In the space of less than two hundred pages, this lyrical, faintly allegorical novel manages to sketch the life of a modest Jewish schoolteacher named Pomeranz, beginning with his persecution in Poland in 1939 and continuing to his sudden fame as a mathematician in Israel before the Six-Day War. If Pom-

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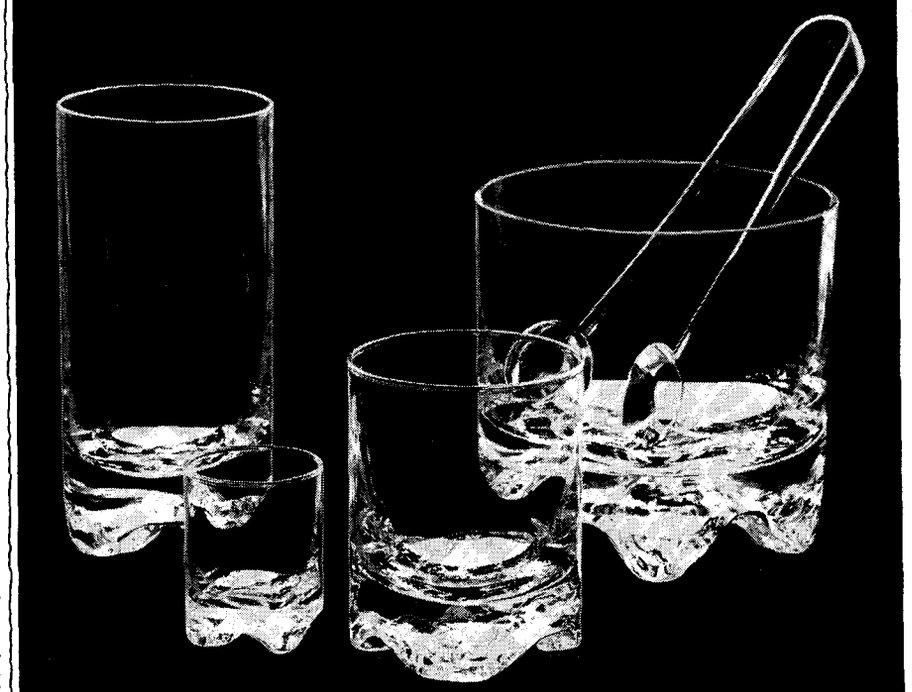

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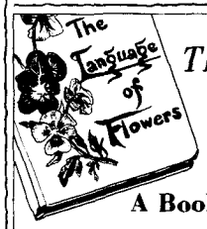

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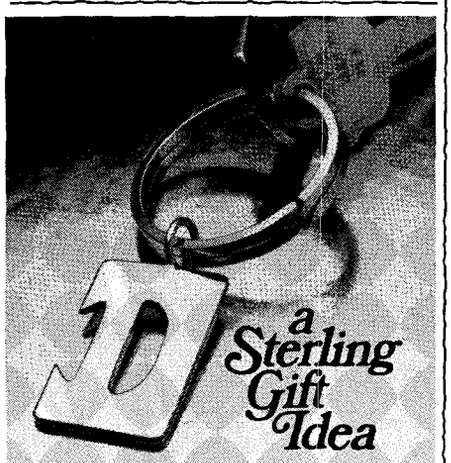

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eranz is an example of the wandering, wonder-struck Jew, his wife, who becomes separated from him and somehow rises to be the head of Soviet secret agencies, represents the conforming Jew who is comfortable with the established culture. Concurrently, we catch glimpses of an American girl named Audrey, who spouts idealistic phrases about "liberation," and a withdrawn young kibbutznik named Yotam, who comes of age in a resurgent Jewish state. The book reverberates with motifs of recent Jewish history: the escape from terror, the commitment to a land, the persistent threat of a nemesis. It takes considerable risks with the fantastic and the supernatural. Though it never quite slows down enough to become very profound, its youthfulness and energy are exhilarating.

THE ODD WOMAN, by Gail Godwin (Knopf). A generous, sensitive, intelligent, humane, and literate book that, despite its generosity, sensitivity, humanity, and literacy, manages to be a deadly bore. The story is about an unmarried woman professor named Jane Clifford—a thirtyish, kind, and charmingly modern spirit whose specialty at a Midwestern university is nineteenth-century literature. Jane has a married lover to whom she is devoted, though she has seen him only twelve times in two years; she has strong, complex ties to her Southern family; and she has a large circle of friends—chiefly women—whose well-articulated views on the problems of women she (and the reader) has ample time to hear about at length. One of the book's chief weaknesses is that so much of the dialogue is couched in flat, dull universityese. ("This is the price we pay for evolving: the deadly drain on our energies . . . when we dare to open our mind and let another examine its contents.") But an even greater weakness is that almost every scene has the same tone and emotional texture, so that after a while one begins to feel as if one were reading an endless (419 pp.) letter from a nice but hopelessly gabby friend.

GENERAL

ALL GOD'S DANGERS: THE LIFE OF NATE SHAW, by Theodore Rosengarten (Knopf). Nate Shaw (1885-(1973) was a black farmer in Alabama who spent twelve years in prison (1933-45) because, as a member of the Sharecroppers Union, he resisted the sheriff's men who were

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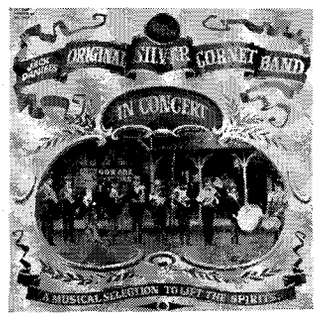

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attaching the possessions of a fellow-member. In the course of a historical investigation of the union, Mr. Rosengarten came across Mr. Shaw, and found himself enthralled by the remarkable man. Shaw's father was a sharecropper who preferred hunting to farming, and put his son to work early; Nate never learned to read or write. However, Nate seems to have been endowed with a formidable intelligence, and he became a topnotch farmer, a capable craftsman, an able stock raiser, and a knowing animal handler. His character, too, was remarkable: the beatings and the exploitation he received at the hands of his father, and the poor example of his father's submissiveness to whites in contrast to his tyranny at home, affected the young man only negatively. Shaw was independent, ambitious, a tender husband, and a good provider for his children. His memory was exceptionally keen, and Mr. Rosengarten here lets him tell what he wants to tell and knows about: the reader can learn almost everything about life in rural Alabama in the years when the Snopeses ruled the Southern countryside. The book is by no means depressing, though Shaw suffered a good deal. He talks like a confident man, eager to impart skills (how to train mules, say), proud of his achievements (which were considerable), aware of irony (in his retirement, he sold his farm tools to an antique dealer), capable of enjoyment, and not self-righteous.

LIVINGSTONE: AND HIS AFRICAN JOURNEYS, by Elspeth Huxley (Saturday Review Press). The lives of the good seldom make interesting reading, but Dr. David Livingstone, as Mrs. Huxley makes plain enough, is a stirring exception. Few men have led more adventurous lives, and even fewer have been so truly good. He seems to have had little sense of humor, but he was rich in almost every other admirable quality: courage, self-reliance, endurance, integrity, kindness, cheerfulness in adversity. They were, naturally, the very qualities he needed to reveal the whole of south-central Africa to the world. Mrs. Huxley gives an excellent account of the almost endless wanderings of the last thirty-odd years of his life—spreading (to indifferent ears) the gospel of Jesus, mapping the wilderness, and exciting worldwide opposition to the slave trade—and her book is further, and beautifully, en-

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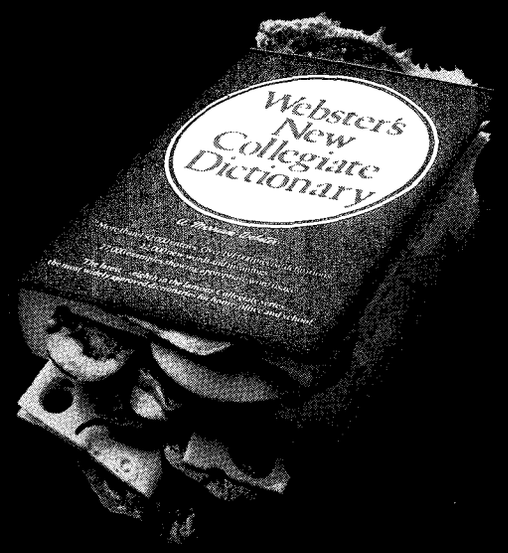

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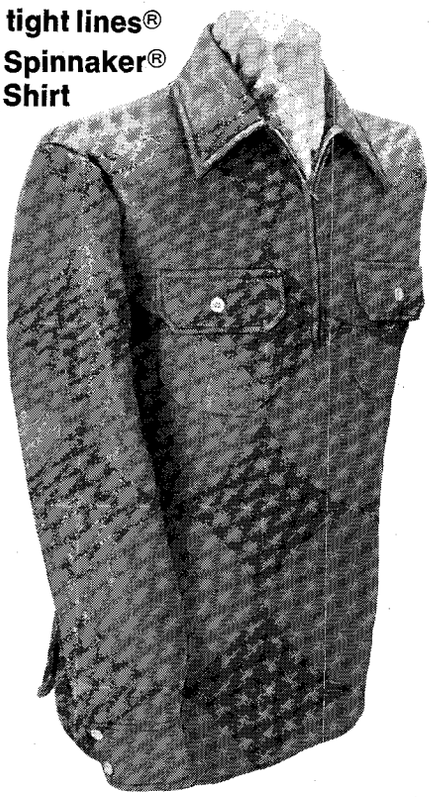

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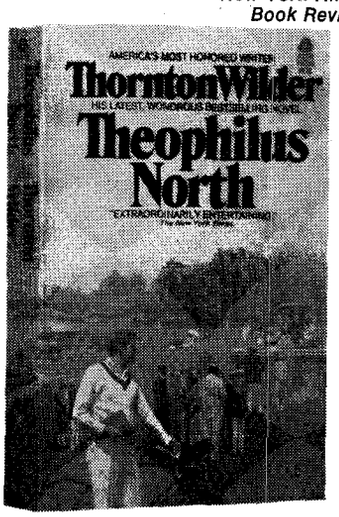

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NOTE: "Thank You, Fog," a collection of the last poems of W. H. Auden, some of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Random House.... The journals of E. M. Frimbo, railroad enthusiast and bon vivant created by Rogers E. M. Whitaker and Anthony Hiss, have been published by Viking/Grossman under the title "All Aboard with E. M. Frimbo." Much of the contents first appeared in this magazine's Talk of the Town department.... "The Working-Class Majority," Andrew Levison's examination of today's blue-collar worker—his political and social roles, even his identity—has been published by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. A part of the contents originally appeared in these pages.

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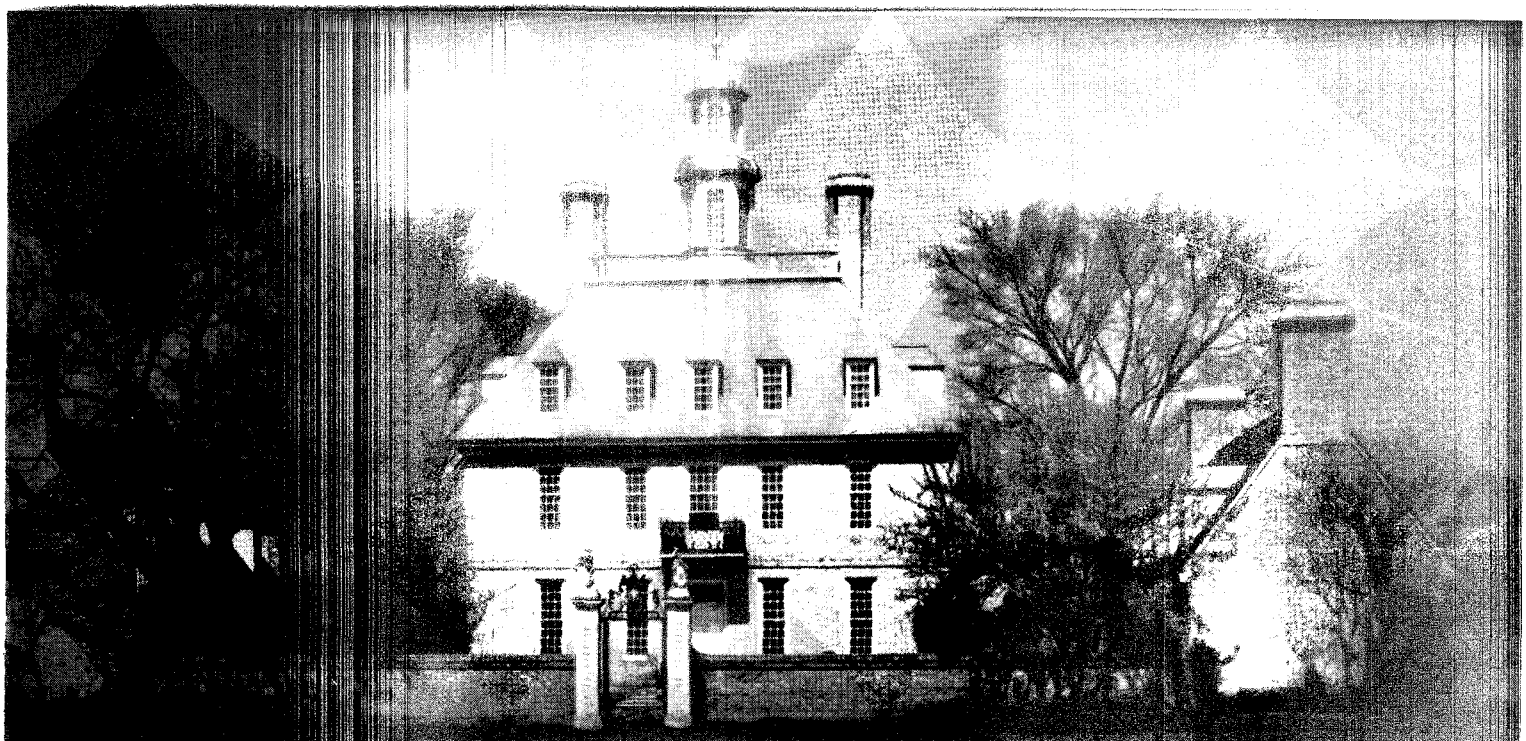

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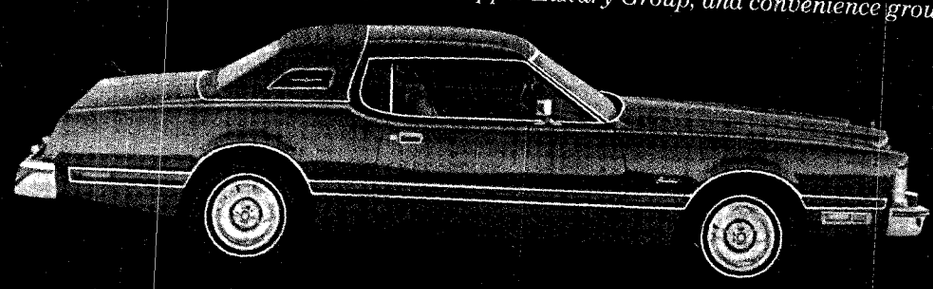

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